

THE SCHOOL FOR
AMBASSADORS
AND OTHER ESSAYS

WORKS *by* J. J. JUSSERAND

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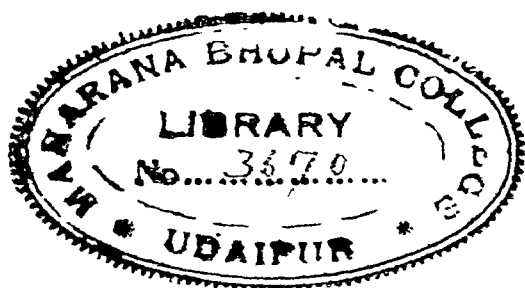


Jusserand

THE SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS AND OTHER ESSAYS

By J. J. JUSSERAND

Ambassador of France to the United States



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UNDER various circumstances, various climes, and at various dates, these essays were written. No attempt will be made to show that they form a whole ; they do not, their only connecting link being the pen which wrote them.

Their occasions were of diverse sorts : some were originally addresses which it took an hour to deliver and months to prepare ; others were prompted by stays in particularly lovable spots, like the Euganean Hills or Ronsard's Vendômois. At a time when he enjoyed more liberty than of later years, the author of these lines occasionally took for his guide some personages in whom he was interested, visiting all the places where they had lived, loved, toiled, died.

Thanks are offered, in particular to the "Nineteenth Century," for the permission to reprint (with the changes made necessary by new knowledge and the passing of time), several of the following essays.

May, 1924.

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I *THE SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS*

I *THE SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS*

"**L**ET there be, for the salvation of the Christian Republic . . . a Christian peace and a true and sincere friendship between the contracting parties . . . Let the past be forgotten and a perpetual amnesty be established for all that has happened since the beginning of the troubles."—

"May God deign to preserve for ever the work of the plenipotentiaries, in its entirety, causing the remotest posterity to be benefited thereby . . . A perpetual and universal peace shall be established, as well as a true and sincere amity."—

Thus read the preliminaries of the famous treaties of Westphalia in 1648, of Utrecht in 1713, and of a great many others in olden days. Peace, good will, prosperity shall be established in this blood-stained world, and their reign shall never end. It seemed each time as though the golden age were at hand.

Civilized mankind has always desired peace and, in spite of its civilization, has always made war. Mankind, however, is perfectible, and its aspirations, its attempts at suppressing wars or at least diminishing the occasions for them, have been many, from the amphictyonic council, of limited application, to the Society or League of Nations, of recent birth and universal scope, permanency in the effort having long been represented, to some extent at least, by the institution of the diplomatic service.

What is that service and how did it originate? Is it destined to last, now that there exists a society of nations intended to be perpetual, and that wonderful inventions,

which even more wonderful ones shall soon follow, are transforming the relations between man and man, nation and nation? The moment is at hand when a Foreign Secretary will be able to say, Give me London, give me Paris, give me Washington, and will discuss international matters directly with the ministers of other countries. Will it still be of use when distance shall have been suppressed, when men on the other side of the ocean will be not only heard, but seen, when the crossing of the Atlantic will need but a few hours? To study the past of this profession may help to form an idea of what will be its future.

In every branch of human knowledge, the past better known, does not merely afford amusement to dilettanti, but may help to discern what to-morrow will be made of, to avoid mistakes, to hasten the coming of better days. The past is like a great reflector, as much as possible, it should be kept bright, and its light turned toward the future.¹

I

Of very ancient lineage, born of necessity, this profession reached, in the fifteenth and immediately following centuries, such prominence as to become the subject of numerous treatises in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish. rules consecrate usages rather than create them, Poetical Arts are later in date than masterpieces, they try to perpetuate, transforming them into principles, the methods followed by the greater minds. The "rules" of Aristotle came long after Sophocles had practised them, Horace's Epistle "ad Pisones" came after Virgil's "Æneid"; Boileau's Poetical Art, after the "Cid" and "Britannicus", Pope's "Essay on Criticism" after England had produced Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton.

In those mediæval and Renaissance treatises were taught

¹ What follows is, with some changes and additions, the Presidential Address delivered before the American Historical Association at St. Louis, Missouri, December 28, 1921.

and described the art of diplomacy, the functions of the ambassador, the qualities the man should possess, the means he should resort to and abstain from, with hints as to his dress, his table, his manners, his talk, his secretaries and servants, his wife and whether he had better take her with him and could trust her with secrets, his rights and privileges, the subject and style of his letters, and many more topics: a complete schooling. Such manuals of the perfect ambassador (which is the title of several of them) were especially numerous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with some excellent ones of an earlier or later date, the work of Rosergius, Barbaro, Dolet, Braun, Danès, Maggi, La Mothe Le Vayer, Tasso, Paschalius, Hotman, Gentili, Marselaer, Vera de Çuniga, Bragaccia, Germonius, Wicquefort, Rousseau de Chamoy, Callières, De la Sarraz du Franquesnay, Pecquet, Lescalopier de Nourar, and a host of others,¹ belonging most of them to the profession. Many are of great interest, not only on account of their actual subject, but for the insight they give into the private manners and public morals of the day.

On the antiquity and nobility of the art all agree. Ambassadors, according to La Mothe Le Vayer, became a necessity among men at the moment, "or shortly after," when, Pandora's fateful box having been opened, evils were scattered throughout the world, and prospered, finding for their growth "a fruitful well-tilled ground."² Vera de Çuniga agrees, ambassadors became a necessity after Pandora's days, when the golden age came to an end, and men began to live in houses and to divide mine from

¹ See a short bibliography of the subject in Nys, "Les Commencements de la Diplomatie," in the "Revue de Droit International," Brussels and Leipzig, XVI, 170, and Delavaud, "Rousseau de Chamoy," 1912, p. 46.

² "Legatus seu de Legatione, Legatorumque Privilegiis, Officio, ac Munere Libellus," 1579. The institution began, according to Bragaccia, when the world was still in its cradle: "Cominciarono adunque gli huomini quasi nelli primi incunabuli del mondo essercitar questo ufficio, trattando fatti di pace e confederationi di guerre." "L'Ambasciatore, del Dottore Gasparo Bragaccia, Piacentino, Opera . . . utilissima alla Gioventù, così de Republica così de Corte," Padua, 1626.

thine "Ambassadors had then to try and show where equity was, and recover what the ambition and the force of the ones had usurped upon the weakness or simplicity of the others It is reported that King Belus first made use of this means, poets however attribute it to Palamedes"¹—Palamedes, the factotum inventor of Trojan war times, unjustly stoned for supposed intelligence with the enemy

Other writers find for ambassadors an even more exalted origin the first ones were the angels of God—*ἄγγελος*, messenger—as was so appropriately recalled to his troops by King Herod, whose envoy had been done to death by the Arabs, a most execrable deed in the eyes of every nation, he said, especially for us who have received "our sacred laws from God, through His angels, who are His heralds and ambassadors"² Several commentators took pleasure in recalling how Solomon was, in his wisdom, favourable to ambassadors "A faithful one is for his sender like the coolness of the snow during the harvest, he gives rest to the sender's soul"³

Pecquet, at a much later date, declares that, "for men to live together in a state of society, implies a kind of continuous negotiation Everything in life is, so to say, intercourse and negotiation, even between those whom we might think not to have anything to hope or fear from one another"⁴ De Maulde, in our own days, wrote to the same effect "Diplomacy is as old as the world"⁵

As a matter of fact, whether Belus or Palamedes, the angels or unconscious Pandora, were the founders of the

¹ El Embaxador, por Don Juan Antonio de Vera y Çuniga, Commendador de la Barra, Seville, 1620, fol. 22 The author, born in 1533, had been Spanish ambassador to Venice A French translation by Lancelot, *Le Parfait Ambassadeur* Paris, 1635, several times reprinted, one last edition, Leyden, 1709, greatly contributed to the spreading of his ideas The work is in the form of a dialogue between Julius and Louis

² In Josephus "History of the Jews, bk XV, ch 8, referred to by Alberto Gentili, *De Legationibus*, London, 1585, ch XX, *De Legationum Causa et Antiquitate*

³ Prov xxv, 13
⁴ "Discours sur l'Art de Negocier, Paris, 1737, pp viii, x

⁵ La Diplomatie au Temps de Machiavel, Paris, 1892, 3 vols, I, 1

order, it is a very ancient one, and the oldest and remotest nations had of necessity recourse to it. The more so that, before the establishment of Christianity, which however did not entirely sweep away the evil, every nation, especially the most civilized, saw in the others, as a matter of course, and whatever their state of development, enemies and barbarians. In the Greek language, the word *βάρβαρος* means a foreigner, a man who, being not a Greek, is, of necessity, a barbarian. In Latin the word *hostis* means both a foreigner and an enemy; the poet Lucan calls a civil war *bellum sine hoste*, a war with no foreigner (no enemy) in it.

In spite of prejudices, intercourse was, however, conducive to a better understanding of each other and to the discovery of the fact that, notwithstanding a man's having a native tongue different from ours, he might possibly be something else than a barbarian and an enemy. Embassies were sent, temporary ones, it is true, by all nations, from the earliest days; the Greeks employ ambassadors, *πρέσβεις*, in the Iliad, among whom figures the shrewd and not over-scrupulous Ulysses. Plato, under the name of Socrates, derides the use sometimes made of sophists for the purpose, and shows one of the most famous, Hippias, thus explaining the infrequency of his visits to Athens: "Time has failed me, Socrates. On each occasion Elis has some business to settle with another city, it is of me, first of all, that she thinks for an ambassador, considering me cleverer than any, either to form a judgment or to pronounce the words necessary in those relations between states." ¹ Temporary satisfaction, especially for the speaker, but no durable advantage could be expected, Plato leads us to understand, from the eloquence of sophists.

Immense hopes were raised when that stupendous new régime was established in the world which had for its dogma no longer: any foreign nation is an enemy nation, but "love ye one another." The consequence was an

— ¹ Beginning of the dialogue "Hippias Major."

attempt to form, in the midst of rampant barbarity and ferocity, of unspeakable sufferings and destruction, of falling empires and dying former-day religions, a first grouping of all the nations of the world, or at least the Christian ones, not in a league, or a society, as we are trying now, but, for a wonder at such a period, a *family* of nations love ye one another¹

The father of the family, the ever ready umpire, the peacemaker, was to be the Vicar of Christ, the pope. He wielded, for a long while, immense moral power, and, though having neither fleets nor armies, he was not without some very forceful means of pressure, such as the interdict and excommunication, distant counterparts of those other means of action, the interdiction of trade and the general prohibition of intercourse placed in our days at the disposal of the Society or League of Nations, she too instituted without fleets or armies

The prodigious attempt was a comparative success and a comparative failure, the sum total being however progress, with the introduction of the "truce of God," the efforts to localize wars, to suppress private ones, to settle disputes peacefully. God was admittedly the real ruler of the world, popes, holding their powers direct from Him, exalted themselves high above kings hence the devising by kings of the theory of their own divine right, so as not to be too much outdistanced and not to have to go any more to Canossa. They, in their turn, quoted St Paul *Non est potestas nisi a Deo*

As the powers of kings rose, that of the popes diminished, but the notion of a family of Christian nations long survived. "Mankind," wrote the *doctor eximius*, Suarez, in 1613, "although divided into various peoples

¹ There were even attempts at general arbitration covenants, one of 1304. Quant au principe de l'arbitrage pour la solution des difficultés internationales, de tout temps il a été posé et l'on a cherché à le faire pénétrer dans la pratique. Des patentes du roi de France du 17 Juin 1304 promulguent un pacte d'arbitrage permanent avec le comte de Hainaut les cas seront jugés par quatre arbitres au choix des deux gouvernements. Mais cette pratique ne fit aucun progrès. De Maulde, La Diplomatie au Temps de Machiavel, 1892, III, 102

and realms, ever has a certain unity, not only a specific, but a, so to say, political and moral one, as evidenced by the natural precept of reciprocal love and pity, which extends to all, including even foreigners of whatever nation." ¹ In spite of their warrings, the various nations of Europe are called, as we have seen, in the treaties of Westphalia, "the Christian Republic," 1648. Love ye one another.

No wonder that the first diplomatic service to develop was that of the pope; that of the princes and republics of Italy followed suit, the Venetian one foremost, endowed with strict regulations as early as the thirteenth century. The dangerous, ill-paid function being not attractive to everybody, the Venetian appointees were forbidden under severe penalties to refuse to serve, except by reason of confirmed ill-health; the slightest indiscretion was punished; on their return the ambassadors were expected to hand to the public treasury any presents they had received while abroad; they had to draw up a general report on their mission, and those reports early enjoyed wide fame, well deserved and still enduring. The clever French diplomat and writer Hotman de Villiers declares in his treatise on "*L'Ambassadeur*" ² that Venetian envoys will have nothing to learn from him, being themselves past masters.

The advantage of possessing such a service was so obvious that all nations arranged to have one, selecting for the function their best men, and most famous writers, poets, thinkers, speakers. Ambassadors, a word in use from the thirteenth century, and like that of minister meaning servitor, were often called *orators*. Without mentioning

¹ "Ratio autem hujus partis et juris est, quia humanum genus quantumvis in varios populos et regna divisum, semper habet aliquam unitatem, non solum specificam, sed etiam quasi politicam et moralem, quam indicat naturale praeceptum mutui amoris et misericordiae, quod ad omnes extenditur, etiam ad extraneos et cujuscumque nationis." "*Tractatus de Legibus ac Deo Legislatore* . . . auctore P. D. Suarez, Granatensi," Antwerp, 1613, p. 129.

² *L'Ambassadeur*, par le Sieur de Vill. H., 1603. This remarkable work enjoyed great success and had several editions; the author, a Protestant, 1552-1636, filled several missions as secretary or envoy in Switzerland and to the Protestant princes of Germany.

numerous preachers and prelates, Italy had recourse to Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavel ; Tasso was secretary of embassy ; France employed Eustache Champs,¹ the friend of Chaucer, Alain Chartier, "father of French eloquence," Philippe de Commynes, the historian, using at the Renaissance the services of the famous humanist Budé as an ambassador, and of Dolet, Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay as secretaries of embassy ; England had for her envoys Chaucer, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Philip Sidney², Scotland had Sir David Lyndesay, and others of great fame

II

Those missions were temporary ones, the custom of having permanent embassies spread greatly however toward the end of the fifteenth century, the increase was coeval with the establishment of permanent armies, the one being as the antidote of the other, both aiming at a better defence of the country's interests

The idea of a family of nations had definitively failed ; the father of the family had been unequal to the task ; the great schism had shown a house divided against itself ; worldly, military, political interests had made it impossible for the pope to inspire to the conflicting nations, with one or the other of which he was himself more or less in league,

¹ Who described in one of his poems the woes, in those days (and in other days) of an "Ambassador and messenger"

Vous, ambassadeur et messenger,
Qui allez par le monde à cours
Des grands princes pour besogner,
Votre voyage n'est pas court
Il faut que votre fait soit mis
Au conseil, pour répondre à plein
Attendez encor, mon ami !
Temps passe et tout vient à rebours

Ceuvres,³ ed de Queux de St. Hilaire, VII, 116

² The only perfect ambassador that ever was, according to Gentili "In uno enim viro excellentem hanc formam inveniri et ostendi posse confido ; nam omnia sic habet, quae ad summum hunc nostrum oratorem constituendum requiruntur, ut cumulatoria etiam habeat et amphora Is est Philippus Sydenius" *De Legationibus*, Hannover, 1607, la 1^{re} chapter

confidence in his impartiality ; a new religion was soon to spring up, and there would no longer be one Christianity but, as it seemed, several, each warring on the other.

That keen observer of the ways of the world, Erasmus, was staggered at the sight, and, writing in the early years of the sixteenth century his book of advice for the young prince who was to be Emperor Charles V, he wondered how this retrogression could be possible among Christian nations : how can they try to destroy one another ? " In both camps Christ is present, as if He were fighting against Himself." How could the idea of a family of nations have fallen into such disregard ? " Plato calls the fights between Greeks and Greeks sedition, not wars, and they should be conducted, he recommends, with great moderation. What shall we therefore call battles between Christians and Christians, when they are bound together by such links ? " Family ties are falling into disrespect and the world goes back to the time when the words foreigner and enemy meant one and the same thing : " Nowadays the Englishman hates the French, the Frenchman the English, for no other cause except that he is English." The same with all the others. " How can it be that we are absurdly separated by those mere names, more than we are bound together by the name of Christ ? " ¹

No hope, indeed, was left for a family of nations. In the ceaseless turmoil, with religious wars added to political ones, and armies overrunning France, Italy, Germany, whence could come any faint ray of hope for better and more peaceful days ? There seemed to be no hope ; writing in the latter part of the fourteenth century his famous *Arbre des Batailles*, Prior Honoré Bonet had already devoted one of his chapters to the question : " Is it a

¹ And this when our fragile lives are troubled by so many calamities : " Quam fugax, quam brevis, quam fragilis est hominum vita, et quot obnoxia calamitatibus, quippe quam tot morbi, tot casus impetunt assidue, ruinae, naufragia, terrae motus, fulmina ? Nihil igitur opus bellis accersere mala et tamen hinc plus malorum quam ex omnibus illis." " Institutio Principis Christiani," first ed., Louvain, 1516.

possible thing that naturally the world be in peace?" and the first sentence in the chapter was "To this, I answer, No".¹ And it had gone since from bad to worse.

Having nowhere else to turn, many thought of those messengers of peace, and assuagers of quarrels, the public envoys, and then began to flourish that extraordinary literature of manuals to teach those men their duties, and to impress on them the sacredness and the quasi-sacerdotal character of a mission, the fundamental object of which was, of course, the service of their country, but moreover that of the peace and welfare of the whole world. Early expressed, this view was maintained for ages, the consequence being more and more strict requirements exacted from people on whose action so much depended. In the first half of the fifteenth century, the French prelate Bernard du Rosier (Rosergius), archbishop of Toulouse, had written one of the first manuals for ambassadors, "to prevent the debasement of that grand function"—"*grande hoc officium ne vilescat*"². As late as the second half of the eighteenth century, Lescaplier de Nourar wrote his, in order to show that, smoothed by negotiators, the road followed by mankind could "become the road to happiness. The welfare of nations is in the hands of ambassadors, their designs maintain calm or blow troubles. They arm or pacify nations"³.

Immense therefore was the responsibility of those men, immense the need that they should be well chosen, well prepared for the task, and act properly. Never was, and

¹ Si c'est chose possible que naturellement le monde soit en paix? A quoy je vous respons que nenni. *L'Arbre des Batailles*, ed. Nys, 1883, part III, ch. 2. Bonet was prior in the Benedictine monastery of Salon, in Provence.

² *Ambaxiator*, Brevilogus Prosaico Moraliq. Dogmate pro Felici et Prospero Ducatu circa Ambaxiatoris Insistentium Excerptus, in MS at the National Library, Paris, printed by V. E. Hrabar in his *De Legatus et Legationibus Tractatus Varii*, Dorpat, 1906. The author, Bernard du Rosier (or de la Roseraie), wrote his *Ambaxiator* in 1436, he died, archbishop of Toulouse, in 1475. See also Hrabar in "*Revue de Droit International*, second series, I, 314.

³ *Le Ministère du Négociateur*, Amsterdam, 1763, p. xvi. The author, maître des requêtes and writer on political subjects, was born in Paris, 1709, and died there, 1779.

no wonder, a public career the occasion of so many studies and guide-books, a rather puzzling collection, it is true, for the advice in it, sometimes contradictory, was always imperative, being ever justified by examples from the Bible and the almost equally indisputable practice of the ancients.

In the theories of an art so important for mankind nothing was neglected, from the physical appearance of the person to the most exalted of the religious and moral virtues. According to those experts, an ambassador should, as far as possible, be good-looking ; a man who is lame, says the famous scholar and former secretary of embassy, Etienne Dolet, whose remark does not betoken much kind-heartedness on the part of his contemporaries, " is received with laughter." ¹ Archbishop Germonius insists : " Beauty recommends a man better than any letter ; " remember that " David is called handsome by God," and that one " could not be a Vestal if afflicted with any deformity." ² The Spaniard Vera y Çuniga tolerates baldness, for the unanswerable reason that Caesar was bald, and there is nothing to show that this great general would not have been a great ambassador if he had tried.

Each is however wise enough to add that talent is, after all, the chief thing, and must be considered first in the selection of an ambassador. So much the better if he has good looks, if he is in, at least, " moderately easy circumstances " ³ and possesses " a well sounding name " (*legatum bene sonans nomen habere debet*), but merit outranks all else ; Cicero's name was commonplace, *ignobilis* ; none more famous. Actual merits are of more import than

¹ " Quod si deformes sumus, aut vitio aliquo deturpati, aut re aliqua manciti, tum cum risu excipimur." " De Officio Legati," 1541, p. 11.

² " Anastasii Germonii. . . . Archiepiscopi et Comitis Tarantasiensis et . . . Allobrogorum Ducis. . . . Legati, De Legatis Principum et Populorum," Rome, 1627, bk. I, ch. 12. Born in Piedmont in 1551, Anastasio Germonio was in great favour with several popes and with the Duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel ; he became archbishop of Tarentaise, annotated the Decretals and left numerous works all in Latin ; he died in 1627, being then ambassador of Savoy to Spain.

³ " En quelque médiocrité pour le moins." Hotman, " L'Ambassadeur," 1603, p. 12.

the deeds of our ancestors : "To govern a ship," Blaise Pascal said later, "one does not choose the one of the passengers who belongs to the noblest house " ²

According to nearly all, the envoy should be neither so old as to be inactive through ill-health or the number of his years, nor so young as to prove immature or inconsiderate ³ Vera naïvely wonders whether it would not be appropriate to send, in some cases, two ambassadors, an older one who would shine by his wisdom, and a younger one by his sprightliness. The temper of the prince to whom the ambassador is sent should moreover be taken into account for this as for the rest, it would never do, Hotman says with unimpeachable wisdom, to send a Protestant to the pope or a bishop to the Turk.

Written many of them at the time of the Renaissance or under its influence, those treatises want the ambassador to be very learned and supremely eloquent. He should be able to speak admirably, either in private or in public, the latter, says Hotman, being of importance especially "in popular states," which continues indeed to be true. All insist on eloquence. The Italian jurist Maggi wishes his perfect ambassador to possess "supreme eloquence, the most splendid gift," he says, "bestowed on mankind by immortal God " ⁴ No one, according to Tasso, who wrote on ambassadors a dialogue less famous than his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," "can be a perfect ambassador, who is not at the same time a good orator," and for this reason the Romans had early called their envoys "orators " ⁵ For Vera, eloquence "is the most essential part of the ambassador " ,

¹ Germonius, *De Legatis Principum et Populorum*, 1627, bk I, ch 11.

² On ne choisit pas pour gouverner un vaisseau, celui des voyageurs qui est de meilleure maison. Pascal's *Pensées*.

³ Trop gay, léger et imprudent, comme un qui fut envoyé à quelques allies de ceste couronne, lequel se pourmenoit le soir et partie de la nuit par les rues, avec des gens de son aage, jouant de la mandore, en chausses et en pourpoint " Hotman *L. Ambassadeur*, p 18.

⁴ *De Legato Libri Duo* Octaviani Maggi, Venice, 1566.

⁵ "Non può dunque alcuno esser perfetto ambasciatore, ch insieme non sia buon oratore. Il *Messaggero*, Dialogo del Signor Torquato Tasso, first ed Venice, 1582.

Gentili has a whole chapter, "*Legatus ut sit orator.*"¹ Some ambassadors of the period had among their personnel a professional orator to help them with their speeches.

The envoy must, however, be careful not to allow himself to be carried away by his own gift of speech. After having stated that "prudence and learning are of little avail, for an ambassador, without eloquence," Braun, whose treatise is of 1548, says: "The name of eloquent we refuse however to the verbose, the irrepressible, the inconsiderate, the empty and insincere speakers, such as the courts of kings and princes are wont to produce and foster, who fill the lands and the seas with the vain sound of their words. . . . To them applies the saying of the Scriptures: the fool multiplies his words." The really eloquent aptly fit their discourse to the occasion; "their words do not come from their lips but from their hearts."²

Able to speak at length when there is need, the ambassador should by preference be brief.³ "His way of speaking," Hotman says, "will be grave, brief and weighty, not interspersed with many quotations, as a Master of arts would do, or with rare words, and antiquated: I have seen more than one fail through affectation."⁴ The envoy must, according to the same, attune himself to the people he addresses; to "pindarize" is not the way to touch the Swiss or the Dutch. He should prepare his public speeches with care, but never learn them by heart, for fear that, if a word escapes him, he might utterly break down.

As for knowledge, that of the ambassador, according

¹ "*De Legationibus Libri III.*," London, 1585, several editions. Alberico Gentili, an Italian Protestant refugee and very prolific author, was professor of civil law at Oxford; he died in 1608.

² One of the rare good passages in Braun, a Würtemberg jurist (d. 1563), himself remarkably verbose: "*D. Conradi Bruni Jureconsulti Opera Tria.* . . . *De Legationibus*," etc., Mainz, 1548, fol. Of pedantic disposition, he examines not only who can be an ambassador, but who should not, taking the trouble to specifically exclude children.

³ "*Quid enim juvat inanis loquacitas? cui usui est supervacanea scribendi ostentatio?*" Dolet, "*De Officio Legati*," 1541, p. 12.

⁴ "*L'Ambassadeur*," pp. 16 ff.

to his most zealous teachers and well-wishers, should be boundless Sir Thomas More's Utopians had ambassadors, and they selected them, as well as their priests, "oute of this ordre of the learned"¹ The envoy must be an indefatigable reader,² else he is as sure to fail, as a soldier who should be indifferent to physical exercise History is to be, of course, his chief study, on this all agree, but this is only one item of the living encyclopædia he must be Maggi wants him well versed in the Scriptures, in the art of dialectics, in the civil science, that is the government of states and cities, in natural history, astronomy, mathematics, geography, the military art, philosophy, for, as Plato has observed, the city will not be happy until philosophers reign or kings philosophize, he must know the lands and the seas and be wonderfully addicted to music, he should practise contemplation, for it is the source of action³

Maggi, who had painted his ambassador as his Italian compatriots painted their glorified, godlike princes on the ceilings of their palaces, had gone so far that some protested, Hotman for instance, who reproaches him and his like for making of their diplomat "a theologian, astrologer, dialectician, excellent orator, learned as Aristotle and wise as Solomon, a man not to be found on earth"

But, while recalling that to be an expert *de omni re scibili* was, especially for a man in active life, an impossibility, critics might have acknowledged the fact, still a fact in our days, that there is no kind of knowledge, science, or accomplishment that cannot happen to be of use in such a profession, and therefore as many as "nostra tam actuosa

¹ Ralph Robinson's English version, first ed 1551, Arber's reprint, p 86

² Legato itaque opus est lectione, eaque assidua, ne sit inutilis labor atque inanis opera Germonius, p 79

³ Qui legatus est futurus, mus cæ ab ineunte ætate, mirifice deditus sit oportet He wisely states that he does not want his ambassador to be really proficient in every kind of science and that he only desires that he be able to take part in any conversation upon any subject Ita eruditum esse, ut si quæ res incident hujus modi, in qua dicendum sit, minime ejus videatur rudis et ignarus He thereupon scarcely conceals, however, that it would be better, after all, if his ambassador were a thorough adept of every kind of art and science De Legato, bk 11, fol 28

vita " allows us, to use Maggi's words, should be acquired. I should have been greatly surprised, if I may quote a personal example, had anyone told me, when in boyhood days I was swimming rivers, climbing rocks, and playing a variety of games, that these "accomplishments" would be of service years later, when, an ambassador in far-off America, in order to keep company with the chief of the state, President Roosevelt, I swam the Potomac and climbed the quarries south of the stream. The same with contemplation ; many may have experienced, as I often have, the good done by a solitary walk, in inspiring resolutions and rectifying judgments.

Even those however who did not go so far as Maggi, mapped out a wide enough plan of studies for their ambassadorial pupil. Hotman, for all his criticism, wants his envoy to know history, moral and political philosophy, foreign languages, Roman civil law, and generally speaking, to be addicted to letters, for such an intellectual training " teaches you how to talk and answer, to judge of the justice of a war, of the equity of all pretensions and requests . . . how to weigh reasons and escape sophisms and subtilities." If the appointee lacks that education, he must, even while in office, try to acquire as much of it as he can, " though, truth to say, it is rather late to begin digging a well when feeling thirsty. . . . He will especially avoid showing disdain for lettered people, but display consideration to men of learning and experience, who are cherished in all civilized states." ¹ A just measure must be observed by him and he shall carefully abstain from imitating, says Wicquefort, " l'humeur contredisante " of pedants.²

Foreign languages were to be learned by the ambassador, in spite of the fact that he necessarily possessed Latin which was, in early times, the common language of all Christian nations, and French which had succeeded Latin, being spoken, says Rousseau de Chamoy, " by most princes and

¹ " L'Ambassadeur," p. 13.

² " L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions," The Hague, 1681, I, 168

ministers with whom ambassadors of France have to deal" ¹ It is nevertheless a great advantage to know the idiom of the country where you are, and the people are grateful to you for the effort. The idea however that English should be one of the languages to be learned never occurred to any one, and it does not, to my knowledge, appear in any list drawn then, of those to be studied. Besides Italian, Latin, Spanish, French, German, Maggi's list includes Turkish, but not English. Even Callières's list, which is of 1716, omits English ²

As to the moral virtues of the ambassador, the manuals of the period are no less exacting than as to his learning. Was not the ambassador a kind of lay priest, with a sacred task and moral duties to fulfil, of interest for the whole of mankind? The Ruler of the world must guide him, piety must therefore be one of his basic qualities: on this all manuals agree. Bernard du Rosier draws, in the fifteenth century, a list of twenty-six virtues with which this pacificator of quarrels must be endowed. he is expected to be "veracious, upright, modest, temperate, discreet, kindly, honest, sober, just," etc., etc ³ Ermolao Barbaro, in the same century, wants him to have "hands and eyes as pure as those of the priest officiating at the altar. Let him remember that he can do nothing more meritorious for the Republic than to lead an innocent and holy life" ⁴

The same views prevail in the following centuries. "The ambassador," says the friend of Ronsard, Bishop Pierre Danès, who had taught Greek at the Collège de France and represented the king at the Council of Trent, "must appear in his private life, pious, just, and a friend of the common quiet" ⁵ Dolet wants him irreproachable in

¹ "L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur," 1697, ed. Delavaud, p. 24

² Il serait encore à souhaiter qu'ils apprissent les langues vivantes afin de n'être pas exposés à l'infidélité ou l'ignorance des interprètes et d'être délivrés de l'embarras de les introduire aux audiences des Princes et de leur faire part de secrets importants. His list includes German, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. De la Manière de Négocier, p. 98

³ Ambaxiator, Brevilogus," as above, p. 5

⁴ Conseils à un Ambassadeur, 1561, ed. Delavaud, 1915, p. 11

his morals, even in countries where immorality is an elegance and, being widely practised, his conforming to the general custom would possibly be rather approved than blamed : "Virtutis studiosissimus habeatur ;" avoiding however crabbedness : "summamque severitatem summa cum humanitate jungat."¹ Hotman's ambassador is to be above all an honest man, charitable to the poor, and trustworthy for all, "careful not to promise lightly, but religiously doing what he has once promised ; for, of course, people are less offended by a refusal than by a perfidy." Bragaccia wants him to possess every virtue, and devotes a separate chapter in his huge treatise to each virtue, recommending moreover to his envoy to appeal, in his difficulties, "first to God, the source of all good."² Let him be virtuous, says Germonius, who however, as we shall see, condones lying, "for there is nothing more lovable than virtue, nothing that better wins men's love, so much so that we love, in a way, for their virtue and probity, even men whom we have never seen."³

An anonymous Frenchman, of about 1600, desires the ambassador to show himself "a great observer and defender of his religion, of justice, and of the common weal."⁴ Louis XIV had observers to tell him whether his ambassadors went to mass every day, and one of them, Barrillon, accredited to England, got a severe remonstrance because he did not, and because he had been seen talking with his neighbours during the service.⁵ This however was no

¹ "De Officio Legati," 1541, p. 17.

² "L'Ambasciatore," Padua, 1626, bk. I, ch. 8, "Della Pieta e Religione verso Dio dell'Ambasciatore"—"Diciamo adunque, ch'egli dovra prima ricorrere a Dio, fonte d'ogni bene, senza l'aiuto e consiglio del quale sono vani tutti gli humani sforzi e consigli."

³ "De Legatis," 1627, p. 70.

⁴ "Instruction générale des Ambassadeurs," ed. Grisele, "Revue d'Histoire Diplomatique," 1914, p. 773.

⁵ "Je me sens obligé, Monsieur, de vous informer d'un avis qui est venu d'Angleterre au Roi sur ce qui concerne principalement votre chapelle, par lequel on fait connaître que les catholiques désireraient que vous fissiez faire les cérémonies du service divin avec plus de dignité, que vous assistiez, comme le Roi, tous les jours à la messe, que vous en entendiez une haute les Dimanches et fêtes solennelles, que vous donniez ordre que votre chapelle soit plus propre et mieux

longer piety, but in an age of pomp, gold lace, wigs, and feathers, a show thereof

Drinking, which, as one of the manuals recalls, is described by Seneca, as "a voluntary madness," is wrong and dangerous, but in some countries of central and northern Europe, indispensable, it is therefore regretfully allowed

A fundamental virtue in an ambassador is punctuality "The people of Troy sent their deputies to Tiberius, in order to offer him condolences on the death of his son, seven or eight months after the event 'And I,' said the emperor, 'deeply regret the loss you sustained of Hector your good and valorous compatriot' At which all laughed, for Hector had died several centuries before "

The good ambassador will watch over his words, never deride the country he is in, nor disparage the prince to whom he is accredited, though representing a monarchy, he must not "blame the form of a popular government," much less will he venture any obloquy to the detriment of his own people "Our country is our mother we must be as jealous of her honour as of our own "

Owing to the dangers accompanying certain missions, a temperament impervious to fear was held indispensable "For which cause the Romans and other republics, well aware of the perilous character of legations, honoured with a statue the memory of those who had died in fulfilling such missions Hence the blunt reply of an Athenian ambassador to King Philip of Macedon who threatened him

pourvue d'ornements et que vous marquez plus de vénération pour les saints mystères On ajoute que vous devriez éviter de scandaliser les faibles en mangeant publiquement de la viande et en en faisant servir sur votre table à tout le monde pendant le carême On se plaint aussi que vous vous entreteniez pendant toute la messe avec des gens qui ont peu de religion Voilà, Monsieur, ce que contiennent en substance cet avis, et S M est bien persuadée que si il y a quelque chose de vrai vous le rectifierez avec le même soin que vous apportez dans toutes les autres affaires qu Elle vous a confiées dont vous vous êtes toujours acquitté à sa satisfaction Unprinted letter of Colbert de Croissy to Barrillon, April 13, 1686, Archives of the French foreign office, Angleterre, CLVIII, fol 209 In his answer, Barrillon pleads not guilty, but, at the same time, promises to do better

* Hotman, quoting Suetonius; * L'Ambassadeur, p 27

* *Ibid.*, p 38

with having his head cut off: 'If thou hast this head removed, my country will give me another which will be immortal, *statuam pro capite; pro morte immortalitatem.*' "

"It is not everybody however," Hotman sententiously observes, "that would enjoy the change, and more than one would prefer keeping his own." ¹

III

Among the moral questions relating to the ambassadorial profession, none was more passionately discussed, for centuries in succession, than that of whether an ambassador should swerve from the truth, when his country's good is at stake, that is, whether he should answer or not the definition of his calling humorously inscribed in the album of a German merchant at Augsburg, in 1604, by Sir Henry Wotton, when on his way to Venice as English ambassador: "*Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicae causa,*" a joke which, brought to the notice of a king who could never understand one, James I, caused the envoy to fall into temporary disgrace.² Casuists, innumerable in those days, had a splendid field for the display of their ingenuity, and of their knowledge of precedents, classical authors, and the Bible.

For a few, there was no question: *Salus populi, suprema lex*; for fewer, there was no question: *Super omnia veritas*. Machiavel cannot imagine that discussion be possible:

¹ "L'Ambassadeur," p. 38.

² Under the name of Oporinus Grubinius, one of his many aliases, the infamous blackmailer Gaspard Scioppius, a man of several religions and no faith, who alleged that Wotton had tried to have him assassinated in Milan, wrote a whole pamphlet on the Augsburg incident, concluding that, so far as Wotton himself was concerned, the true definition was: "*Legatus Calvinianus, maxime Anglicanus, est vir bonus, peregre missus ad mentiendum et latrocinandum Reipublicae suae causa.*" "*Oporini Grubinii Legatus Latro, hoc est Definitio Legati Calviniani,*" Ingolstadt, 1615. Wotton, according to his biographer, Izaak Walton, would have liked his definition to be Englished in a way which offered a punning alternative: "An Ambassador is an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." "*Lives,*" ed. Bullen, 1884, p. 125. On Scioppius, see Ch. Nisard, "*Les Gladiateurs de la République des Lettres,*" Paris, 1860, vol. ii, p. 95.

when the country is at stake, the result only counts, and there is "no longer any question of just or unjust, merciful or cruel, praiseworthy or shameful" ¹ For most, however, the question *has* to be discussed and, true casuists as they are, they first peremptorily state that an ambassador should never lie, for "lying is a mortal sin," and then they add that, in certain circumstances, he must. They busy themselves thereupon to find the concord of this discord and their usual way consists, after having eloquently declared in favour of absolute truth, in adding a little *but* or a subtle *distinguo*

Many save themselves by setting apart what they call officious lies, *officiosa mendacia*, by which they mean those caused by the function, *officii causa* ² a sufficient justification for at least an ambassador answering Wotton's ironical definition

Braun first rejects the officious lie, then admits it if no third party is to suffer. Tasso has also recourse to a *distinguo* ³ Gentili writes a treatise *De Abusu Mendacii* which is rather one *De Usu*, so numerous are the cases when lies are justifiable, according to his count, on the part of physicians, poets, historians, theologians, and politicians, an admirer of Machiavel he agrees with him the saving of the country is the supreme law ⁴ Paschalius declares decidedly against lying, adding however the usual *but* "I want the ambassador to shine by truth, the best assured of virtues. But I am not so boorishly exacting as to entirely close the lips of the envoy to officious lies" ⁵ For pompous, pedantic, retrograde Marselaer the ideal ambas-

¹ Dove si delibera al tutto della salute della patria, non vi debbe cadere alcuna considerazione ne di giusto, ne di ingiusto, ne di pietoso, ne di crudele, ne di laudabile, ne di ingnomminoso anzi prosposto ogni altro rispetto seguire al tutto quel partito che li salvi la vita et mantenghile la liberta. Discorsi sopra la Prima Deca di Tito Livio, Venice, 1540

² Scioppia, as above p. 3

³ Ma io, teco favellando, così distinguerò. Il Messaggero

⁴ "Alberici Gentili, De Abusu Mendacii, Hannover, 1599

⁵ Legatus, Paris, 16th chap. LIV; first ed Rouen, 1598. Carlo Pasquali born at Com, 1547, naturalized French, fulfilled a special mission to Poland, and was long the representative of France to the "Ligues Grises" (Grisons, Switzerland)

sador must be very noble by birth, very rich, and perfect at dissembling and lying ; such is the rule of the game ; it is necessary *cum vulpe vulpinari*.¹ Bacon's essay " On Truth " resembles that of Gentili, so much does it contain in favour of lies, a necessary alloy, he thinks, to the pure gold of truth : " A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure ; " truth absolute is " the honour of man's nature," but it must be admitted that a " mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work better, but it embaseth it." ²

Vera and Bragaccia surpass all as casuists. According to the latter, " Pythagoras being asked when men most resembled the gods, answered, ' when they speak truth.' And wisely to be sure, for there is nothing belonging so properly to God as truth." ³ He demonstrates, however, that, " in case of urgency or for a good reason," one may consent not to be so very godlike ; there are, moreover, many ways to speak the truth without revealing it, " for example when you include the lesser in the greater, as one would say, when having ten crowns, that he has two." It can scarcely be doubted that the officious lie, *bugia officiosa*, is a sin, but circumstances can attenuate the fault.

Vera is in no way inferior as a casuist. For him, " there is no end so honest that may cause a lie to be condoned, or may exempt the liar from mortal sin." True it is that the people of a different opinion allege that inventions and artifices are indispensable antidotes against " the venom of a powerful enemy," and are a means for transforming inequality into equality. They say also that " Nature, and God her maker, have endowed with ruse and shrewdness the animals which they have not armed with teeth and nails, so that the ones may compensate the others." But this is a false doctrine, based on pagan authors and misinterpreted Bible. " The ambassador must avoid this

¹ " Frederici de Marselaer Equitis, Legatus," Antwerp, 1626, p. 170 ; first ed., less complete, 1618.

² A late essay, first published in 1625.

³ " L'Ambasciatore," Padua, 1626, p. 430.

path, and beware of causing the plans of his king to develop along such a line "

We seem to be on firm ground, but we are not, for Vera now comes to the usual *distinguo*, and persuades himself that, "between those two extremes, that is to say to conduct business with downright falsehood or downright truthfulness, there can be found a midway which is the golden path of Horace, and we shall move forth without falling into the abyss of evil, though swerving a little from the straight line of perfect purity " ¹ Numerous examples follow, of people who, in old or recent times, acted thus and, according to Vera, deserved praise

On dissembling, which is very near lying, Vera has no doubt "Blamable in a private man, it is excusable in public business, since it is impossible to manage government affairs well if one is unable to dissemble and feign This ability is acknowledged as the true attribute of kings, and it has been observed long ago that one who does not know how to feign is inapt to reign "

To the credit of Hotman de Villiers, chief spokesman of the early French school of diplomacy, it must be said that, while referring to the Bible and admitting that there are cases when a falsehood is unavoidable, he feels, at the thought, pangs of regret, which is very much to his honour "To act thus is hard," he says, "for a man of worth who does not care to wound his conscience in order to be considered clever, it is hard for a frank and generous soul who, in lying, strains his nature and no wonder, since to lie and dissemble is an undoubted mark of a low-hearted and low-born individual " There is however a difference between delusive words used to harm, or used to help, as happened when Abraham and Isaac declared that their wives were their sisters, which they did in order to save the honour of these women And remembering the time when he was himself employed abroad, Hotman adds from personal experience "There was no choice but to disguise to

¹ "El Embaxador, Seville, 1620, fol 87, 88, 99, 107, 111

the Swiss Leagues, to Germany, England, and the other Protestant states and princes the folly of the Saint-Bartholomew ; and I know some of those who were thus employed who would have willingly passed on this duty to cleverer liars. But what ? It was for the service of the king and to endeavour to shield our nation from a stain which, however, no water has been able to wash away since.”¹

The solution of the problem continued remote. Well within the seventeenth century appeared the characteristic work before mentioned, of Archbishop Germonius, whose authority in such matters was great, he being, at the same time, a prelate, an interpreter of the Decretals, and an ambassador. After having demonstrated that, “to lie is servile and cannot be tolerated even in a slave” ; that “any lie is a sin” ; that, according to Aristotle, “the penalty of the liar is that he will not be believed even when he speaks the truth,” the learned author bravely goes on to show that there is nevertheless a good deal to say in favour of lying : “What is not permitted by natural reason, is by civil reason ; else princes and republics would often be upset and perish. In the same way as, among the laws of old, the most famous is, *salus populi suprema lex esto*, for the same reason, to an ambassador, the safety of the republic must be the supreme law.” Can we aspire to be wiser than the Greeks or the Romans ? Asked by Neoptolemus whether it was shameful to lie, Ulysses answered : “Not at all, if safety is to be the result.”² Titus Livius praises Xenophanes “for having used the subterfuge of a lie.” No one blames physicians because they cheer their patients with false hopes.

In war, continues the archbishop, who obviously would have been favourable to “camouflaged” *communiqués*, untrue news may be indispensable to keep up the morale of troops.

How much greater and nobler, one may remonstrate, the peoples who need no such falsifications of the truth

¹ “L’Ambassadeur,” 1603, pp. 48, 49.

² He speaks so in the “*Philoctetes*” of Sophocles, to which Germonius refers.

and whose force of resistance grows because they know that the peril is great and not because they fancy it to be small, the nations able to offer thanks even to a Varro for not having despaired of the Republic, or able to defend and save Verdun when the defence seemed hopeless. A "They shall not pass" from men of heart is worth, as a tonic, any amount of sophisticated *communiqués*.

In defence of his system, Germonius appeals also to the Bible as being full of lies which "get there no condemnation, but praise," a list follows of those of Abraham, "a man of worth, and very pleasing to God," and of others. Jacob's lie when securing for himself Esau's birthright was worse than one in words, being one in action, "unless we believe with Saint Augustine that we are not confronted with a lie, but with a mystery."

We may accept such an interpretation if we please, but cannot be prevented from remembering besides, in spite of all that any Germonius can say, that we have each of us, within ourselves, a guide, also God-inspired, called conscience.

Corruption, the use of spies, a good deal of intriguing, were admitted as necessities. And then the question arose. Is an ambassador justified in wrong-doing if he is so ordered by his master? Is it permissible for him to interfere in local politics to the detriment of the local sovereign? Tasso answers: "If the prince orders something unjust," the envoy must try to open his eyes, and if he fails, must obey. "*Egli altro non può fare, ch'essequir il comandamento del Principe*." Vera de Cunha thinks it is a pity, but decides likewise, and saves the ambassadors possible doubts by new samples of his ever ready casuistry: the envoy should discard all scruples, saying to himself that, after all, what he is aiming at is not primarily the destruction of the prince to whom he is accredited, but the salvation of his own. "And if it happened that the advantage procured by the ambassador to his master should

result in damage to the other prince, it would be enough for the ambassador to have no load on his conscience, that his object and intention were only to protect his own prince against dangers threatening him ; the more so that accidents cannot be prevented.”¹

But there were, even in those days, some men with a stricter conscience who would answer such questions with a No, the same Hotman foremost among them. The ambassador should, according to him, entirely abstain from intrigues hurtful to the country where he is : “ What, however, if he is commanded to act otherwise ? . . . Will he be allowed to excuse himself, to judge of the justice of his master’s intentions and of the equity of his commands ? Does it belong to him to penetrate the secret or control the will of his prince ? Here the man of worth will once more find himself greatly embarrassed. . . . The solution of the problem seems to me to be the same as that adopted by philosophers, jurists, and theologians concerning the obedience due by the son to his father, the slave to his master, the subject to his prince, and the vassal to his liege lord : for all agree that this obedience does not cover what is of God, of nature, and of reason. Well, to lie, mislead, betray, to attempt a sovereign prince’s life, to foster revolt among his subjects, to steal from him or trouble his state, even in peacetime and under cover of friendship and alliance, is directly against the command of God, against the law of nature and of nations ; it is to break that public faith without which human society and, in truth, the general order of the world would dissolve. And the ambassador who seconds his master’s views in such a business doubly sins, because he both helps him in the undertaking and performing of a bad deed, and neglects to counsel him better, when he is bound to do so by his function which carries with it the quality of councillor of state for the duration of his mission, even if he had not had the honour of being previously received as a councillor.”²

¹ “ *El Enbaxador*,” 1620, fol. 101.

² “ *L’Ambassadeur*,” 1603, p. 84.

With a number of fighting bishops along the Rhine ("la rue des Evêques," the valley was familiarly called), with the omnipresent but often nebulous pretensions of an elective emperor and an elective pope, with an elective king in Poland, with innumerable princelings in Germany and Italy, accessible to many reasons with which reason had little to do, intrigue had an immense field. An infinity of tiny states had an infinity of petty ambitions, petty wars, petty pacifications, greater states played some of the smaller ones against the others, the more efficaciously that these diminutive countries could, according to the ideas of the time, be parcelled out, sold, given away, serve as the pledge for a loan or the portion of a princess, without the inhabitants being any more consulted than their own cattle. The fate of flocks of men and of a number of countries had been changed by such marriages as that of Eleanor of Aquitania to the future Henry II Plantagenet, or Mary of Burgundy, only daughter of Charles the Bold, to Maximilian, the future emperor. Cardinal Wolsey had however found means to make sure of preserving an even mind in the quarrels between Francis I and Charles V by accepting pensions from both.

In the hope of winning the help of a nation in a great war, pensions were offered to her ministers, sometimes to her king, rich jewels to the mistress of the king, and the whole court, except the queen, would be in ecstasies as to the good taste and generosity of the sender. The ministers would not only accept but occasionally insist on an increase, for having so well betrayed their country. "Money," says Hotman, "opens the most secret cabinets of princes." Rousseau de Chamoy recommends that "gratifications" be adroitly offered to the foreign commissioners with whom the ambassador has to negotiate a treaty, but deplors that the French neglect too much this means of success.¹

¹ *L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur* 1697, ed. Delavaud, pp. 36, 40. In the 'cuneid' study of Professor Nys, of Belgium, written in 1883 the remark "On doit cependant dire à l'honneur des hommes d'état français qu'ils ne se

Presents were constantly on the move, between monarchs, ministers, ambassadors, members of public assemblies, etc., and it was no easy matter to discern where courtesy stopped and corruption began. Venice, we saw, solved the problem by obliging her envoys to hand such gifts to the Treasury; the envoys, however, would request a return thereof as a mark of appreciation for their services. Parsimonious Bishop Danès advises ambassadors to provision themselves, before starting, with "objects of small value, but rare and therefore greatly esteemed where they go"; and we know that Regnault Girard, sent to Scotland in 1434 to fetch Princess Margaret, the betrothed of the future king of France, Louis XI, had brought as presents "a gentle mule," held "a very strange beast, because they have none there, six barrels of wine and three of chestnuts, pears, and apples, for there is little fruit in Scotland."¹ But you could not win thus the good will of a royal mistress, and the presents sent by Louis XIV to a Duchess of Cleveland or a Duchess of Portsmouth were not of so homely a nature; the ladies themselves were not of a homely nature.

The question was again one in which casuists could give free play to their *distinguos*. Vera and others are thus able to both exclude and admit presents.² Most manuals, however, specify that no ambassador should consent to receive any except with the assent of his prince, or when he leaves the country: "An effect of his abstemiousness," says Hotman, "will be his refusal to accept any gifts or presents, either from the prince to whom he is sent or from any of his people for any cause whatsoever, unless, having already taken leave, he is about to mount his horse." Many princes regretfully spent large sums at those partings, but considered it a kind, as is now said, of "propaganda," useful

laissaient point acheter et demeuraient incorruptibles." "Les Commencements de la Diplomatie," in "Revue de Droit International," XVI, 67.

¹ The mission, at that date, was a very dangerous one, and Girard, to the indignation of his king, had offered 400 crowns to any who would go in his stead. 'English Essays from a French pen,' p. 49. ² "El Enbaxador," fol. 126, 131,

for their good fame and glory: "The custom is," says Rousseau de Chamoy, "that, on such occasions, the prince give, as a present to the ambassador, his portrait set in diamonds or some similar object, and that he cause to be sent to his secretary a golden chain with his medal or something else"² This use was so well established that when the American republic was founded it was considered indispensable to submit to it, and President Washington bestowed on foreign envoys, as they left the country, a golden chain with a medal, choosing, however, to send to the French representative a heavier one than to the others To that extent at any rate did the great man practise secret diplomacy

Portraits continue to be given in our days, but consisting in signed photographs, a great improvement and leaving no room for casuistry, they are accompanied however in most countries with a decoration, a more debatable practice

IV

Endowed, as much as nature and study would allow, with so many accomplishments, political, moral, or literary, having bought expensive carriages, liveries, and plate, secured, as best he could, trustworthy secretaries and "chiffreurs"³ and very numerous servants, selected, some for their "taciturnity" and others for their ability to play the part of semi-spies, but of otherwise good morals,⁴ the ambassador would enter his coach or mount his horse (Eustache Des Champs complains that his "sits on its

¹ Hotman, *L'Ambassadeur*, p. 35

² *L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur*, 1697, ed. Delavaud, p. 43

³ *Ea illi committenda sunt quae literis ignota (chiffreum vulgus Gallicum vocat) significari res ipsa potuit.* Dolet, *De Officio Legati* 1541, p. 14

⁴ Porro aut in ex servis unum aliquem cautum atque versipellem Legatus habeat qui per urbem vagando et in mulorum tum sermonem, tum familiaritatem ac insinuando, omnes rumorum ventos colligat. *Ibid.*, p. 15 The ambassador will watch over their morals for maybe he will be judged in accordance with them. Sciendum est tale fere fieri de moribus nostris iudicium, qualis est errorum nostrorum vita. *Ibid.* p. 13

knees," out of fatigue, on the long road from Paris to Prague), and start on his mission.

The manuals keep their eyes on him and flood him with advice. How should he behave when he arrives? Whom should he see first? Ought ladies to be the object of his attention? Yes, says Pecquet, provided he does not fall in love with them. What should be his table, his expenses, the style and subject of his dispatches, the ceremonial and rules of precedence he should observe? Must he be secretive? Yes, the wiser manuals answer on this last point, but within due limits. They do not back Ben Jonson's advice to Politick Would-bes :

First for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserv'd and lock'd ; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father, scarce
A fable, but with caution.¹

The question of precedence, being of immense importance in those days, gets of course ample attention.² For questions of precedence, which were supposed to imply the rank and dignity of their country, people would risk their lives and sometimes lose them, the rivalry, as is well known, being especially keen between France and Spain. The "most Christian" kings of France, anointed with the miraculous oil at Rheims, considered themselves as without a peer. Their right had been recognized at the meeting of more than one council, that of Constance among others in 1434. "And not without cause," wrote Claude de Seissel in 1558, "did the king of the Romans, Maximilian, playfully say more than once that, if he were God and had several children,

¹ "Volpone," IV, i; dedication dated 1607. De la Sarraz du Franquesnay writes on this subject: "Les gens du monde regardent cet air mistérieux des ministres, soit naturel, soit affecté, comme un caractère de pédanterie; ce dehors magistral les blesse; il leur semble que ceux qui l'ont viennent donner leçon au public." "Le Ministre Public dans les Cours Étrangères," 1731, p. 171.

² For instance in Wicquefort, "Mémoire touchant les Ambassadeurs," Cologne, 1679, II, 48 ff. "Il faut aussi parler de la préséance," says Hotman, "où il y a mille belles choses à dire, qui sont pour un discours à part." "L'Ambassadeur," pp. 72 ff.

he would make the eldest God after him, but the second he would make him king of France" ¹ The quarrel nevertheless continued more and more fierce, until the terrible d'Estrades incident occurred, when for a question of precedence between two ambassadorial carriages several people remained dead on the London pavement, a general war was with difficulty averted, and the "Catholic King" had to definitively admit the pretension of his "most Christian," but very unyielding brother, young Louis XIV ²

The ambassador must be liberal in his expenses, but not extravagant, certain envoys have so behaved that it seemed as though they wanted to outshine the greatest of the land where they lived, they have thus displeased the very people they wanted to conciliate. A sense of measure is an important item in the art of diplomacy, and is of value whatever the occasion. For selecting the chief objects of expense, account must be taken of local tastes. "The expenditure of the house must be well regulated, yet splendid in every respect, chiefly for the table and cooking, to which foreigners, especially those of the North, pay more attention than to any other item. In Spain and Italy the table is frugal, but one must shine there in the matter of horses, carriages, garments, and followers" ³

Now for the ambassador's actual functions, his *raison d'être*. They are, as we have seen, of the highest a man can be honoured with. Whatever the circumstances and the temptations, he should never forget what the paramount duty of an ambassador consists in, which is to "zealously act in such fashion that he be rather the maker of peace and concord than of discord and of war" ⁴ His task will be

¹ "Histoire anabétique du Roy Loys XII, Paris, 1558, fol 69

² Year 1661. Not long after, however, in 1697, Rousseau de Chamoy saw a sign of narrow mindedness in paying too much attention to questions of ceremonial. "Sur cela comme sur toute autre chose il évitera d'estre pointilleux et homme à incidents, c'est la marque d'un petit esprit d'estre remply et vivement touché de ces sortes de choses." *L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur*, p 29

³ Roman, *L'Ambassadeur* p 22

⁴ "Videat practerea sedulo ut pacis concordiaque potius auctor sit quam belli et discordia." Dolet, *De Officio Legati*, 1542, p 20

comparatively easy if he is personally trustworthy and if he represents a nation which also can be trusted : hence the constant recommendations to keep promises. One of the elements of Louis XIV's power in Europe was that, with all which now appears to us as blemishes in his politics, he kept his promises more faithfully than any monarch of his time.

The untrustworthiness of many envoys, whose word was empty and promises meant nothing, whose conscience was as pliable as casuists would have it, and whose very presence was a danger for the state, had retarded, in the fifteenth century, the progress of the institution. Several kings, among them Henry VII of England, were averse to receiving any. Philippe de Commines the historian, who had himself been an ambassador, sent, among others, to Lorenzo de Medici, writing in the second half of the fifteenth century, has strong words on the subject : " 'Tis not too safe a thing, those constant goings and comings of embassies, for very often bad things are treated of by them ; yet the sending and receiving of them cannot be avoided." What is the remedy ? some will ask ; others might give a better answer : " As for me, this I would do. Ambassadors who come from true friends and not to be suspected, I deem that they should be well treated and be granted permission to see the prince pretty often, taking however into account what the prince himself actually is ; I mean if he be wise and honest ; for when he is otherwise, the least shown the better. And when he is shown, let him be well dressed, and well informed of what he ought to say, and let him not stay long."

If, on the other hand, ambassadors come from princes filled with a perpetual hatred, " as I have seen it among those many of whom I have spoken before, there is, I think, no safety in their coming. They must however be well and honourably treated ; they should be met on their arrival, comfortably lodged, and safe and sensible people should be ordered to accompany them ; which is both safe and honest,

for thus one knows who is about them, and light-headed and discontented men are prevented from giving them news, for in no house is everybody content " They must be well feasted, offered presents, promptly heard, and sent back, " for it is a very bad thing to keep one's enemies in one's house " In the meantime a continuous watch ought to be kept, night and day, to know whom they see " And for one messenger or ambassador that would be sent to me I would send two . . . Some will say that your enemy will take pride on it I do not care, for thus I shall get more news of him " 1

The ambassador knows from his instructions what he has to do, and if he has followed the wise advice to men of his calling, given as early as 1436 by Archbishop Bernard du Rosier, he must have verified, before leaving, that they were perfectly clear and straightforward, whether expressed verbally or in writing 2 Being moreover an ambassador, and present on the spot, powers of appreciation are left him, he may have lights that his sender had not, and he must, under his responsibility, follow them - which is just as true to-day as in the past centuries Danès, 3 Montaigne, Tasso, 4 Hotman, Wicquefort, Rousseau, all agree " It should be noted," says Montaigne, who wrote no treatise

1 *Mémoires*, bk III, ch VIII The sending of several ambassadors together became exceptional after the custom was established of having permanent embassies The several ambassadors forming one single mission rarely agreed on all points, rivalries and quarrels arose, and it was thought better to send only one man professionally prepared to assume alone the complex task, except however, Callières says, when the question is of a peace conference; no single man could then suffice *De la Manière de Négocier*, p 378

2 *Caveant tamen ambaxiatores, ne instrucciones acephalas, ambiguas, vel duplicitem continentes verbo vel scriptis a muttentibus suscipiant* ' *Ambaxiator, Brevilogus*, as above, ch X

3 *Son maistre lui peut bien prescrire en gros ce qui est de son instruction pour son service, mais il ne peut lui bailler ni la direction, ni l'industrie pour la conduite des accidens inopinés et casuels ainsi le jugement et la vigilance sont à un Ambassadeur*, 1561, ed Delavaud, p 13

4 *E se l'Ambasciatore altro no fosse che semplice relatore delle cose commendatelo, non havrebbe bisogno nè di prudenza, nè d'eloquenza, e ciascun huomo ordinario in quest'ufficio sarebbe atto ma noi veggiamo che i Principi con diligente investigatione fanno sceltà de gli ambasciatori* *Il Messaggero*

about ambassadors, but who, interested in all kinds of men and things, has a variety of observations to make about them, "It should be noted that unswerving obedience fits only with precise and peremptory commands. Ambassadors have somewhat freer duties the fulfilling of which, in several respects, entirely depends on their own dispositions. They do not simply execute, but form also and direct by their own advice the will of their masters. I have seen in my day people in authority blamed for having rather obeyed the words in the king's letters than the dictates of the affairs in the midst of which they themselves were."

Hotman, shortly after, wrote that "a number of things must be left to the discretion of a prudent ambassador without thus tying his tongue and hands. *Mitte sapientem, nihil dicito.* But when he has played the part of a man of worth, 'tis ill done to repay him with a disavowal; and such princes do not deserve to be served by people of worth, especially when these have done for the best. Industry and diligence are of ourselves; a successful issue is of heaven."¹

The same views in Rousseau de Chamoy, a century later: "As he is bound to know the interests of his master, the ambassador may and must make up his mind (without waiting for instructions) in accordance with events, and those are the occasions when the clever and true negotiator distinguishes himself from the common man and the ordinary minister of no parts."²

In negotiating, the ambassador will be careful not to be brusque, haughty, arrogant: "Prudence demands," said, in early days, Bishop Danès, "that he listen with gentleness and modesty to the reasons of others, without being enamoured of his own, nor too absolute in his opinion. When one has to contradict somebody else's advice in a conference, be the cause one sustains ever so good and well justified, the words must be tempered in such a way that none may remain offended at the opposition, but that

¹ "L'Ambassadeur," p. 57.

² "L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur," 1697, as above, p. 26.

everybody, on the contrary, may notice the respect felt by the contradictor for the company. One must yield sometimes out of complaisance, and then avail himself of the next colloquy to amicably bring back the others to the cause of justice " 1

Having to keep his government well informed, the ambassador will neglect no opportunity in order to be himself aware of what goes on, and since nothing in the world stands quite apart, and everything has ramifications everywhere, he must be able to establish comparisons. Early written books advised him to keep up therefore a constant correspondence with the other ambassadors of his country in different lands, having if need be a special code to exchange confidential views with them. He must also take care to keep well posted on what happens or threatens to happen in his own land, counting less on the secretary of state, often very remiss in that respect, than on some friends or even on paid informers, "not grudging two or three hundred crowns a year for this, if need be." He will thus be able to counteract enemy propaganda (the thing, not the word, being in use at an early date), especially hurtful to his country in war time 2

If he uses spies, as was then the custom, he is to be very much on his guard. In order to get pay, rascally fellows will bring him thrilling news in abundance, even when there is no news, being moreover men of no conscience, they will never hesitate to betray one paymaster to the advantage of another and to their own profit. No

1. *Conseils*, 1561, as above, p. 13

2. Et d'autant que les secrétaires d'Estat ne font si fréquentes despèches à l'ambassadeur et ne luy donnent toujours advis de ce qui se passe en la Cour et en l'estat si souvent comme il le voudroit bien et qu'il seroit parfois expédient qu'il en eust la cognoissance pour les faux bruits que sèment ordinairement les ennemis d'un Estat, mesmement en temps de guerre il sera fort bien d'avoir quelque amy en court qui l'avertisse souvent de ce qui se fait, voire jusques aux moindres particularitez par lesquelles il peut quelquefois faire jugement des choses d'importance. La peine où j'ay veu en Suisse Monsieur de Sillery Brulart et en Ap^{te} terre Monsieur de Beauvoir la Noë me fait donner cet advis à ceux qui ont en Légation, et qu'ils n'y doivent espargner deux ny trois cens escus par besoin est. Hotman, *L'Ambassadeur* 1603, p. 24

account should therefore be taken of their statements, unless it be possible to control them.

The importance of being well informed is such that Rousseau de Chamoy goes the length, alone then of his kind, of recommending the ambassador to read, who would believe it? "the gazettes." The news they give is, to be sure, abundantly false, but it may chance that some be true, though rather difficult to distinguish from the imaginary; nothing however should be neglected; false news has moreover its advantage, in "evidencing the spirit of partiality in the place where it is devised."¹

But above all the ambassador must study the country where he is, and do so personally, see people of all ranks, talk with them, understand the trend of opinion and discover the various forces at play there. The task is not so easy for French ambassadors abroad as for foreign ambassadors in France: "Everything, in France, is bared to the curiosity of foreigners, partly owing to the natural freedom with which we speak of every subject, partly because of the factions in the state and the divisions in religious matters which have torn France for the last forty years."² This was written in 1603.

The ambassador's dispatches will convey to his government all the information he can gather. Must he also send intelligence sure to displease and irritate his own prince, playing the unwelcome part of the carrier of bad news? Without doubt he must, sternly answers Bishop Danès: "Hold it as a maxim that displeasing things must be sent as well as pleasing ones, and the prince, in the end, if he is a man of wisdom and understanding, will be better satisfied with the ambassador who will not have concealed from him any item he may have learnt where he is stationed, than with the one who, to spare him annoyance, will have abstained from writing unpleasant things (*des choses fâcheuses*), but which it would have been of interest for him to know in time."³

¹ "L'Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur," 1697, p. 35.

² Hotman, "L'Ambassadeur," p. 66.

³ "Conseils à un Ambassadeur," 1561, p. 15

of the system which gradually replaced the family of Christian nations, namely that of the, not yet so called, balance of power. The first had for its basis a hard-to-realize brotherly love, the second, more practical, was grounded on safety. The moment one power, be it the house of Austria, the house of France, or that of Spain, became so strong that it might dominate all the others if it chose, these others, by instinct or treaty, united together for the preservation of equilibrium. The establishment and maintenance of this order of things, which rendered great service, and which, though much abused and held antiquated, is not yet dead, gave occasion to innumerable negotiations and treaties in which envoys could show whether they answered the requirements of the manuals. They have a right to be judged by the outcome, and it is a fact that some of the treaties negotiated by them, those of Westphalia or of Utrecht for example, count among the great events in the history of mankind.

V

* Important results and a wider practice having permitted the guiding principles of the profession to be better tested, an attempt at a real school where those principles would be taught to diplomats was tried in the eighteenth century, and manuals appeared in which former-day advice was filtered, exaggerations were pruned off, and new pictures were drawn of what a modern ambassador should be. The best of those portraits are so carefully devised as to be worthy of attention even now and doubtless in after time. The most characteristic trait in them is increasing austerity. Frivolity, brilliancy, paint and powder might become the fashion at such a court as that of King Louis XV - ambassadors were told that they should more rigidly than before centre their thoughts on their profession, and follow it with as much devotion as if it were a religion.

Visible already in Rousseau de Chamoy, 1697, this

tendency is conspicuous in the remarkable "Projet d'Estude," drawn up in 1711 by Abbé Legrand¹ on the request of Marquis de Torcy, Secretary of State, former ambassador, nephew of the great Colbert, son of Colbert de Croissy, for the creation of a sort of seminary where young diplomats would learn their profession.

Animated with feelings of veneration and tenderness for the career he belonged to, and which his father and father-in-law had belonged to before him, Torcy explained in his "Journal" how the idea of such an institution, never before attempted, had occurred to him. Under the date of February 15, 1711, he writes: "There was a council this morning, but little to do. Bad weather had delayed the arrival of all the couriers. . . . I read a letter that Cardinal Gualtieri had written me. He recommended, in his last paragraph, a man who had long served, as secretary, the Sieur du Pré, the King's envoy at Florence." That secretary was so poor that he was unable to return to France; the King granted him a present of 500 francs.

"I took this opportunity to submit to the King that this poverty and the uncertain condition of those who served as secretaries abroad, had great inconveniences for the service; that these men who had the secret of a negotiation while they were employed, being reduced to seek, on their return, means of subsistence, might often abuse the trust which their masters had placed in them; that I had seen for instance a secretary whom the late Marshal de Marsin had had in Spain, becoming, after the end of this embassy, secretary likewise to the Ambassador of Savoy; that it would be important, to avoid such troublesome occurrences, that there be a certain number of secretaries who should receive salaries from the King and who should be attached to the ambassadors or envoys whom His Majesty might send to foreign countries."

¹ Abbé Joachim Legrand, born 1655, secretary of embassy in Portugal and in Spain; a conscientious historian and diplomat, he was the trusty adviser of Torcy, and enjoyed the esteem of everybody; d. 1733.

Torcy would have liked that a regular career, with fixed salaries, as exists now in every country, be established for secretaries of embassy. "The inconvenience," he continues, "of secretaries recruited anyhow, whom their masters abandoned at the end of their missions, was held grievous by the council, but no one considered it appropriate to apply a remedy thereto by the creation of regular functions. The King decided that six men, apt to serve in foreign countries, should be selected, and that, when unemployed, they should receive from His Majesty a present of one thousand livres, which would be stopped when they were on a mission, because then they would be salaried by the envoy or ambassador who should take them with him."¹

This, thought Torcy, was a beginning which might be improved as time went on. But he wisely considered that, since to be a secretary of embassy was to become a profession, that profession should be learnt. Hence the "*Projet d'Etude*," still preserved among the manuscripts at the National Library, Paris, written in long hand by his faithful Abbé Legrand.² He had, a few months before, secured from the King an authorization to collect for the first time the diplomatic papers of France, part of them scattered anywhere, the custom being for retired ambassadors to keep for themselves those concerning their missions and leave them as heirlooms to their families. Torcy would have liked a special building to be erected for the safe keeping of the huge collections, but the King, for lack of funds in those last years of his long reign, allowed him only the use of some vacant rooms at the top of the old Louvre. There the minister sent all the papers belonging to his department "up to twelve years ago," that is to the peace of Ryswick, 1698, keeping the rest at Versailles for his everyday work.

But "it is not enough," as was stated at the beginning

¹ Journal inédit de Jean Baptiste Colbert, Marquis de Torcy pendant les années 1709, 1710 et 1711, publié d'après les manuscrits autographes par Frédéric Masson, Paris, 1884, p. 380.

² "Mélanges Clairambault, No 519, fol 31.

of the "Projet," "to have fortified a place well, to have filled it with all sorts of food and war ammunition, if nobody is put therein to defend it. In the same way, it is not enough to have amassed a large number of memoirs, dispatches and papers, to have put them in a place where they cannot be lost ; men must moreover be trained to use them properly. . . . No branch of the government has been more neglected up to now, and it may even be said that neglect had so increased that we seemed to go back to the barbarism of the early days of our monarchy. Times have changed ; the world becomes every day more subtle and more attentive to its interests. We should make a grievous mistake if we continued to be as careless as in the past."

A school must therefore be established for young diplomats, just a few only, as there is so little money¹ ; the attempt will be enlarged when better days come. How shall those men be selected ? Here appears very clearly in the "Projet" the before-mentioned tendency to austerity. "I am very much afraid," the adviser of the minister says, "that, in enumerating the qualities I should desire in those young people, I may have described the man who can never be found."

He goes on, however, expounding his ideal and showing how greatly the graver qualities outranked in his eyes the more brilliant ones. Those 'prentice diplomats must belong to honourable well-to-do families (the lack of adequate pay made the latter proviso a necessity). "They must have made serious studies, be of good morals, endowed with a well-tempered and flexible mind, but at the same time firm and penetrating ; have an upright heart, full of noble and elevated sentiments."

They must be guided and watched by "a sort of chief that will be assigned to them," because, being young, they may start well and then decay ; the chief must be no

¹ There were six pupils and six supernumerary ones. They were called "Messieurs du cabinet," because they worked at the "Cabinet du Louvre," where the archives had been deposited.

"pedagogue" but a friendly adviser and leader. They must be taught from the first to avoid the irritating defect of criticising, in the manners of other countries, all that differs from ours. "They must be made to fully understand that there is nothing more important for the good of the service and their own advancement than to secure for themselves a well-established reputation of being safe and trustworthy men, so that those who shall have to do with them may feel that they will not be betrayed and that any secret revealed to them will be kept."

What they have learnt at college will be supplemented by special studies in view of their profession. Grotius, Puffendorff, international law, much too neglected in France, the diplomatic history of their country, especially since the reign of Louis XII (which began in 1498), when we adopted the custom of permanent ambassadors. Printed histories must also be examined. Foreign documents and especially the English ones deserve serious attention, such works as those of Bacon, "mylord Herbert," Burnet, Chancellor Hyde, the rarely studied nowadays Robert Johnston,¹ as well as the text of the Acts of Parliament. To learn the English language continued however, even then, to be out of the question, future secretaries must know, of course, foreign languages, that is to say, according to the "Projet," Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German.

All this, however, will be of no avail, their aptitude "to speak and write well," their knowledge of all that may be necessary for their profession, will be as naught and their services should be discarded, "if they lack discretion, if they are not of good morals, if the faults of their minds make them unfit for society life."

Summing up, the Abbé insists, as being the basis of all his system, on the pre-eminence of solid qualities over dazzling ones. "I confess that, for what concerns vivacity, I would

¹ Obviously his *Historia Rerum Britannicarum ut et multarum Gallicarum, Belgicarum et Germanicarum*, Amsterdam, 1655.

prefer those young men to have rather less than more, provided that they were industrious, and not literary hawksters who, loaded with Greek, Latin and history, cannot turn their knowledge into use. On the other hand, those very quick wits turn so often to the left, and refine so subtly that, ever seeking to show that they are cleverer than others, they never accomplish anything." Let them be serious, considerate, earnest workers, and they are sure to succeed ; otherwise, not :

Le sage est l'ouvrier de sa bonne fortune.

The new school, this "Academy of Politics," was so unique, that its establishment attracted considerable attention abroad. In Holland, the land of Grotius, the Gazettes were warm in their praise. In England however, witty but unfair Addison had, in those Marlborough days, only banter for the institution : "Our late news-papers," he wrote, "being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for establishing a Political Academy, and I myself having received letters from several Virtuosos among my foreign correspondents which give some light on that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. . . . Some private letters add that there will also be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madame de Maintenon and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergency of state ; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no further notice of it."

The new academy will have, Addison states, six professors. "These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them :

"The first is to instruct the students in Legerdemain, as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art."

The second will be ^hPosture-master. "This artist is to teach them how to ^{intell}judiciously, to shrug up their

shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of political grimace "

The third is "a sort of language master," who will teach them how to talk and say nothing "If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question "

The fourth is to teach "the whole art of political characters or hieroglyphics," and how they are not to "send a note to one another (tho' it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel) which is not written in cypher "

Professor number 5 is to be a Jesuit, "well read in the controversies of probable doctrine, mental reservations and the rights of Princes " He will teach the way to "demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any Prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his most Christian Majesty "

The sixth and last Professor is a "master of ceremonies," who will "give them lectures upon those important points of the *Elbow-Chair* and the *Stair-Head*, to instruct them in the different situations of the right-hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures and proportions "

This is all that the author has learnt, if he had a son of twenty-five, "that should take it into his head, at that age, to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a block-head

To deride is always easier than to create, and the "Spectator's" task had been facilitated by its thorough ignorance of what it was laughing at If any hypothetical scion of Addison, or if he himself had been admitted to follow the courses at the Louvre, he would have found that they somewhat differed from his surmises and that some principles were taught which he might have adopted with advantage, this one among others that it is not only morally wrong, but politically hurtful, to mercilessly deride the acts and manners of other nations

A change of reign and of ^{annua.} ^{am,} 1655 er, the death of the

director, Mr. de Saint Prez, caused the early extinction, after only eight years' existence, of the Academy of Politics. But many of the principles on which it was founded survived and the training of secretaries was, at different periods, resumed to the same intent. Under another form the idea itself received new life after the war of '70. Emile Boutmy, one of those generous-minded citizens who, with bleeding hearts, passionately desired to be of use to their dismembered country and help to prevent the recurrence of such catastrophes, founded the "*École libre des Sciences Politiques*." It has rendered, and continues to render, immense service, the sons of any foreign Addison being welcome to follow the courses. In the early days of the institution, very modestly established in small rooms, rue Taranne (no longer extant), the best men of France would come and sit as pupils, master minds though they were—Taine, Léon, Say and others, taking notes, side by side with the youth of their day. A youngster sitting on the same benches, it was there that the author of these lines met for the first time those great friends of his after-life.

VI

That austerity which inspired, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Torcy's foundation and Abbé Legrand's "*Projet d'Etude*" is not less noticeable in such manuals as those of Callières, a member of the French Academy and a former ambassador, 1716, and Pecquet, a clerk in the French foreign office, 1737, especially the latter, by far the best.

Without neglecting the gifts of the mind necessary for an ambassador, these two writers give an unwonted place to the qualities of his heart: we are moving further and further away from Machiavel. "It is not enough," according to Callières, "in order to make a good negotiator, that he have all the dexterity and the other fine gifts of the intellect; it is necessary for him to

possess also those resulting from the sentiments of the heart, there exists no function needing more elevation and nobility in conduct" Torcy wanted in the same way, as we have seen, secretaries of embassy to have "un cœur droit" One who enters this profession, Callières continues, without disinterestedness, and who wants "to promote other interests than those consisting in the glory of having succeeded . . . is sure to play in it the part of a very mediocre individual, and if any important negotiation happens to succeed in his hands, the result should be attributed only to some happy chance that cleared for him all difficulties" Pomp, gold lace, embroideries, great wealth, ancient lineage, are but secondary matters "There are temporary embassies for mere ostentation, for the fulfilling of which nothing is needed but a great name and much wealth, like those for the ceremony of a marriage or a baptism But when affairs have to be negotiated, a man is needed, not an idol" ¹

Callières's ambassador must have travelled abroad and studied foreign nations, "but not in the fashion of our young men who, on leaving the academy or the college, go to Rome to see fine palaces, gardens, and the remains of some ancient buildings, or to Venice to see the opera and the courtesans, they ought to travel when a little older and better able to meditate and to study the form of government of each country"

Agreeing with his predecessors, and more recently with Torcy, Callières wants the envoy's learning to be considerable, on condition however that he be not crushed by it, or make of it his chief occupation It is appropriate that "negotiators should have a general knowledge of the

¹ De la Manière de Négocier avec les Souverains par Monsieur de Callières cy devant Ambassadeur du feu Roy pour les Traitez de Paix conclus à Riswick et l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française, Paris, 1716, pp 35, 75, other editions same year, Brussels and Amsterdam; another, augmented, London, 1750 An English translation was published in London, 1716 The Art of Negotiating with Sovereign Princes By the same, &c g De la Science du Monde et des Connoissances utiles à la Conduite de la Vie, Brussels, 1717

sciences sufficient to enlighten their understanding, but they must possess it and not be possessed by it, that is to say that they must not make more of the sciences than they are worth for their profession, but see in them only a means to become wiser and cleverer ; abstaining from pride and from showing scorn for those less well informed." They should moreover not give too much time to those studies. "A man who has entered public employ must consider that his duty is to act and not to remain too long closeted in his study ; his chief work must be to learn what goes on among the living rather than what went on among the dead." ¹

In the way of austerity Pecquet ² is stricter than all. The aims of true diplomacy are so high, the responsibilities so great, that such a calling has a sacred character ; for him, more even than for the mentors of early days, it is a kind of apostleship, and in the same way as for other sacred vocations, a severe mental and especially moral training, to be begun in boyhood, is indispensable. Fathers of families are guilty in not understanding these truths and in abstaining from a timely preparation of their sons for such a service. The result is that the French do not succeed in it as they should : "Though desirous of avoiding a partiality which every writer should eschew, it is certain that our nation produces a large number of bright minds who join to attractive parts great sagacity ; but these natural talents are obscured by faults born of inapplication, or are devoted to objects entirely foreign to the profession of the negotiator. I do not speak thus out of an undue predilection for a profession which, I confess, is dear to me, I only speak as a citizen. I have always considered it shameful and hurtful for my country that the lack of preparation and an unjust prejudice on the part of fathers of family leave us inferior in this to other nations who give us very different examples." Think how important is such a calling "which prepares those great events whose éclat strikes the eye," war, peace,

¹ "De la Manière de Négociier," pp. 75, 99.

² "Discours sur l'Art de Négociier," Paris, 1737, dedicated to the King.

conciliation, alliances "The fate of his country is in the hands of the negotiator," his functions are of the most difficult, for "all in them is, so to say, conjectural," and requires deeper thought than "matters offering fixed and demonstrated points"

Just therefore as for the Church, the 'prentice ambassador, "if he is to become superior, should be prepared from childhood for those important functions His studies, his amusements too, must have no other object, he must ceaselessly labour to form his judgment, accustom himself early to get clear ideas on every matter, and to fill his mind with principles capable of guiding him as infallibly as possible in every juncture" He thus should, when studying history, even modern history which will be the chief subject of his attention and offers so many burning problems, try to remain impartial. "Since every country has taken part in public events, it is only too usual, while reading, to favourably judge one's own nation and feel a passion for her to the detriment of the others" From such prejudices may flow "consequences of no small importance" It is never an advantage, when walking, to be blindfolded

Former writers had drawn up, as we have seen, interminable lists of the accomplishments necessary for an ambassador Pecquet, without forgetting the study of foreign languages, in spite of "ours having become in a way that of all Europe,"² offers to ambassadors a no less impressive list of the *moral* qualities indispensable to any worthy member of this, in his eyes, quasi-holy profession The ambassador he approves of is fair and moderate in his judgments, avoids vain fits of enthusiasm or hatred, is careful not to "confuse nervousness (*inquiétude d'esprit*) with activity," is patient and plucky, never feels disheartened. "While neglecting nothing of what may secure the success of an undertaking, all the obstacles should be considered coolly, a firm stand being taken against those

¹ *Discours*, pp. xix, xxiii, xxxi, xxxiv, xli

² *Ibid*, p. xxv

sometimes encountered at every step. The ambassador must never be discouraged, but feel satisfied when he has done all that accords with humanity, and, above all, keep no ill humour nor prejudice against the people who put obstacles in his path ; they do nothing else, in many cases, than what we should have done if we had been in their place."

Personal modesty should be practised, "being not incompatible with the dignity attached to the representative character of the ambassador ; without this, it is hard to please men. All the moments in the life of an envoy do not require that he be hampered by his professional character ; he would become a burden to himself and to the others. . . . The honours accorded to the representative character are easily mistaken by the one who enjoys them as a personal homage. . . . The fault is frequent with beginners ; they fancy they have become new men ; they consider themselves as actual princes, they exact everything, and think they are dispensed from everything, the language soon accords with the attitude, and the name of dignity is given to what is nothing but pride and self-sufficiency."¹

Disinterestedness is of the highest importance ; not only presents will always be refused, even when allowed by custom and by one's government, but no ambition of wealth or profit of any sort can be tolerated in an ambassador, except that of properly serving his country. Let all those who entertain other desires besides, look elsewhere : in "a profession so important," those desires are the symptom of a great risk that should be avoided at all cost, the risk of a "corruption of the heart." This exclusion is applied even to rewards from one's own country, which may come or not, the thing is of no importance ; one should never work in view of them : "It is good to be able to say to one's self that,

¹ Same idea in Callières : "Ces négociateurs novices s'enivrent d'ordinaire des honneurs qu'on rend en leur personne à la dignité des maîtres qu'ils représentent, semblables à cet âne de la fable qui recevait pour lui tout l'encens qu'on brûlait devant la statue de la déesse qu'il portait."—"De la Manière de Négociier,"

with a pure heart and innocent hands, one deserved to be well treated. It is in itself a recompense, to be worthy of one. Let us moreover agree that every man owes himself to the service of his country without having any title to exact rewards. We are born in a country and partake in her glory, splendour, and safety, we owe to her the goods and fortune inherited from our fathers, we therefore owe a service to her of one sort or another. If men were well penetrated with these principles they would take the habit of not serving their mother country as mercenaries." ¹ Military service for all, with no pay, as established later in France, is in essence in these remarks.

The tendency was decidedly toward austerity. The ambassador is to be the more exacting for himself that he is so much in view and so many people have an interest in finding out his faults and foibles and taking advantage of them against him. Even when he has no choice and must needs follow custom, he should not be the dupe of it. He will have a sumptuous establishment, "and yield to this folly since the opinion of men has made it a consequence of his representative character", but he will remember that it is a folly. He will become acquainted with all sorts of people, especially in republican states where the sovereignty belongs to all, but be careful to keep absolutely aloof from internal politics and avoid taking sides with one party or another, especially, again, in republican states. "This care to seek out everybody, this kind of popularity, must not be accompanied by anything that might lead people to suppose that the envoy is endeavouring to enter into the detail of domestic affairs, which he should not, or to profit of the multiplicity of the members composing the sovereignty, to sow division among them." He would become at once suspected. "The republican spirit, or spirit of liberty, which liberty, to be solid, must rest on internal union, ever leads all the other affections to this rallying point." The envoy who forgets those truths becomes

¹ Callières, pp. 51, 16, 20, 25

useless to his government in the country where he is and in all others.¹

There may be cases, to be sure, when the right course will be difficult to discern. The heart then will decide : "The heart it is that causes us to make a good or a bad use of the qualities of the mind."²

Needless to say that, on all questions of sincerity and truthfulness, Pecquet is absolutely positive. No casuistry with him, no room for "Faux-Semblant." Not in vain had Pascal in his "Provinciales" passed sentence on easy-going casuistry, nor Molière said by the mouth of Alceste :

Je veux qu'on soit sincère et qu'en homme d'honneur,
On ne lâche aucun mot qui ne parte du cœur.

At that date the cause of truth had been won ; Rousseau de Chamoy, in 1697, had been equally positive, there was "no quality more important for an ambassador than probity."³ Bayle, in his great "Dictionnaire Historique," has nothing but scorn for dissembling ambassadors ;⁴ De la Sarraz du Franquesnay, Lescalopier de Nourar, at a later date, fully agree. "We must recognize," says the first, "that, generally speaking, bad faith is destructive of society . . . cunning and guile are of no avail to those who use them."⁵ "Cunning," says the second (an optimist it is true, according to whom the "detention of a king or an attempt on his sacred person had become impossibilities" ; and he was writing in 1763), "has been banished from politics."⁶

The ambassador, according to Pecquet, will offer in his dispatches nothing but unalloyed truth, and the desire to

¹ Callières, pp. 120 ff.

² Pecquet, "Discours," p. 41.

³ "Idée du Parfait Ambassadeur," p. 22.

⁴ And, an aggressive sceptic, he generalizes against them : "Agir selon la doctrine des équivoques, c'est le métier des ambassadeurs ; c'est pour eux principalement qu'elle aurait dû être inventée ;" *sub verbo* Bellai (Guillaume du). Cf. La Bruyère's sarcastic portrait of the "chameleon plenipotentiary." "Caractères," ed. Lacour, II, 74.

⁵ "Le Ministre Public dans les Cours Étrangères," Amsterdam, 1731, p. 171.

⁶ "Le Ministère du Négociateur," Amsterdam, 1763, p. 299.

please his master will never induce him to colour it falsely
 "The most essential care of the envoy should be exactitude in the facts he reports, he must neither weaken them nor change their hue, but distinctly state which are in his eyes certain, and which doubtful. He must not flatter his master by his selection of the facts he narrates or by his way of narrating them. The object of his mission is not to lead his chief astray, but to enlighten him."

The judgments of certain men are biased by personal considerations, nothing can be worse in an ambassador
 "It often happens that an envoy who does not believe himself well enough treated or enough considered in a court, poisons the simplest things. In other cases, if he sees that a disposition to a good understanding does not subsist between the prince he serves and the one to whom he is accredited, he thinks he pays his court to the former by embittering everything and giving violent advice." The duty of a negotiator is "to make a complete abstraction of his own person."

The use of spies is utterly contemptible. The envoy should have recourse, for information, not to traitors, but, what is a little more difficult, to his own brains and his own gift of observation. "The other means, consisting in keeping paid spies and corrupting men in a position to know, cannot be considered praiseworthy or honourable. Most people, as is well known, have no scruples in using this means and they hope that their master will consider it a merit in them." Their merit however is nil, gold does all.
 "One would perhaps risk being stoned, in the political world, if one wanted to positively forbid all recourse to such sources of information, but at least let the use thereof be restricted to occasions when every other means fails."

* Pecquet, pp 95, 96. Pascal in his *Pensées* had already denounced the lack of courage of those who acted otherwise. *Dire la vérité est utile à celui à qui on la dit mais désavantageux à ceux qui la disent parce qu'ils se font haïr. Or ceux qui vivent avec les Princes aiment mieux leurs intérêts que celui du Prince qu'ils servent, et ainsi ils n'ont garde de lui procurer un avantage en se nuisant à eux mêmes.*

There is little to choose between the scorn due to the seduced and that due to the seducer. Add moreover, from the practical point of view, that there is never any safety in using a traitor.¹

The question of falsehoods *pro bono publico* does not exist for Pecquet : none can ever be allowed. A man is not bound to say all he knows, but he must never speak an untruth. "It has often been the stumbling-block of many negotiators," he says, "to have ignored or have wanted to ignore that one can, without the help of falsehood, well serve one's master and one's country." He does not even admit the political definition of a lie which I recently heard given by a man of note : "A lie consists in not speaking the truth to one who has a right to know it." It is, he considers, a question of the heart, and we have seen the part reserved to the heart in the new manuals, written in the century of sentiment and sensibility, the century of Richardson, Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre : "The qualities of the heart in every profession, and especially that of the negotiator, are the most important. His success chiefly depends upon the confidence he inspires ; sentiments of candour, truth, and probity are indispensable to him. One may seduce men by the brilliancy of one's talents, but if these are not guided by probity, they become useless and even dangerous instruments. Men do not forgive having been deceived." Nothing built on falsehood has any duration ; events are not long in bringing truth to light. "We are persuaded that there remains to-day none of those princes who prided themselves on cleverly deceiving others. There is nothing a man jealous of his reputation must avoid more carefully than missions contrary to probity."²

When the mission of an ambassador comes to an end, his duties continue. The knowledge he has acquired belongs not to him but to his government, he must sum it up in a general report which will instruct those who sent him ; he will not publish it for fear of hurting the interests

¹ "Discours," p. 91.

² *Ibid.*, pp. xiv, 6 ff.

of his own country "The public, usually curious, without any advantage for the state, will possibly see in this reserve nothing but ridiculous scruple and useless secrecy, instead of respecting a discretion inspired by probity and the love of the state" The envoy must not yield, but resist an inducement the more dangerous "that self-love and a desire to shine may cause him to find a certain satisfaction in falling into this kind of temptation"

Like the man who has once pronounced perpetual vows, Pecquet's ambassador, when he has returned home, will not become indolent, who knows? he may have the happiness, the honour of being wanted again by his country. "An envoy must consider himself, even in his moments of rest, as consecrated for ever to a special service, the obligations of which should be ever present to his mind, be the object of his studies, and serve as a rule of conduct in his conversations and actions" *

VII

Most of the principles propounded by modest and now forgotten Pecquet have been justified by events The most terrible revolutions, the most cruel wars mankind has ever seen, have, one after the other, proclaimed to the world, as the moral of their tale of destruction and slaughter Falsehood and Cruelty do not pay

They will more and more, and in louder tones, proclaim the same dogma That mankind progresses does not, for sincere observers, allow the possibility of a doubt Old Barthélemy-Saint Hilaire, the translator of Aristotle, used to say to me years ago when he was our foreign minister "The proof that good prevails over evil in the society of men is that this society still exists" Certain it is that honourable ways of acting will, in spite of lapses, increasingly be the only ones admitted, the others will be rejected, and, if resorted to, will entail such reprobation and punishment

* "Discours, pp 156, 158

as to more and more efficiently prevent their use. The ideas of Pecquet will triumph, and those of Germonius be defeated.

Undismayed by any setbacks, let us keep our faith. Setbacks may occur in the future ; the most appalling ones are of yesterday, when some peoples were seen following the wrong road, re-enacting and obeying a gospel of force, of inequality among nations, of the weaker, because weaker, having to obey the stronger, of the end justifying the means whatever the end and whatever the means, proclaiming as their guiding principle that of wolves and ravens, which is that necessity has no law, persuaded that, hand in hand, force and falsehood were sure to triumph, and relying so much on them that, when they wanted to start that "fresh and joyous war," which was to result in the agonizing death of millions of brave and useful citizens of all nations, theirs included, they did not even take the trouble to devise probable stories, but declared war on France because she had sent, in peace times, aeroplanes to bombard Nuremberg. Had she indeed ?

What was retrogression, they called progress, forgetting that, as Lord Morley observed, "the law of things is that they who tamper with veracity, from whatever motives, are tampering with the vital force of human progress." ¹ The moral of the tale is there, however. Men and nations obeying different tenets have been powerful men and nations—for a time ; rising, but only *unde altior esset casus*.

No one would now relate as a fine trait to the credit of a great man what Moritz Busch admiringly reports of Bismarck's instructions to him when the memoirs of Emperor Frederick began to appear in the "Deutsche Rundschau" : "I myself consider the diary even more genuine than you do," said Bismarck to his trusty confidant ; nevertheless, "first assert it to be a forgery, and express indignation at such a calumny upon the noble dead. Then, when they prove it to be genuine, refute the errors and

¹ "On Compromise," ch. III.

foolish ideas which it contains, but cautiously " The trusty confidant made these words public in order to increase the admiration of his compatriots for their great man

The day for such things has gone by, we hope, evidence is growing that the rules of honesty cannot be of one sort for ordinary men and of another for powerful ones, or for nations " I know but one code of morality for men," Jefferson had written to Madison, at an earlier date, Paris, August 28, 1789, " whether acting singly or collectively He who says, I will be a rogue when I act in company with a hundred others, but an honest man when I act alone, will be believed in the former assertion, but not in the latter " The code of Jefferson will more and more triumph and that of Bismarck be more and more contemned

In their sorrow for the past, their anxiety for the future, honest nations have recently been considering what could be tried to prevent the recurrence of catastrophes and to secure the safety of even the smaller among them And, as in the time of the barbaric invasions of yore which had so greatly contributed to the attempted formation of a family of Christian peoples, with an ever-ready pacific judge and umpire, they bethought themselves of that organism which we now see struggling for a useful existence, the League or Society of Nations, with its permanent tribunal ? No *Perduta* ever had a stormier infancy than the new being,—

Thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough I never saw
The heavens so dim by day

The mere fact, however, of such a birth is an important symptom, and another of an even greater value is that the

* Sept 26 and 28, 1888 Bismarck being a Diary kept by Dr Moritz Busch London and New York, 1898, 2 vols, I, 428, 435

* The League of Nations was devised chiefly to replace the balance of power, held to be inadequate, by something more exalted which would be, though no one probably thought of it at Versailles, an attempt at a more practical Family of nations There must now be, said President Wilson in his Guildhall speech of Dec 28, 1918, not a balance of power, not one powerful group of nations set off against another, but a single, overwhelming powerful group of nations who shall be the trustees of the peace of the world,

very men who disagree with the plan, such as it is, agree with the object : the fate of nations should depend in the future on something else than force and falsehood. Add lastly that, on more than one occasion, in the course of the few years of its existence, in spite of storms and criticisms, the Society has peacefully solved several hard problems which, in other days, would have led to bloody catastrophes.

Years may elapse before the goal is reached, and in the meantime no precautions necessary for safety should be neglected, for neglect would result in a lengthening of the journey. But a great thing it is that the goal stands visible as a beacon before the eyes of the whole world. Without perhaps reaching it in our days, to come nearer will be a great boon. And how much nearer shall we not be, how much lighter the burdens and anxieties of mankind, when one nation whose thinkers, poets, and scientists had won for her, of yore, the admiration of the world, may find her way to pronounce these three short words : " We are sorry ! "

In the task of hastening better days, honest negotiators, busy with the task and not with the building of their own fortunes, obeying the most austere of the olden-day manuals, will have an important part to play : *Conamur tenues grandia*. Experience has already shown and will more and more show that no invention, no telephone, no aeroplane, no wireless, will ever replace the knowledge of a country and the understanding of a people's dispositions. The importance of persuading a prince and his minister has diminished ; that of understanding a nation has increased. The temper, qualities, and limitations of many a man can be divined on short acquaintance ; those of a nation need a longer contact. Temporary missions may suffice in the first case ; permanent ones are indispensable in the second, and will therefore be continued. Instead of showing signs of reduction in the more recent period, the ambassadorial system has been adopted by more and more numerous countries. " It would be an historical absurdity," one reads in such an authoritative and comparatively recent

work as the "Encyclopædia Britannica," ninth edition,¹ to suppose diplomatic relations connecting together China and Japan " This has nevertheless come to pass

Secret treaties, already forbidden by the present League covenant, which has been accepted by the immense majority of nations, will cease to be resorted to Nothing better shows the change of sentiment throughout the world than another anecdote triumphantly told by Busch in his memoirs of Bismarck The latter is represented giving as an "exquisite example" of the political incapacity of Emperor Frederick III, the fact that, being informed by him of a secret treaty of neutrality concluded by his country with Russia, in case of an Anglo-Russian war, the then *Kronprinz* replied "' Of course England has been informed and has agreed to it ' Great laughter, in which the ladies also joined " ² There would be no great laughter nowadays and the ladies would not join

Actual negotiations, however, will be initiated and conducted in public in all their phases, only when humanity is composed of men impervious to the praise, the sarcasms, the exigencies, the threats, the fury, the ridicule, the idolatry of the *agora* not a thing for to-day, we may fear, nor perhaps for to-morrow

Born on the day when the evils escaped from Pandora's box, ambassadorial functions will cease only on the happy, but maybe distant day, when the evils go back to their box

Let us trust, however, that history in the making will more and more have the same ideal and motto as history in the telling, *Super omnia veritas* May future ambassadors never forget that, as old Dolet wrote centuries ago, their chief duty " is to be rather the makers of peace and concord than of discord and of war," and that, as Erasmus wrote in his book for the guidance of the future Emperor Charles V " What could war beget except war? but good will begets good will, equity, equity " ³

¹ Published 1875-1889

² Sept 29, 1888 Busch's Diary, ² above, I, 436

³ *Bellum quid gignat nisi bellum? A civitas civilitatem invitat, aequitas aequitatem* " Institutio Principis Christiani, ch XI

II *AT THE TOMB OF PETRARCH*

I

THE road passes in front of Santa Giustina church and leaves the city by the Gate of the Holy Cross. It skirts the canal in a straight line towards the East, and on a lower level spread vast plains, marshy in older days, even now too watery, covered with a superabundant vegetation and crossed by roads, built as causeways, which seem like the alleys of a park. To the right, the Euganean hills, a little volcanic chain, isolated in the midst of the flat country, and which connects neither with the nearby Alps nor with the distant Apennines. Their chief summits were once craters ; their activity is now dead, but hot springs are numerous in the region. Almost every village, Abano, Monte Ortone, Montegrotto, all known in the Middle Ages, Battaglia, the most frequented to-day, have thermal baths. The meadows are furrowed by hot-water rivulets : on all sides white steam rises and it seems, at sunset, as though one were walking amid the scenery of the "Walkyr."

Behind the traveller, the steeples and cupolas become lower on the horizon ; the sound of the city gets dimmer. For, though no longer a military capital, the city still has its noises and motions. The oldest town of North-East Italy, founded, it is said by Antenor the Trojan, is yet the one most full of life, and this owing to the power of letters, more durable than the power of its former masters, the Carraresi. Padua no longer threatens anyone : the Carraresi sleep at the Eremitani, but the ancient university

is still prosperous, a people of students follows its lectures. The professors, in ermine-lined capes, inheritors of the sages of old, teach all that one may desire to learn. The grand hall and the porticoes glitter with the gold of innumerable coats-of-arms which recall the illustrious students come there to drink in wisdom—pontiffs and cardinals, poets of fame, like Tasso, and great of the land. At dusk the crowd of students scatters through the streets, and the old arcades which border them hear many youthful songs.

The city is proud of its past, proud of its University, of its pupils and its professors, it is proud of its churches, that of the "Santo," with its bas-reliefs carved by the sharp chisel of Donatello, almost grimacing, so much did the artist try to render in all its intensity the anguish of his personages; the Arena, with the epoch-making frescoes of Giotto, the Eremitani with the stupendous St Christopher and St James of Mantegna. It is proud of its municipal palace, more beautiful than that of Vicenza, it rejoices in being able to show, which is not the case with so many other neo-Trojan cities, the tomb of its founder, mythical Anthenor, it is proud, and justly so, of Pedrocchi. Pedrocchi is the centre of the city and is like a filial of the University, no less frequented, there all meet, from there all start, if you ask your way, the answer will not be, 'Tis five minutes distant from the cathedral, but Five minutes from Pedrocchi. Italian and French newspapers can be read at Pedrocchi's, for Pedrocchi is a coffee-house. It scorns to have its name written above its door, a custom good only for its obscure rivals, the place is constructed in the shape of a Greek temple, as behoves a filial of the University, Pedrocchi is on good terms with its neighbour, a quarrel would be terrible, it would be the same as when, to use Menenius's words, "all the body's members rebell'd against the belly."

Shortly after Battaglia, the road crosses the canal, and turns at right angles toward the mountains. It is still the plain. Great white oxen, with dark eyes, edged with black,

in teams of six, plough the ground, and the scent of the earth rises amidst the foliage. The fields are cut by rows of small elms or sometimes mulberry-trees ; vines, forming between them their festoons, those same elms, that same vine, which were already wedded in the lines of Horace. The trees have still, in this season, their dark-green foliage, but the vine has all the hues of autumn : purple, golden-yellow, red, violet ; its festoons touch the ground, forming around the fields a mantle of multi-coloured leaves. The air is of inexpressible mildness, equalling that of spring itself ; a transparent haze divides the landscape into different planes, and does not conceal, but rather lends distance to, the horizon. On the road, contadine are singing.

The mounts, quite blue, draw nearer ; the road a moment ago bordered by flowing streams along which grew rushes and willows, now cut in the rock, follows the incline of the hills. A steeple, dilapidated and melancholy, stands out upon the sky : the steeple of Arquà, a poor peasants' village with no inn, its houses huddled together around the church. On the square, conspicuous amid the poverty and fragility around, a great sarcophagus of red marble, sumptuous in colour, simple of line, rises on a stone perron, supported by four columns. " This marble," the inscription reads, " covers the frigid bones of Francesco Petrarch. Virgin Mother, receive his soul ; Son of the Virgin, be merciful to him, and may his spirit rest from terrestrial pains in the citadel of heaven."

In the peace of this remote village, on the slopes of the mounts, sleeps the poet who, in his lifetime, was the most famous man, not only of Italy, but of Christendom, the laureate whom the Roman senate had crowned at the Capitol, the most illustrious precursor of the Renaissance, the lover of Laura.

II

Petrarch was sixty-six years old when he decided to build in this retreat, which, for a long time, had been familiar

to him, a house to his taste wherein to end his days All his life he had loved solitude, even at the most brilliant times of his youth and of his mature age, when the great of the world besought him to settle at their court, and an irresistible attraction had held him to the banks of the Rhône, near the papal city of Avignon^{*} It was already to solitude that he had asked, in days past, the healing of his love sorrows He had first travelled, but the image of Laura had remained ever present in his thoughts "It seems to me I hear her," he wrote, while crossing the Ardens, "when I hear the branches, and the wind, and the leaves, and the birds and their plaint, and the waters that run murmuring through the green grass And I go singing, O unwise thoughts ! her whom heaven will be unable to remove from me, for she lives in my eyes . . ."

He had settled then in absolute solitude at Vacluse, his "transalpine Helicon," with no companion but his dog and the peasant couple who kept his house and tilled his field He had already amassed many books, he tried to forget his distress in study, or to assuage it by singing of it In his heart went on a struggle, the phases of which he has himself described, between Reason and Pleasure-of-Life (*Gaudium*)

"Is it then a bad thing to love ? Well, I find nothing better than this bad thing Let anyone hate who chooses, I shall love

"Thou shalt weep at thy awakening

"I shall not weep, I shall sing, I shall console myself according to the lovers' wont, by poetry I did not mount to heaven, I, and I have not seen Virtue, I love what can be seen"

And Reason insists on the doleful remedies which should not be looked for in Ovid, "that strange physician fonder of the illness than of the remedies," but should

^{*} His father, one of the Bianchi, expelled from Florence by the Neri at the same time as Dante, had settled there after a temporary establishment at Arezzo, where the poet had been born, July 20, 1304, in a house still standing

be expected from the passing of time and consist in "infirmities, serious occupations, old age."

The struggle continued meanwhile in the heart of Petrarch: "For several years there has been fought, between those opposed forces, in the field of my thoughts, a very hard fight, as yet undecided." He wanted to believe that he was healed, but soon found he was deceiving himself. "What I was accustomed to love, I love no more. I lie, I love it; but blushing and with regret. I have at last spoken the truth. Yes, I love, but what I would like not to love, what I would like to hate! I love however, but by force, but with sorrow and with tears . . ."

The event proved that none of the remedies extolled by Reason was to heal Petrarch of his passion; he was never to know the moment so well described by him, "when it is given to lovers to sit side by side and rehearse what had happened to them"—

. . . And all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come,

says Romeo. It needed, to heal Petrarch, the death of Laura, carried off by that terrible scourge, the Great Plague (the Black Death) in 1348. He could then consider himself as cured, and yet he did not forget, nor did he want to forget. He had at his elbow, when the news reached him, the great Virgil, which he kept always with him, that handsome volume, the frontispiece of which had been painted by the illustrious Simone de Martino, usually called Simone Memmi, and which can now be seen at the Ambrosian Library in Milan, the same Memmi who had painted a portrait of Laura herself: "Surely," Petrarch had written in his sonnets, "my dear Simon has been in Paradise from which came the lady who subjugated my heart; there it is that he saw her and painted her on paper so as to make known here below her handsome face. The work was truly of those that can be devised in heaven, but not among

us where the body veils the soul " ¹ Petrarch told his sorrow to his mute companion, and while one would look in vain throughout his correspondence for any confidence about it, one finds the poet pouring out his heart on the margin of the Virgil, opposite a passage of which he was especially fond " I have desired," he wrote there, " to associate that cruel memory with this place which passes often before my eyes, it was for me a bitter sweetness to do so, this sight will remind me that I should vainly look henceforth for anything which could please me in this life " It was then twenty-one years since he had, for the first time, on the morning of Good Friday, met Laura standing on the threshold of the church of Sainte Claire in Avignon

For a number of years Petrarch could not satisfy his growing passion for silence and solitude Like so many others he had contradictory tastes This friend of repose was of unquenchable activity, he combined with the love of Christ the love of glory and the love of pagan letters, he had an equal fondness for Saint Augustine and for Cicero We find him, in his later years, giving to a friend a small volume of the " Confessions " which had been the companion of his life and had " grown old with him " (*eundo et redeundo mecum senescit*), ² the same precious book which he had carried with him in the ascent of Mont Ventoux and which had had in the moral crisis he then experienced an almost tragical influence But he never separated from his Virgil and his Cicero

The noise that his name made in the world flattered his pride, and he was too sincere to conceal it Urban V

Ma certo il mio Simon fu in Paradiso,
Onde questa gentil Donna si parte;
Ivi la vide e la ritrasse in carte
Per far fede qua giù del suo bel viso

L'opra fu ben di quelle che nel cielo
Si ponno immaginar, non qui tra noi,
Ove le membra fanno a l'alma velo

Sonnet 49 (in *Mistica* ed., Florence, 1896, sonnet 57)

¹ To L. Marsili, " *Rerum Senarum Libri* XIV 7

insisted on his coming to Rome, and Gregory XI to Avignon, Emperor Charles IV, King John of France, and others too, wanted him at their courts ; he was sent a number of times on embassies, to Prague for instance, where the Emperor, a former Paris student, fond of letters but having no other merit, founder of the Prague University, gave him the empty title of Count Palatine, which he never bore ; to Paris, in order to congratulate King John upon his return to France in 1360 after his captivity in London : and the poet's heart bled at the sight of the noble realm so ravaged, " the fields fallow, the houses torn down and deserted . . . on every side the lugubrious traces of the passage of the English," such disasters in a word, that when France should resume her splendour no one would believe the descriptions coeval with the catastrophe.

He obeyed as little as he could the requests and solicitations of princes, but it was not always possible for him to ignore them entirely. He kept up with some of the great an abundant correspondence in which he spared them neither advice nor blame. He boldly called upon the Pope to leave Avignon and urged the unworthy Emperor to come to Rome and there re-establish, to the benefit of Italy, the empire of the Cæsars, that same Charles IV of whom Benjamin Constant wrote that, " Without generosity, scruple, courage or faith, he knew only how to dispose of what was not his, promise what he would not keep . . . and threaten his enemies, so as to sell them the dearer his mercenary protection."

One is surprised to see Petrarch speak on a footing of equality to crowned heads, but was he not wearing, he too, a crown, having received the laurel in Rome, just as Charles IV had received there the imperial purple ?

The time for rest had not yet arrived. Petrarch however was already speaking in the past of his youth and of the elegancies in which he had delighted. His brother Gerard, struck, he too, by the death of a woman whom he loved, had suddenly been converted, and had entered, never

to leave it, the Carthusian monastery of Montrieu, in Provence "Do you remember," Petrarch wrote to him, "the life we used to lead? Do you recall how fastidious we were in the matter of our dress? What a fear that one hair might stray from the place assigned to it? . . . What shall I say of our shoes? What atrocious and continuous war were they not waging on the feet they were supposed to protect! . . . What shall I say of the curling irons and of the care claimed by our locks? . . . Add to that the boredom of banquets and the tempest of all the dishes in a turmoil inside a poor worn-out stomach!" We were in love and we sang our love "Remember what care, what vigils, in order that our folly be known afar and that we be for all a subject of conversation?" And why, Almighty God, this agitation? When we shall have been seen everywhere and everybody will know us, "it will remain for us to follow the road of our fathers and to cross with a step that will not go backwards, the awe-inspiring threshold of the sepulchre!"

He long hesitated as to the place of his definitive retreat. He had given up his "transalpine Helicon", Laura was no more, and the abuse of the papal court had inspired him with a horror for Avignon. He had tried Milan, near which he had a villa called by him Linternum, like that of his admired hero, Scipio Africanus. He thought, at one time, of Venice, which was then, "as it were, the common port of all mankind" (*hunc publicum, ut ita dixerim, humani generis portum*). He had even, by a deed in due form, made over as a gift to the Republic his books (the usufruct of which he reserved, however, for himself), thus forestalling great Bessarion of Trebizond, the real founder of the San Marco library. The Grand Council had accepted, and had, out of gratitude, allotted to Petrarch, the castle of the Two Towers for his place of abode on the Riva degli Schiavoni. A stronger attraction caused him, however, to settle in the Paduan territory.

III

Padua was familiar to Petrarch ; he is found sojourning there as early as 1348. The place had had a story similar to that of several other Italian cities of those days : to the disorders of a popular government and the bloody disturbances of factions, the tyranny of a single man had succeeded ; comparative order would then reign in the interior, but on the frontiers of the state wars were frequent. Northern Italy, from one sea to the other, from the mountain of Genoa to the lagoons of Venice, seemed immense lists for giant knights. The giants were called Genoa, Milan, Verona, Padua, Ferrara, Venice. Condottiere held the field for anyone who paid them. The ground was bristling with castles twenty times taken, retaken, burned down, and rebuilt ; they now crumble under the action of wild plants at Este, Monselice or Sermione, ancient places of refuge for those families of vultures, hawks or tassels, Visconti, Scaliger, Este, or Carrara. Their nests are still to be seen on the slopes of the mounts, by the shores of the lakes, at the edge of the cities ; but tumults have quieted down, the eyrie of the tassels of Este has become a public garden where children play, and the high walls, flanked with towers, prevent hoops from going astray. On their strength, in olden days, depended the fate of dynasties and of peoples.

In the first years of the century Padua had given herself to the Carraresi, who drew their origin and their name from a neighbouring village, a different Carrara from the Tuscan one, famous for its marbles. Like most of the dominating families of the time, this was a fighting and intelligent race, which united the love of war with the love of art, and whose members attained power in irregular succession through heredity or murder. The city was grateful to them for having rid her of the foreign yoke, for at that time the neighbouring town was a foreign one, and they were entombed in marble with inscriptions rehearsing how,

"after they had expelled ferocious tyrants, the criminal Scaligers, their sublime souls had risen to the stars " This may be read on the sepulchre of Marsilio, second lord of Padua, in the old church of San Stefano at Carrara ; and the tomb in which he is shown, presented to the Virgin by St Anthony of Padua, in the presence of St Benedict, is one of the least known masterpieces of the old Italian art

Jacopo II mounted the throne, through the assassination of his nephew, encompassed by himself, and thereupon began at once to reign as a liberal-minded prince, intelligent and a friend of letters He became deeply attached to Petrarch, made him a canon of the Padua cathedral in 1349, and established the first ties between the city and the poet "The canons of this church," wrote Coryat later in his "Crudities," 1608, "are said to be the richest in Italy, for each of them hath the yearlie revenues of a thousand crowns which amount to three hundred pound sterling " Jacopo was himself assassinated the following year by a bastard of his family Petrarch mourned his death, devoted to his memory, as to Laura's, a note on the margin of his Virgil, and composed the epitaph engraved on the tomb of his benefactor at the Eremitani The dead ruler was replaced by both his brother "Jacopino " and by his son Francesco The first was not slow to prepare the assassination of the second, but the latter forestalled him, lodged his uncle in a safe prison and reigned alone It was the great epoch of the Carraresi, when they nearly upset the power of Venice

With a passion for antiquity, an enthusiastic admiration for the Romans, dreaming that he could renew their high deeds, Francesco became the intimate friend of Petrarch, who had the same enthusiasm He crowded honours on the poet, he would go out and meet him when he arrived from a journey, and without always following his advice, consulted him in his troubles Ageing Petrarch soon loved him as a son, The poet made frequent stays in Padua at

the house of the canons, near the cathedral, and since destroyed.

But the calm of this place was not absolute rest, and the garden around it was not the country. This lover of retreat, who had written a treatise on solitary life, beginning with Adam before the creation of Eve, "the happiest of beings so long as he was alone," was not long in yielding to the charm of the Euganean hills, where it seemed to him he found another *Vaucluse*. As early as 1360, he stays now and then in Arquà; little by little he prolongs his visits; he secures at last, by a decree of Francesco of Carrara, in spite of being "a foreigner," having been born a Florentine, the rare privilege of possessing land in the Paduan territory. He availed himself of it on June 22, 1370.

Praise of Arquà and of his house in the fields recurs henceforth in his letters; this was his definitive place of abode, he did not want to leave it until his death. "I have built for myself, in the Euganean hills," he wrote to his friend Matteo Longo, Archdeacon of Liège, "a house, small it is true, but suitable and pretty; I intend to spend there in peace the rest of my life." And to his brother, the Carthusian monk, he said: "All told and weighed, I have decided to give up that glitter envied of the vulgar and to lead a modest and solitary life. . . . I have built here for myself a small but delightful and suitable house; I have olive trees and a vineyard, the product of which is enough for a family not numerous and with no great needs as is mine. I suffer from maladies, but my mind is at rest; I am far from troubles, errors and temptations; I read and write ceaselessly. . . . I sigh only thinking of thee, my only brother, and say to myself: What a pity there be not on these mounts a Carthusian monastery; the place would be so convenient for it! and there my brother would offer to Christ the service he promised and which he has been rendering for more than thirty years."

The house that pleased Petrarch so much still exists. The village of Arquà is formed of two groups of buildings.

A rugged path leads to the upper one. A great, round-arched postern gives access, on the left, to some religious edifices and to the oratory of the Trinity. At the limit of the village, beyond the last houses towards the mountains, rises, between two gardens, the dwelling of Petrarch, now public property and accessible to visitors, having been given to the commune of Padua, in 1873, by its last owner, Cardinal Pietro Silvestri. The last time I visited it, the heat of a summer day still increased the deserted appearance of the village, no one was out, all activity had ceased, no breath of air moved the leaves, all was asleep, including the "custode" of the house. It was a matter of great difficulty and long ringing to awaken him. The plain-looking "contadino" woke at last, and rubbing his eyes, opened the door. He presented the visitors' book for us to sign our names and add, if we thought fit, a sentiment I did as requested, and, as he saw that I had written four verses in French, the face of that true son of Arquà brightened and he said "Ah, verses ! could you not translate them for me ?" I assented to his honourable request and he beamed. The lines were from Joachim du Bellay —

Quel siècle éteindra ta mémoire,
O Boccace, et quels durs hivers
Pourront jamais sécher la gloire,
Pétrarque, de tes lauriers verts ?

Petrarch's house consists in a ground floor and one story where the poet lived, an exterior staircase surmounted by a porch with round arcades, forming a loggia, gives access to it. The story is divided into nine rooms, airy, with numerous windows, several of which have balconies, one side looks out over the solitude of the mountains, the other over the long valley opened towards Monseice and terminated at the horizon by the blue line of the sea-like plain. Other windows are turned toward Venice and the view in clear weather reaches to the lagoons.

All the rooms have wooden ceilings and brick-tiled floors ; the windows are filled with small, lead-bordered panes. The upper part of the walls is adorned with pictures representing scenes described by the poet ; Petrarchs in close-fitting hoods are seen there meeting Lauras in flowery robes ; Venus is represented on one of the great mantel-pieces, Cleopatra on the other. To honour the memory of Petrarch, his boldest metaphors have been made the subject of pictures, but the brush of the artist has not equalled the pen of the poet. These pictures were noticed by Fynes Moryson when he visited the place in 1594 : " Petrarch dwelt at Arquà," he wrote in his " Itinerary," " and here, in the same house wherein they say he dwelt, the historie of Petrarch's life is painted, where the owner of the house shewed us some household stuff belonging to him, and the very skinne of a Cat he loved, which they have dried and still keepe. Here I did see his studie (a pleasant roome, especially for the sweet prospect) and likewise a faire picture of Lucretia ready to die. No situation can be imagined more pleasant than that of Arquà, lying in the mouth of the mountaines abounding with olive trees, and opening themselves upon a fruitfull plaine on the East and North sides."

This most curious of the relics still preserved in the house, the mummified cat, is placed under glass, above one of the interior doors in a frame of carved stone. An inscription in Latin verse recalls the sentiments which united the poet to that faithful companion of his older days. It is the cat who speaks and she says :

" The Florentine poet was consumed with a double love. His most ardent flame was for me, the other for Laura. Do not laugh. If Laura could charm him by her divine beauty, I deserved this incomparable lover by my fidelity ; if she excited his genius and inspired his verses, it is thanks to me that cruel rats did not devour his writings. Alive, I chased away mice from these sacred precincts ; and now, dead though I am, I still cause them, by my presence,

to tremble with fear, and thus in this inanimate body survives my pristine fidelity " 1

IV

Retired in this solitude and surrounded by his precious books, Petrarch thus describes the state of his mind "I am now, thank God, of a passably calm and tranquil mind I have long enjoyed good health, but for two years it has been deteriorating and several times I have been thought dead I might have risen higher in life, but I have not desired to, all greatness is suspicious to me I have remained, therefore, in the modesty of my rank, it is for the best and I find it to my advantage In a word, I have nothing more than formerly, except a greater number of years and a few more books . . . I live in the country almost without interruption, enamoured as always of rest and solitude I read, I write, I think such is my life and my pleasure, I have not changed in this respect since my adolescence I only wonder that so much study, so long prosecuted, has taught me so little Withal I envy no one, I hate no one "

Years, however, had done their work, morally and physically Petrarch no longer resembled the lover of the fair days of Vaucluse Infirmities had come, with the help of pious considerations, he was resigned to them, and he consoled himself because opportunities were thus afforded him to rail at the science of physicians On this subject he was inexhaustible, some physicians were, it is true, friends of his, but he felt almost ashamed that they were It happened several times that they despaired of

1 *Etruscus gemino vates exarsit amore ;
 Maximus ignis ego, Laura secundus erat
 Quid rides ? Divinx illam si gratia formæ,
 Me dignam eximio fecit amante fides ,
 Si numeros geniumque sacris dedit illa libellis,
 Causa ego ne sævis muribus esca forent
 Arcebam sacro vivens a lumine mores,
 Ne domini exitio scripta diserta darent
 Incutio trepidis eadem defuncta pavorem,
 Et viget exanimi in corpore prisca fides*

him ; they announced one evening that he would not pass the night ; they found, in the morning, the moribund in his library, writing at his table ; the joyful delight Petrarch felt at seeing their discomfiture must have hastened his recovery. But his body had become heavier ; his hair, which had early whitened, was now thin ; from much reading, his eyesight had grown dim and he had, to his great mortification, to use spectacles.

A life-size fresco, painted by order as it seems of his friend Francesco of Carrara,¹ in the *reggia*, or palace, of the Prince at Padua, shows him at this period of his life. No curly, flowing hair any more, no elegance in the bearing or dress ; all the richness, all the ornaments are for his books. He is represented seated in his study with a red robe, over which he wears a green, sleeveless tunic ; the head is round, the limbs are stout, the personage is corpulent. He is shown, as in all the portraits of the period, clean-shaven, close-hooded and comfortably wrapped, only the face emerging from the folds ; the nose and chin denote power, the mouth is large with thin lips ; he reminds one of those shrewd and clever country parsons of old, the parson who knew everything, had a suggestion for every case, and was the village adviser and leader. A book is open before him ; to the left, on the table, a revolving lectern is loaded with more ; in front of the table, the " famous cat," say the descriptions, but looking with care, for the fresco is against the light, one finds that the animal is not a cat but a dog. Could it be that Petrarch had three loves ?

This fresco, contemporaneous with Petrarch, is, in the iconography of the poet, of capital importance. At the time of the Renaissance it began to deteriorate like the rest of the pictures in the same hall, and it was repainted in

¹ Zardo, " Il Petarca e i Carraresi," Milan, 1887, p. 60. That such was the case admits but little doubt. If Francesco had not reserved for a special purpose the part of the wall where Petrarch is represented, the stories of the Romans would have covered all the surface of the hall ; he is moreover the man most likely to have ordered this portrait, which could scarcely have been painted during the troublous years of the end of the century, much less when the rule of the Venetians, who had no longer any reason to love Petrarch, was established over Padua.

part, the new upper portion has nothing mediæval, it shows architectural motifs in Palladian style, adorning a huge arch through which are seen mountains, the Euganean hills doubtless, just the sort of ingenious idea which would occur to a restorer. The desire of Francesco of Carrara had been different, he had wanted to have Petrarch represented in the *studiolo* in which he had so often seen him surrounded by his books, "*nostros inter libellos*," to use the poet's words. A discovery made some years ago allows one to reconstruct in thought the old fresco, and still increases its interest. A manuscript described below and preserved in Darmstadt contains an illumination representing exactly the same subject. A photograph given to the Padua library by the learned professor Andrea Gloria, permits a comparison of the two pictures. The upper part alone differs, in the lower one the resemblance is complete. Petrarch, seated at the same table, reads the same book, he is surrounded by the same pieces of furniture, among which the same revolving lectern, he has at hand the same utensils, in front of his writing desk, the same coffer for books, and, on the ground, with several more books, the same famous cat who, there too, is a dog. This identity in the lower part leaves no doubt as to what the top of the fresco must have represented before the restoration. There was to be seen a deep book-case with Gothic panels richly carved, the panels stood open and volumes in beautiful binding, lying one on the other, filled the shelves. Instead of the great open arch disclosing the Euganean hills, was to the left of the chilly old man the much more practical device of a small window with leaded panes, fit to keep off rain, hail and snow. In place of the architectural decoration, painted in Renaissance style above the figure of Petrarch, rose, as high as the ceiling, the Gothic back of his seat covered with sculptures.

Not only does the Darmstadt miniature allow us to reconstitute in thought the old fresco of Padua, but it shows also the importance which this picture had from the first

It was the authentic and classic portrait, the one to be reproduced. Other miniatures were executed more or less accurately after this same type and corroborate the testimony of the Darmstadt illumination. The same general arrangement is noticeable, too, in a manuscript at Florence : Petrarch is at his table, seated on a high-backed seat ; at his left a revolving lectern.¹ There are here, however, only reminiscences of Padua ; it seems as though the artist had merely seen the fresco and was painting from memory. At Darmstadt the precision in the details is such that the author must have worked from the original.

All those beautiful books, red and blue, with silver clasps that we see represented in such pictures on the shelves or on the floor, around Petrarch, were, almost without exception, Latin books. He had received from Constantinople a Greek Homer, but it was for him a "mute oracle." He was trying, together with Boccaccio, to have it translated by a low adventurer, Leontius Pilatus, who had for them the inestimable merit of knowing Greek.

As for works in vulgar tongues, Italian or French, Petrarch could not believe they would live. He deplored the time wasted in writing them ; to praise them he had to make an effort. The "Roman de la Rose" is for

¹ MS. 184 Palat. in the National Library of Florence. Another Florentine MS., the Strozzi, 174, at the Laurentian, contains a portrait of Petrarch at work in his *studiolo* ; but the arrangement differs from that in the Padua fresco, which was certainly not the model. There the famous cat appears ; she is concealed under the poet's seat, watching one of the no less famous rats.

On the portraits of Petrarch, see e.g. "Pétrarque, ses études d'art, son influence sur les artistes, ses portraits et ceux de Laure, l'illustration de ses écrits," by Prince d'Essling and Eugène Muntz, Paris, 1902, fol., I, pp. 61 ff. ; "Pétrarque et l'humanisme," by P. de Nolhac, frontispiece ; "Un nouveau MS. de la Bibliothèque de Pétrarque" (his "Liber rerum memorandarum") by the same, "Mélanges Paul Fabre," 1902 ; "Un Antico ritratto di Francesco Petrarca all Ambrosiana," Milan, 1907, by A. Ratti (the present pope Pius XI), "un opera," the author says, "di squisita fattura, dell'ultimo trecento e di scuola molto probabilmente toscana" : same garb and appearance as usual, same close-fitting hood and thin lips, but an unwonted air of sweetness ; "Notizia d'opere di Disegno nella prima metà del secolo xvi esistenti in Padova (etc). . . scritta da un anonimo di quel tempo, pubblicata e illustrata da D. Jacopo Morelli," Bassano, 1800, pp. 30, 156.

On the Darmstadt MS. see below, p. 95.

him "the most important work that there is in a foreign tongue," but he at once checks himself and qualifies his judgment, for, after all, it is poetry in a "vulgar tongue" He willingly grants to Dante "the palm of eloquence," but merely of eloquence "in a vulgar tongue," and he does not seem to have ever possessed his works He knew of the "Decameron" of his great friend Boccaccio only the year before his death, he merely perused it because he had then many cares, the book, moreover, was "very large," *magnus valde*, and it was written in the common idiom He does not conceal this, and writes it all to Boccaccio himself He thinks no differently about his own writings "Formerly addicted to the same style, I exercised my mind in the vulgar tongue I knew nothing more elegant and I had not learnt as yet to aspire higher" In his last years and though, like a fond father, he tried to the last to improve his text, he never spoke save disparagingly of "the trifles in the vulgar tongue," *nugellas meas vulgares*, which had issued from his pen in times past "I look now with ill favour," he wrote to Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini, who had asked him for a copy of his "Canzoniere," "upon those juvenile futilities, I wish I could ignore them and that everyone would do likewise" But what would be the good of refusing them to one who wants them? "They are in every hand, and they are even more willingly read," he observed, not without some pique, "than the far more weighty writings composed by me in a more mature age" The learned treatises in Latin interested only the grave clerks who spoke Latin, Laura continued to be loved and still is¹

¹ Madame de Grignan had begun a translation and was spending so much time on it that her mother, Madame de Sévigné, though herself a devotee of Petrarch, could not help making fun of so protracted an effort "Vos lectures sont bonnes. Pétrarque doit vous divertir avec le commentaire que vous avez. Je reviens encore à vous, c'est à dire à cette divine fontaine de Vaucluse. Quelle beauté! Pétrarque avait bien raison d'en parler souvent; mais songez que je verrai toutes ces merveilles, moi qui honore les antiquités, j'en serai ravie. J'ai supputé, vous aurez achevé dans cinquante ans de traduire le Pétrarque, à un sonnet par mois; cet ouvrage est digne de vous, ce ne sera pas un impromptu
June 28, Sept. 6, 1671

More and more, as he was ageing, Petrarch had devoted himself to serious works and thoughts ; he had assigned to himself an impossible task : it was his fate to live in the enchantment of impossible dreams. After Laura, and for the rest of his life, the subject of his dream was Rome, capital of the world. "As the years passed, I have neglected poetry," do we read in his Letter to Posterity. . . . "Between many subjects, I especially tried to acquire a knowledge of antiquity. . . . I attempted by the imagination to live in other times." And this was not even saying enough : he wanted the past to become again the present ; he hoped to re-establish the honour of the Latin tongue, and he wanted Rome to resume her pre-eminence. Like Dante, with whom however he disagreed as to the worth of the vulgar tongues, he had in the destiny of Rome an absolute faith ; all that could contribute to the realization of this dream seemed to him easy and holy ; any man, whoever he be, pope, tribune or emperor, able to forward it, assumed in his eyes a sacred character. These men were only means ; unworthy as they might be, the nobility of the goal ennobled them in Petrarch's eyes. He wrote to Charles IV or to Rienzi as though the genius of the Cæsars had revived in these mediocre leaders ; he apostrophized the people of Rome as if, at his word, the heroes of long ago could reappear in the empty streets and start again for the conquest of the world. This return of a glorious era was for him a certitude ; Rome would once more dominate the universe and her ancient tongue would become again the the common idiom of all men able to think. Petrarch had no doubts, but he wanted to hasten the moment and see the wonder with his own eyes. What folly to use vulgar tongues destined soon to disappear !

All greatness, all nobility, all manly virtue came, as he believed, from Rome. The Greeks, great as they may have been, were, he thought, inferior to the Romans ; the latter had been omniscient as they had been omnipotent. Those only could consider them as incomplete who ignored

the concealed meaning of their works And, with infinite patience, torturing texts, interpreting the slightest trifles, *moralizing* the ancient authors and giving an example that was only too abundantly followed, Petrarch tried to throw light on the Virgilian apocalypse "There is hardly a single line in Virgil," he wrote, "which has not a concealed meaning" He ceaselessly annotated and interpreted, with the fastidious care that he used in everything "The forest of the first canto of the 'Æneid' represents our Life, full of shadows and errors, traversed by devious paths of doubtful direction, peopled with wild beasts, that is to say, difficulties

Venus, encountered in the midst of the forest, is Voluptuousness, more dominating toward the middle of life She has the air and appearance of a virgin the better to lead men astray, if she would show herself as she is, no one could fail to flee from the sight of her for if there is nothing sweeter, there is nothing more abject than voluptuousness She is garbed as a huntress because she hunts poor souls "This great precursor of the Renaissance dreamt of a renewal very different from that of the Medici and of Titian For Petrarch, everything was contained in the Latin classical authors, and he even discovered in them, as we see, Christian wisdom and ethics

The society of the ancients was his delight Retiring very early, rising in the middle of the night according to a custom which he observed all his life, he lit the small lamp suspended to a bent iron rod surmounting his revolving lectern, and which is to be seen in one of his portraits, pen or eraser in hand, he annotated his favourite authors, he copied, in his beautiful, regular handwriting, long passages and sometimes complete works The National Library in Paris possesses his Titus Livius, his Pliny, his Homer and a few more, each loaded with notes, in the midst of which are inserted confidences, or advice he gave to himself "Mind this, Francesco, that is for thee"

His intercourse with the Latins was ceaseless and assumed all forms, if it was for him a great pleasure to

write to his dear Boccaccio, it was a still greater one to write to his masters of the heroical times, Cicero, Livy or Seneca, and he addressed to them long epistles in which he opened his heart, showing the tenderness of his sentiments for them. He gave to his friends the names of Socrates¹ and of Lælius; his friends called him Cicero and his daughter Tullia. At times touching memories recurred to his mind; when, annotating his Pliny, he reached the passage where the source of the Sorgue is described, he sketched on the margin in his own hand (this is the opinion of Mr. de Nolhac, the best authority on such matters) the landscape familiar to him, the rock and its chapel, the waters that flow and run among rushes, while on the shore a great bird catches fishes. He wrote underneath: "This represents my delightful solitude beyond the Alps, *Transalpina solitudo mea jucundissima*." The Italian Helicon had not made him forget the Helicon of France.

But he did not rely for his name to survive in men's memories, on the verses which passion had inspired to him. Those "juvenile trifles" would soon be forgotten; his hour would come, however, when Rome should once more lead the world, and Latin replace all other tongues. It would then be seen that modern times had produced one real poet, the author of the "Africa."

Like the apparition of Laura, the vision from which this epic evolved had been revealed to Petrarch, early in life, on a Good Friday. He was wandering at dawn, in his solitude of Vaucluse, when it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to link his literary fortunes to the fortune of Rome and show, if he could, that his ancient masters now had a descendant. He would sing of the hero who, at a critical hour, had fixed the destinies of the City, Scipio Africanus: "Rehearse for me, Muse, the splendid merit of the redoubtable warrior who, from noble Africa crushed

¹ Socrates was Louis Sanctus de Beeringen, born in the Campine, diocese of Liège. See "Un ami de Pétrarque, Louis Sanctus de Beeringen, par D. Ursmer Berlière, directeur de l'Institut historique belge de Rome," Rome and Paris, 1905.

the concealed meaning of their works And, with infinite patience, torturing texts, interpreting the slightest trifles, *moralizing* the ancient authors and giving an example that was only too abundantly followed, Petrarch tried to throw light on the Virgilian apocalypse "There is hardly a single line in Virgil," he wrote, "which has not a concealed meaning" He ceaselessly annotated and interpreted, with the fastidious care that he used in everything "The forest of the first canto of the 'Æneid' represents our Life, full of shadows and errors, traversed by devious paths of doubtful direction, peopled with wild beasts, that is to say, difficulties

Venus, encountered in the midst of the forest, is Voluptuousness, more dominating toward the middle of life She has the air and appearance of a virgin the better to lead men astray, if she would show herself as she is, no one could fail to flee from the sight of her for if there is nothing sweeter, there is nothing more abject than voluptuousness She is garbed as a huntress because she hunts poor souls . " This great precursor of the Renaissance dreamt of a renewal very different from that of the Medici and of Titian For Petrarch, everything was contained in the Latin classical authors, and he even discovered in them, as we see, Christian wisdom and ethics

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by Italian arms, derived immortal fame " He began his poem on the shores of the Sorgue, working at it with such ardour, such a frenzy of enthusiasm, that his friends feared for his health we have it on his own testimony

" A friend, supremely my friend," he says in a letter dated from *fontem Sorgiæ*, " seeing me overwhelmed with excessive labour, called on me and suddenly asked me to render him a service very pleasant for him and very easy for me I said I would, not knowing what he wanted, unable to refuse him anything, but knowing that he would make no request not inspired by the tenderest friendship

" ' Give me,' he said, ' the keys of your book-case ' "

" I gave them with surprise He at once shut all my books and writing implements in it, closed the door with care and withdrew saying

" ' I order you ten days of rest, and in accordance with our agreement, I forbid you to read or write during that time ' "

" I saw what he was at He thought I would remain idle, and it seemed to me I remained maimed What more ? That day of boredom passed more slowly than a year, the next I had a headache from morning to night, the third I began to feel some little touches (*motiunculas*) of fever My friend, informed of it, returned and gave me back my keys I was at once well again and, seeing that work was, as he said, my food, he abstained henceforth from similar requests " 1

To the end of his days Petrarch had recourse to work and even overwork as the best derivative for his moral or physical complaints To the end he continued to labour at times on his poem, but he died without having made it public, so great was the importance he attached to it, and so far from his ideal did he fear he had remained He ever hoped to render his epic worthy of the antique models, thanks to tireless revisions, he felt the more bound to succeed that, in a vehement page, written at a moment of youthful enthusiasm, he had shown Homer announcing in

1 *Lettere Familiars*, Book VIII, letter 7

a dream that a Florentine poet called Franciscus, settled in the "closed valley" (Vaucluse), amidst laurel trees, would sing of the African and recall, one day, the Muses to the Helicon.

The poem became, however, famous before it was even half written, and before anyone had seen it. Nobody doubted that it would prove the wonder of modern times. It was on the repute of this unknown masterpiece that the laurel was bestowed on Petrarch. Two messengers reached him the same day, with the same offer, one from the University of Paris ; the other, from the French prince who was then reigning in Naples, King Robert of Anjou, grand-nephew of Saint Louis, who proposed his powerful patronage in view of the Roman laurel. Petrarch did not hesitate, chose Rome, and journeying to the eternal city more ruinous than ever, only the centre of which was then inhabited, received the crown at the Capitol, on the 8th of April, 1341. In his later days, at Arquà, his friends urged him to show them his great work, but he refused, and when people insisted, he could scarcely conceal his embarrassment ; he ever trembled lest the poem should prove unworthy of the majesty of Rome. When at last the "Africa" was published (and a reliable text was only given on the occasion of the fifth centenary of the poet's death),¹ it was found that Petrarch had devoted an admirable talent to an impossible task, and people persisted in preferring his fragile love songs to the "far more weighty writings composed by him in a more mature age." Flowers bloom, eternally fresh, on the crest of crumbling ruins.

V

The care for great things had never prevented Petrarch from paying attention to small ones : so many flitting and

¹ "Padova a Francesco Petrarca nel quinto centenario della sua morte. Africa Francisci Petrarce nunc primum emendata curante F. Corradini," Padua, 1874, 40. A complete French translation was given by V. Develay, "L'Afrique," Paris, 1882, five sm. vols.

lovely nothings, lighter than the shadow of the leaves, have been fixed, immortal, in his love verses, and still cause, after five hundred years, the emotions that he himself experienced ! He had become more and more fastidious, careful and orderly. He had given up all thought of worldly greatness, but in favour of peace and of a well-regulated life. He wanted to have a neat house, faultless manuscripts, perfect bindings, no disturbances, no noise, if he so loved his cat, we must believe that she was mute. There was room in his great heart for many manias. The copyists in his pay who absent-mindedly transcribed the sacrosanct words of the Roman poets put him into a fever, and he denounces their wickedness in the same tone as he does the abuses of the papal court established far from Rome, "in the Babylon of the Occident." The servants who, maybe, dusting his books, changed their places, were for him another cause of bitter chagrin. "I fly from the horde of servants as one would from enemies, I would not have a single one if my age and infirmities allowed." Another evil, no less painful to him, was the call of visitors; people came to see him out of curiosity, just to have seen him and afterwards vaunt themselves of it, the race existed already in the fourteenth century. "No retreat," said the poor poet, "no solitude has availed to protect me from visitors, they are the plague, the honourable torment of my life."

For his friends, however, Petrarch had remained the same, his house, his heart, his purse were open to them, and it was not with him a way of speaking. As soon as it was question of a friend, nothing stopped him, even ill, he found the necessary time and strength; he undertook journeys to recommend them to the pope. "If you come," he wrote to one of them, Gaspare of Verona, "you will not

¹ *Visitatores nullo usquam secessu, nullis laebis fugere valeo, honorificum vitæ meæ tedium ac laborem.* To Matteo Longo, of Bergamo, January 6, 1372. *Opera*, Basel 1581, p. 921. Longo was a friend of many years; see in *Familiæ*, Bk. XII, letter 12, an epistle dated from Vaucluse on a black dog of Longo who had remained with Petrarch.

only find a welcome in the eyes of me and of mine, but the very walls of the house will, in their way, joyfully greet the coming of so dear a guest."

Among those whose visits caused him most joy was that great admirer of the ancients, who sought to imitate, not their poems, but their military deeds, Francesco of Carrara, lord of Padua. He often came to see Petrarch at Arquà and they had interminable conversations. Rome, of course, held in these the first place. The prince was busy just then having his afore-mentioned *reggia* or palace painted, a vast place with courts and gardens and a number of beautifully ornamented halls, chambers and galleries, and he had decided to have the most famous deeds in Roman history represented in his great hall. Each of the subjects was discussed between him and Petrarch, who, full of love for the ancients, had begun long before a *De Viris illustribus*, which he now dedicated to the Carrarese, having continued it, "rogatu tuo, Plaustri fer insignis."¹ He began also an abbreviation or "compendium" thereof to serve as a guide-book for the pictures. Both remained unfinished and the work was completed after his death by his beloved pupil Lombardo della Seta, who, offering it in his turn to the lord of Padua, recalled how the poet wanted thus "to form your soul for ever higher conceptions, and not only your soul, but that of the generous son whom you are rearing for the State."² It was in this gallery that, by

¹ An approximate translation of the word Carrarese, *plaustrum*, a car or chariot, the Carraresi having for their heraldic emblem a *carro* or chariot.

² See "Le *De Viris illustribus* de Pétrarque par M. P. de Nolhac, tiré des Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits," vol. xxxiv, 1st part, 1890. The title in the MSS. is: "Quorundam clarissimorum heroum Epitome"; of which "Epitome," the "Compendium" is an abbreviation. The total collection contains 36 lives, of which 14 (Romulus, Numa Pompilius, Ancus Martius, Junius Brutus, Horatius Coclès, Cincinnatus, etc.) are by Petrarch. Michael Saxonarola, who wrote toward the middle of the XVth century and saw the pictures before their rejuvenation, says that the hall was "the largest and most glorious" of all, "qua Romani Imperatores miris cum figuris, cumque triumphis auro optimoque cum colore depicti sunt" (Muratori, "Scriptorum Rerum Italicarum . . . vol. viii," p. 1175). The before-mentioned MS., now at Darmstadt, originally apparent that, dated, about the end of the XIVth century, for the Pie country knew contains an Italian translation of the

a touching thought, Francesco of Carrara reserved a place for Petrarch himself to be painted among the heroes whom they venerated

At the Renaissance, as we have seen, the pictures, the work chiefly of those admirable continuators of Giotto, Altichieri and Avanzi, were falling into decay; they were rejuvenated with a strong hand, new subjects being even inserted here and there. Most of them now disappear behind bookshelves, what had come to be known as the *Sala dei Giganti*, from the dimensions of the personages, having been turned, by a decree of the Venetian republic of 1631, into the University Library.

After Rome, Padua. The Prince and his friend would speak at length of the government of the city, and the Carrarese so highly prized the poet's advice that he had him put it in writing. We thus find that Petrarch, careful in this as in everything, did not consider it unworthy of himself, the singer of Scipio, to draw the Prince's attention to the indecent abundance of pigs with which the streets were encumbered. "They grunt, they scratch up the earth, a repulsive sight, an unpleasant sound . . . When I spoke to you of it, you said to me 'There is an old statute which forbids it' But don't you know that, just like men, things human become old? Even Roman laws are known to have aged." The statute must, therefore, be enacted again. Let all those pigs be sent to the country, and let the people who possess no place in the country shut them up in their houses. Remember that it is a question of Padua, an older city than Rome, and which Virgil himself has sung.

Another subject of thought was the vast marshland at illustrations apparently reproducing the pictures as they originally were in Francesco's great hall. See Julius von Schlosser, "Ein Veronesisches Bilderbuch und die höfische Kunst des XIV. Jahrhunderts," in "Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses," vol. xv, Vienna, 1895.

¹ A description of the hall, with a list of the pictures, as they were in the XVth century. "Opera," Baschet's on each of the subjects, is in "Francesco Boselli, medico in 'Familiars,' Ek. VII, Publici Chirurgiæ Professoris, Amalthæum medicodog of Longo: who had remained with 71: ff

the foot of the Euganean mounts. The plain formed a part of that immense delta of the north-east, watered and at times drowned by the Piave, the Brenta, the Bacchiglione, the Adige, the Po and their innumerable affluents. Drained, it would have yielded the richest crops ; marshy, it was uninhabitable, and what population there was died of fevers. The Euganean mounts alone formed, as it were, thanks to their altitude, a salubrious island in the midst of stagnant waters. Dig canals, Petrarch would say to the Carrarese ; drive all those waters to the sea ; this will be meritorious work, this alone would be enough to make your name famous ; restore these fields to Minerva, Bacchus and Ceres ; “ do not consider unworthy of yourself a kind of undertaking which Cæsar did not consider unworthy of himself.” Do you not know that he wanted to drain the Pontine marshes and cut the isthmus of Corinth ? “ You will shrug your shoulders, but to show you that these are not vain words, I offer, foreigner though I am, to contribute from my own purse to this expense.” Wasted advice ! the Carrarese, like Cæsar, had other occupations, and the draining of the delta, as well as the cutting of the isthmus, were to be performed only in our epoch. The draining has justified Petrarch’s predictions, olive trees, vine and wheat prosper now in the country restored at last to Minerva, Bacchus and Ceres.

The Carrarese had, in fact, many other cares : what he sought to imitate in Cæsar was his military prowess ; he dreamt of deserving a place in his own gallery, among the heroes of Rome-the-Great. On the borders of his domains, as Carthage facing Rome, rose proud Venice, rich in ships, wily and superb, like the ancient Punic city. The wish of his whole life had been for Francesco of Carrara to overthrow this powerful rival. A war, interrupted by truces, began between them in 1371. It was, at first, as usual, mere fights of condottieri : much noise, small results ; but it soon became apparent that this was not an everyday quarrel and the country knew

the horrors of real war. Vicissitudes were various, at the end of 1372, Rainiero de' Volschi had led the troops of Venice as far as Abano, between Padua and Arquà, the sojourn in the mounts ceased to be safe and poor Petrarch, his heart heavy at leaving his retreat, had to think of returning to the city not yet invested.

His friend, Gaspare of Verona, advised him not to do so. Fear nothing, he said, inscribe your name on your threshold and your dwelling will be held sacred. Alas, answered Petrarch, "such advice better conforms with friendship than with circumstances. Mars pays little attention to the names of men of letters." As early as the end of October his return had been decided. "I shall soon be in the city," he wrote to Dondi on the 30th. It took him fifteen days to make his preparations, and he devoted them to the packing of his books which he could not resign himself to leaving behind. He performed the journey with them on the 15th of November, his daughter and son-in-law¹ who had remained after him, were to settle the last details and close the house. Scarcely arrived, he wrote to Gaspare of Verona telling him how he had been unable to follow his advice and had left "his house and the rest at the mercy of Christ. If all is destined to the flames, let the will of God be fulfilled." A few days later his family, "passing in the midst of the thunders of Mars," had joined him—*inter ipsa tonitrua Martis evasit*—and he could once more light his hearth, in the company of his own, surrounded by his books. A sad winter, war continued, the communications with the outside remained free, but the anxieties were great between the two rivals. Fortune hesitated.

Petrarch had lost the habit of city life, he regretted his fields and his garden, he could no longer quietly wander

¹ Petrarch had had from an unknown woman two natural children, legitimized later by a papal bull—one son, Giovanni, who gave him little satisfaction (he hated a book as much as a serpent), and who died of the plague in 1361, and a daughter, Francesca, who was his consolation. He married Francescolo da Brossano, of Milan, and both lived with Petrarch until his death.

in solitude, and see the rising sun. He missed especially his garden ; each shrub was dear to him ; plants, like animals, had a place in his sympathies ; this was known and people would send him seeds and rare trees. He cultivated them with extreme care, keeping a sort of journal of their progress which has been published by Mr. de Nolhac. He followed in this, as usual, the advice of the ancients, but risked experiments, however, showing unexpected boldness : “ *placet experiri.*”

At this late period of his life, the laurel which he had so greatly loved and so abundantly celebrated was still his favourite tree. “ Who would believe,” St. Augustine had said to Petrarch, in the dialogue composed by the poet many years earlier, under the title of “ My Secret,” “ that you would carry folly to the extent of falling in love with the name of Laura as well as with her beauty, and of seeking with an incredible ardour all that recalled its sound ? That it is which caused you to long so much for either the laurel of the Cæsars or the poetical laurel, because in these you found this same name ; and for the same reason, too, in almost all your poems the laurel appears. . . . You could not hope for the imperial laurel ; you set your heart, therefore, on the conquest of the poetical laurel, with the same passion as if it had been a question of conquering your mistress herself.”

He remained all his life faithful to his cult for the sacred tree, and his friends were not ignorant of it. We find one of his warmest ones, Lombardo della Seta, sending him once two full-grown laurels with long roots and a great ball of earth ; they are carefully planted in the Arquà garden, but they die. The same della Seta, on another occasion, carries almost to heroism his desire to satisfy Petrarch’s taste for trees. The poet had received in Padua, five very fine shrubs ; it was December ; the wind and cold were intense, the ground was covered with snow ; no one dared go out on account of the tempest. Della Seta started nevertheless with the shrubs, putting them in a boat

for the first part of the journey, it took him three days to reach Arquà. The planting was accomplished, but the weather was bad and the moon was new. Della Seta and the peasants expected success, but Petrarch, while inscribing their opinion in his journal, hesitated. "I do not know, as for me, whether we should hope."

Far from his plants Petrarch had at least near him his books. They were his great resource during this terrible year, though he found in their company a less profound charm than when he was with them in his mountains. In spite of his efforts to live in thought among the ancients, he could not help following the news of the war and being troubled in his heart. He wrote to Boccaccio, whose "Decameron" had just come into his hands for the first time, that his mind was less than usual bent on study, on account of that horrible state of war, "and though I try to turn from it as much as possible in my soul, yet I cannot help being harrowed at the idea that the republic is trembling on its base." It was, however, the "Decameron" which supplied him with his most congenial occupation at this time of his life. Leaving aside those tales too free and wherein are detected "the youth of the author" and "the levity of his public," he became enamoured of the touching story of Grisild, he learnt it by heart. "I was thus enabled pleasantly to dwell in my mind upon that story and rehearse it to friends when I had an occasion of talking with them."

He desired to save that tale from the wreck which was to engulf, he thought, all writings in vulgar tongue, and he translated it into Latin, a unique honour which he had never rendered to anyone. He explained his reasons to Boccaccio, and before he sent him his version, he experimented on his visitors the effects of a text, copies of which he was asked for by many. "I made," he wrote to the author, "a Paduan friend of ours, a man of elevated mind and vast learning, read this story. He had hardly got half through when suddenly he stopped, choking with sobs,

a moment after, having composed himself, he took up the narrative once more to continue reading, and behold ! a second time, sobs stopped his utterance. He declared it was impossible for him to proceed, and he made a person of much instruction, who accompanied him, finish the reading."

Petrarch was, naturally enough, delighted with experiences which corresponded well to his own feelings ; he liked to renew them, and, according to appearances, did so with a foreign visitor, meant to attain, he too, lasting fame, an envoy of the King of England, namely Geoffrey Chaucer, who, during just the same months, had been sent on a mission to Genoa and Florence. Years later, Chaucer, who was known at the time of his voyage only for his love songs and his translation of the "*Roman de la Rose*," conceived the idea of his "*Canterbury Tales*" and allotted to the modest clerk of Oxford the story of Grisild, learnt by him "at Padowe of a worthy clerk . . . Fraunceys Petrak, the laureat poete."¹

The war was dragging on. Petrarch had first hoped to be able to go back to his solitude at Easter and to see there the return of spring, almost the last that he was to witness ; but the adversaries would not yield ; the pope tried in vain to interfere ; the contest grew. Louis the Great, King of Hungary, another French prince of the house of Anjou, had just entered the field against Venice, and yet the issue remained doubtful. Regretting the peace of his hills, Petrarch was less persuaded than the Carrarese of the necessity of imitating the exploits of the old Romans. He even irreverently recalled in a letter to Gaspare of Verona the story of the fool of Florence who, seeing troops issuing from the city, asked why all those movements. "'Don't you know,' he was answered, 'no war has been declared on Pisa ?'

"'But,' said the fool, 'will not this be peace ?'

¹ On the probability of this metaphor

no war has been
declared on Pisa
the road to
vision

“ ‘How can you talk of peace, O fool, since the war is now beginning’

“ ‘None the less,’ said the fool, ‘peace must return some day’

“ ‘Well, no war is eternal, there will be peace some day, but now ‘tis war’

“ ‘Since we must needs come to that,’ said the fool, ‘why would you not make peace just now, before beginning the war?’ ”

My way of thinking somewhat resembles that of the fool, Petrarch added with melancholy

Peace came at last, the conditions were terrible for the Carrarese. The King of Hungary had been beaten, the people murmured, riots were impending. Venice, helped by Turkish mercenaries, had triumphed at Lova, a surrender without mercy was unavoidable. Francesco of Carrara had to consent to rase the fortresses built by him on the lagoon facing Venice, to pay the cost of the war, to go in person or send his son and publicly crave pardon of the Venetian senate. For ten years, every Ascension Day, he had to have a sum of gold placed on the altar of St Mark’s as wherein ‘repentance’. Marsilio his brother, who, turning “the levity,” conspired for Venice and tried to have touching story told, should be forgiven. The hardest of thus enabled place the journey to Venice story and rehearse necessity the lord of Padua appealed to talking with them. He desired to save his son, he thought, was the only means to engulf, he thought, at all, and restoring the prestige translated it into Latin, by in, the world could pride itself never rendered to anyone. Boccaccio, and before he died. Petrarch, who had blamed mented on his visitor’s aspirations save toward rest, who he was asked for subject to those crises which gave him author, “a Pact of death, did not hesitate. In every and vast learning, cere, his devotion to the Carrarese was through weariness. Instead of returning to Arquà, he took a wa- friend’s son, Francesco Novello (the word

novel or the younger), in order to accomplish the sad pilgrimage.

Both appeared before the Senate on the 2nd of October, 1373. The historians of Venice allege that the majesty of this assembly so deeply impressed the poet that he remained speechless, and that the delivery of his oration had to be postponed until the next morning. The historians of Padua deny it : this is the last vestige of the war between Venice and the Carraresi.

VI

Petrarch could at last return to his hills, this time never again to leave them. That same autumn he was once more in Arquà with his family and his books ; he found the house intact. He had less than a year to live ; it was for him a quiet reposeful year ; once more he saw the snows of winter and the roses of spring, then began his last summer. Francesco of Carrara paid him frequent visits. He found the poet ceaselessly writing and annotating the old authors with his patient pen. Petrarch had just finished the the "Iliad," translated by Leontius Pilatus and was beginning the "Odyssey." He was revising a last time¹ his "Triumph of Divinity," all filled with the memory of Laura ; he saw again his friend, more beautiful than in the days of her youth, tasting of the joys of Paradise, and he aspired to join her. "Then people will point their finger at me and say : This is he who ever wept, but was happier in his plaint than others in their joy." He busied himself recopying for Boccaccio, a first copy having been lost, his translation of Grisild and its accompanying letter, with a new one, very long, in which he explained that he would never consider that the time had come for him to do nothing : "Besides the greater works already begun . . . I give myself, each day, new tasks unconnected with the others, so averse I am to inaction . . . If thereupon the

¹ He dates with his usual minuteness the finishing of this revision "Quingagesima Sunday, 12th of February, 1374, after dinner."

end of my life arrives, and it cannot be very far off, I hope that death may find me reading or writing, or, if it please Christ, praying and weeping "

The first of those wishes was fulfilled His work on the "Odyssey" was not finished, he had reached only the eleventh leaf, as appears from his manuscript preserved in the National Library of Paris, and the letters to Boccaccio had not yet been sent, when death called him On a summer's day, at dawn, he was found in his library, his forehead leaning on an open book, he seemed to sleep, but he no longer breathed He had died in the course of the night, July 18, 1374 The following winter was the severest that had been known within memory of man, fields disappeared under accumulated snows, rivers were frozen, and it is said that all the laurels died

None of his great friends had been forgotten in his will He bequeathed to his beloved pupil, the learned Lombardo della Seta, who was to continue his *De Viris*, "his small round silver gilt goblet" and some of his horses, to master Bombasio of Ferrara "his good lute", to his brother, a small annuity, to his servants, to whom he had obviously forgiven their trespasses, some money, and to the chief of them twenty ducats, "which I forbid him to venture in gambling", to "Giovanni of Certaldo, called Boccaccio," fifty gold florins for him to buy a winter garment, "in view of his vigils and work at night", to Francesco of Carrara a picture "I possess nothing that is worthy of him, all I can do is to leave him my picture or image of the blessed Virgin Mary, the work of the excellent painter Giotto the ignorant do not perceive its beauty, but the masters of the art are filled with admiration" : Lastly, he founded

* It was long believed, but on insufficient grounds, to be preserved in the cathedral at Padua Titoli mentions its presence there in his curious *Guide des Voyageurs en Italie*, Rome, 1775, full of quaint advice, and especially that if you have not money enough, but, above all, wits enough to understand what you see, you had better stay at home, in accordance with the celebrated distich

Parisiæ stolidum, si quis transmittit asellum,
Si fuit hic asinus, non ibi fiet equus

at Padua a perpetual chantry for the repose of his soul.

The day of the funeral, the University suspended its lectures ; Francesco of Carrara in person presided over the ceremony which took place, in accordance with the poet's wish, at Arquà. Petrarch's son-in-law, Francescolo da Brossano, raised for him, in the church square, the red marble tomb still to be seen there ; and the great cities of Italy, Florence above all, envied the privilege of the Paduan village. " Unhappy motherland," wrote Boccaccio, " to whom it has not been given to keep the remains of so illustrious a son . . . Arquà will be known of the remotest nations, and her name will be honoured throughout the universe in the same manner that we venerate in thought the Posilipo hills at the foot of which were buried the remains of Virgil. . . . The mariner, returning loaded with riches, from the most distant shores of the ocean, and plying through the Adriatic Sea, will say, seeing from afar the venerable summit of the Euganean mounts : Now we are in view of the hills that keep the glory of the universe, Petrarch, the poet of sweet words." And Boccaccio added : " Since God has willed it so, be the name of Arquà illustrious for ever, and may its inhabitants ever preserve those precious relics."

They still keep them, but not intact. Centuries had passed ; many revolutions had intervened ; the great movement of the Renaissance of which Petrarch had been the most powerful initiator, had still increased his fame. The regrets of Florence persisted and she continued envying the fate of Arquà. On a stormy night, the 27th of May, 1630, brother Tommaso Martinelli, helped by seven peasants, broke off an angle of the marble sarcophagus and tore off an arm of the poet to present it to Florence. Great was the horror in the morning at the sight of the sacrilege ; the tocsin was rung, and the hunt for the criminals was started, but the friar was already far away. Two of his accomplices were, however, caught and

condemned to row in irons on the galleys of Venice. The sentence which gives all those details has come down to us.

The sepulchre was closed again. In the course of the last century it had become ruinous, the stones were disjointed and grass was growing in their interstices. Count Carlo Leoni, of Padua, had it entirely restored in 1843, and it is now in very good condition. On that occasion, the tomb was opened, the poet's skeleton was found entire but for the right arm, which had been torn off by brother Tommaso Martinelli. What became of the relic is unknown, it was long thought that it had been taken to Spain and was preserved in a museum at Madrid, all search for it has, however, proved fruitless.

As for the Carraresi, protectors of Petrarch, they were destined to a tragic end. Francesco was not willing to die unrevenged, unworthy of the Roman models. Shortly after the death of his friend, he went to war again, all northern Italy took part in it, from one sea to the other, Milan allied herself with Venice, Genoa and the Scaligeri with the Carraresi. Francesco and his brave young son, Francesco Novello ceaselessly held the field and covered themselves with glory, the ships of Genoa did wonders, with their help the Paduans captured Chioggia, and Francesco added to his titles that of lord of Chioggia, it seemed as though St. Mark had ceased to protect his city and the last day of the new Carthage had come. But the indomitable republic held on, waited, neither asked nor granted quarter, succeeded in detaching the Scaligeri from the alliance of the Carraresi and soon the war's aspect changed. Padua wearied sooner than Venice, she obliged Francesco to abdicate in favour of his son, who was compelled in 1388 to surrender the city to the troops of Milan. The old lord of Padua was interned in various castles by order of the Visconti of Milan, at Cremona, Como, San Colombano, lastly at Monza.

He had the joy in his last days of learning that his son had succeeded in retaking Padua. Before his coffin

enmities calmed down for a while. Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti allowed his body, garbed in gold, to be brought back in great pomp to his capital, where he was buried in the baptistry, in a red marble sarcophagus, supported by four columns, like that of Petrarch (1393).

Shortly afterwards war broke out afresh with Venice ; this time the disaster was complete ; the troops of the republic entered Padua in 1405 ; Francesco Novello and his two sons were captured, sent to Venice and strangled in their prison. The sarcophagus of Francesco of Carrara was violated by the Venetians, his bones were scattered and his tomb was destroyed. Columns were erected for the lion of St. Mark on the public square at Padua ; its image was engraved on the façades of monuments. One is to be seen over the postern giving access to the oratory of the Holy Trinity, near Petrarch's house at Arquà. Its presence in the silent village recalls the memory of quarrels long since extinct, the brief epic of the Carraresi rich in exploits worthy of the Romans, yet less famous than some love songs, sung on the shores of the Rhône by the poet asleep in his marble tomb on the slopes of the Euganean mounts.

III

*“SAINCT TREIGNEY
OU PAIS DE GALES”*

WHEN the King of France, Charles VII, "*le Victorieux*," sent, in 1434, master Regnault Girard, Knight, Seigneur de Bazoges, to fetch from Scotland the princess betrothed to the Dauphin who was to be Louis XI, Princess Margaret, daughter of the most picturesque of the picturesque Kings of Scotland, James I, prisoner, lover, poet, artist, reformer, the victim finally of assassins, a frightful storm battered the ambassadorial ships, in peril for days of being lost, with all on board. After having sighted the Scilly Islands, the ship missed Ireland and was carried away, long before Columbus, to that "*Ocean sea*," said to have no western shore. It did not seem that either passengers or crew, forming a total of sixty-three people, had the slightest chance of avoiding death.

In this predicament, Girard made a vow to a Scottish saint, considered then as the most powerful of all those interested in the welfare of Scotland and the most likely to usefully interfere in such a grievous predicament. And, behold, the tempest abated, the travellers were able to leave the boundless Ocean sea, they reached Ireland, rounded it by the North, navigated the Mull of Cantyre "*qui est passage merveilleux*," and after sixty-six days of sailing (about as much as it took Columbus to discover America), they found themselves on dry land again, among the friendly Scots, January 8, 1435.

In the account he left of his journey,¹ Girard says

¹ The text, not quite complete, of that account, the work obviously of Girard, but signed not only by him, but by his two companion Ambassadors, has been preserved, in a rather faulty copy of the sixteenth century, in MS. Fr. 17330, at the National Library, Paris.

that they landed at the "havre de Lorocen," and that he at once bethought himself of the fulfilment of his vow. He had, as his seconds and fellow-ambassadors, Hugh Kennedy, a Scot in the French service, "escuier d'escuyerie" of the King of France, and Aymeri Martineau, a notable man of laws. They were heartily welcomed and well treated by a lady relative of Kennedy, and whose son had served in France as a member of the King's Scottish Guard. Having reached the coast the day before, at midnight, they arrived at her house on the 9th of January, and when rested, started on their pilgrimage, bent on fulfilling their vow, which consisted in placing before the shrine of the saint a silver ship with the arms of France appended to it. "Puis par nos journées nous en allasmes à Saint Treigney ou pais de Gales, car nous y étions voués pour le danger ou nous avions este et luy offrismes une nef d'argent ou les armes du Roy furent apposées" ¹.

What can be the place where the envoys of the French King performed this pious pilgrimage? In his great "*Histoire de Charles VII*" ² Mr du Fresne de Beaucourt thus mentions this incident. "They went thereupon to fulfil a vow made by them to Saint Trignan in Wales, they placed in the church where this saint was venerated a silver ship with the arms of Charles VII." But what was that church?

Having had to use, after Mr de Beaucourt, ³ the account of the journey left by Regnault Girard, I had vainly tried to find some Welsh place of pilgrimage fitting the data supplied by the ambassador.

Regnault Girard says that he went to Wales, "ou pays de Gales," for the fulfilment of his vow. This was a long and necessarily very dangerous journey. If he had made

¹ The word had then the meaning of a journey, a voyage.

² Fol. 128.

³ Paris, 1881, ff., 6 vols., II, p. 498.

⁴ "English Essays from a French Pen," p. 24. Cf. "*Revue Celtique*," January, 1898.

it by sea, he would have certainly told us, for he had, even before starting, a profound distrust of the sea, and his recent experience was sure to have increased it ; an account of this new navigation would undoubtedly have figured in his story. By land, he would have risked even greater dangers ; France and England were at war ; the object of his mission was very distasteful to the English, who had just sent as ambassador to James a brother of his Queen, with orders to try and procure the breaking of the intended French match ; they would never have granted a pass to the ambassador of their enemy. If he had nevertheless ventured beyond the frontiers of Scotland, Girard would have had great chances of being captured, supplying his master with one more occasion to speak, as he does in the instructions to his envoy, of the " damnable doings of the English, ancient and common enemies of the realms of France and of Scotland."

But above all, the brief time occupied by this journey precludes, in spite of the precision of the terms, any possibility of a voyage to Wales. We gather from Girard's report that he and his companions left the house of Kennedy's relative at an uncertain date, but later than the 9th of January. They performed their pilgrimage, fulfilled their vow and began their return journey on the 14th of the same month : "*Le xiiij^e jour dudit moys partismes dudict lieu de Saint Trigney et par noz journées vinsmes à l'hostel de nostre compaignon Candé nommé, et illec nous festoya grandement et feit venir plusieurs de ses parens et amis.*" Far more time and especially far more precautions would have been necessary if it had really been a question of Wales, and the Seigneur de Bazoges, who, according to his own testimony, had not started for his embassy without " an abundance of tears," would not have remained silent as to the happenings in the course of that new adventure.

The place of the pilgrimage should necessarily be sought elsewhere. Summing up the various circumstances

related by Girard we find that the church must have been a Scottish, not a Welsh one, to have been thought of in such a terrible plight, the shrine must have ranked among the most famous ones, the distance between it and the French envoy's place of landing must have been comparatively short, the region must have been one where the Kennedys were numerous and flourishing, an explanation should be found for the use of the words "ou pays de Gales"

One church only answers all those requirements, a famous one indeed, that of Whithorn, in Latin "*Candida Casa*," in what is now the county of Wigtown. It had been first dedicated by its founder to his own teacher, Saint Martin de Tours, later one of the patrons of France. The founder was Saint Ninian, apostle of the Lowlands of Scotland toward the end of the fourth century. When he died about 432, Ninian was buried there, and his remains became the object of a pilgrimage soon famous. Bede celebrated the merits of the saint and the conversion by him of the "Southern Picts" "*prædicante eis verbum Nyniâ episcopo, reverendissimo et sanctissimo viro*," to whom is due "*Candida Casa*," so named because of the, then and there, extraordinary circumstance of having been built of stone "*qui locus vulgo vocatur ad Candidam Casam, eo quod ibi ecclesiam de lapide, insolito Britonibus more, fecerit*"¹. Alcuin, who mentions Ninian in his letters, sent to *Candida Casa*, in 782, an "*olosericum*" to wrap the body of the saint. Aelred, the holy abbot of Rievaulx, wrote a biography of the apostle, several other lives are extant, one attributed to the poet Barbour, another written by Capgrave. Pilgrims of all sorts, kings among them, flocked to the shrine, shortly before the arrival of Regnault Girard, James I had decided that foreigners going as pilgrims to the shrine would enjoy his protection during their voyage, and his private accounts "record donations to various minstrels and others who by song and jest lightened

the journey." ¹ "For trewely," had mine host of the Tabbard said,

For trewely comfort ne merthe is noon
To ryde by the weye domb as a stoon.

The place was certainly famous. Now for the distance. We know, as to this, two things, one that the place where Girard and his companions landed was called by him Lorocen (his aptitude at misshaping foreign names, as was frequent in his days, is unluckily of the best); another is that his companion, Hugh Kennedy, found himself surrounded by his kin. Not only did the three ambassadors lodge in the house of a relative of his, and in one of his own where a number of his friends and parents met them, but when the moment came for them to prepare their solemn entry into Edinburgh, he pointed out that it was necessary for them to present a good appearance and have an important retinue, the more so that the before-mentioned English ambassador, recently arrived and now gone, had not neglected this means of making an impression: "*estoit venu en Escoce en grand estat.*" Kennedy had no trouble in supplying all that was needed by merely appealing to the Kennedys of the region ²; with such effect, says Regnault Girard, that "when we entered the said city we were sixty and more on horseback."

This Hugh Kennedy, so well supported by his people, does not seem to have been the Sir Hugh Kennedy of Ardstinchar who had taken part in the famous battle of Baugé, where the Scots particularly distinguished themselves, and in the last victory won by Jeanne d'Arc at Lagny, but a younger member of the family. His title

¹ A. P. Forbes, "*Lives of St Ninian and St Kentigern*," Edinburgh, 1874, pp xxvii ff.

² "*Si manda quérir de ses parens et amys, chevaliers et escuyers, en manière que quant nous entrasmes en ladite ville, nous estions soixante chevaulx et plus.*" The rendezvous was Dumbarton, whence they started, on the 22nd of January, reaching Edinburgh on the 25th.

of "écuyer d'écurie" of the King is habitually indicative of youth, it was the first rank conferred on one who ceased to be a page. The son of Regnault Girard, Joachim, received this degree, on his return, for his good service during the mission.¹ The chevalier Bayard and the poet Ronsard held the same in their youth. However that may be, the second member of the Embassy belonged to the numerous family of the Kennedys recently allied to the reigning Stuarts, and powerful in the south-west of Scotland, especially Ayrshire.² The Ardstinchar castle of the companion of Jeanne d'Arc was near Ballantrae, and its ruins are still to be seen there. Castle Kennedy, built a little later, and also in ruins, rose near Stranraer. Hence the popular rhyme

'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man needs think for to 'bide there,
Unless he court wit Kennedie;

In this Kennedy region, the ambassadorial party undoubtedly landed, their place of arrival being called by Girard, as we have seen, Lorocen. Only one harbour, along that coast, has a name resembling that one, that is Loch-Reyan or Ryan, the Loch-Rain of the John Blaeu map,⁴ at the farthest end of which is Stranraer, *alias* Chapel. That the word may have been altered to such an extent by

¹ Et empres ce ordonna le Roy que je, Regnault Girart, me tinsse avec madite dame la daulph ne et me donna l'office de son premier maistre d'hostel et à mon filz Joachim donna l'office d'estre son escuyer d'escuyerie. Same MS

² The vast power of the Kennedys in Galloway and Ayrshire was Celtic from the first. Andrew Lang. *History of Scotland*, 1900, vol I, p. 136. One Hugh Kenedy, esquire, a Scot, receives, in 1446, a safe-conduct to come to the [English] King's presence. — *Calendar of Documents relating to Scotland*, vol IV, p. 242.

³ "A large description of Galloway by Mr Andrew Symson," writt n between 1634 and 1692, printed Edinburgh, 1823. The river Cree marks the western limit of the county of Wigtown. Cruise, Crows, Croudhas, "a hard land." Sir Herbert Maxwell, *Studies in the Topography of Galloway*, Edinburgh, 1887.

⁴ Made from data collected in 1610-1614. "A History of Dumfries and Galloway," by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Edinburgh and London, 1900, p. 253, a facsimile of the map in the same work.

Girard is not exceptional with him ; his everyday companion, Kennedy, is called by him Candé, Dumbarton becomes for him Dombertrain ; de Glaz does duty in his memoir for Douglas and St. Genston for St. Johnstown (Perth).¹ The harbour is a safe and good one, much frequented, even now, as being the nearest to Ireland. " In Loch-Reyan is a good harbour for all kinds of ships," says the " excellent pilot Escossois," Alexander Lyndsay, a statement confirmed by Nicolay d'Arfeville, first cosmographer to the French King.²

The distance to Whithorn easily allows of the journey of Girard and his companions' having been performed within the dates specified by the ambassador ; the two places are scarcely forty miles apart, and the French envoys, following a road along which were several convents or abbeys (Salsyde, otherwise *Sedes Animarum*, Glenluce, etc.), started from the coast any day after the 9th of January and began their return journey on the 14th.

But how, will it be said, can Saint Ninian in Scotland be " Saint Treigney ou Pais de Gales " ? The explanation is not far to seek. Saint Ninian was, in common parlance, also called Rinian, Trenan, Trinyan, Treignan, etc. Sir David Lyndesay, in his " Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour," calls him " Sanct Rinyan." In a ballad on the battle of Flodden, the saint appears as " St. Trinnan

¹ All of which was quite customary. English travellers themselves showed scarcely more care. In Sir William Brereton's " Travels," Light-Goaw represents Linlithgow and Don Frise, Dumfries. P. Hume Brown, " Early Travellers in Scotland," 1891, p. 151.

² " La Navigation du Roy d'Escosse, Jacques cinquiesme du nom, autour de son royaume . . . des soubz la conduite d'Alexandre Lyndsay, excellent pilote Escossois, recueillie . . . et représentée en carte marine par Nicolay d'Arfeville . . . premier cosmographe du Roy," Paris, 1583, 4°. English text, shorter, in " Miscellanea Scotica," Glasgow, vol. III, 1820. The " Navigation " had taken place in 1540. A not impossible, but much less likely place, might have been farther north in Ayrshire, Ardrossan. The distance is not such that the pilgrimage would have been impracticable within the dates given by Girard. The name is not without some slight resemblance to Lorocen. But the mistakes in Girard's proper names are more usually at the end than the beginning of the words, and Loch-Reyan supplies a satisfactory beginning ; the good harbour at Loch-Reyan was besides a more direct road for one who had to go on the pilgrimage that Regnault Girard intended. Note also that the harbour at Ardrossan is modern ; none is mentioned there by Lyndsay and d'Arfeville.

of Quhytehorn", a decree of the protestant bishop Barnes mentions him as "St Trinyon". Paul Jove, in his "*Descriptio Britanniae*," gives a list of Scottish place names, among which appears "S Ninianus, Seynt Tronians, olim Candida Casa".¹

The saint was well known in France, owing especially to the Scottish auxiliaries who had a patriotic preference for swearing by him, and it was natural enough that Girard should think of him. He had not been forgotten among us at the Renaissance; he is mentioned more than once by Rabelais, when Pantagruel meets Panurge for the first time, the latter addresses him in a variety of foreign gibberish, and Carpalim, imitating the imperfect pronunciation of the French language by the Scots, exclaims "Saint Treignan ! foutys vous descoss ou j'ay faillly à entendre"² "St Treignan ! you are from Scotland, if I mistake not"³ Panurge, however, had, in that case, spoken Basque. When Mary Stuart, a child of six, landed in Brittany, in 1548, a chapel, now in ruins, was erected at Roscoff to commemorate the event, it was dedicated to St Ninian, whom the women of the place still invoke to-day as the traditional protector of their fishermen sons and husbands when at sea.

As for the locality itself, it is not, of course, in Wales, in the "*pais de Gales*," but it is in the land of *Galloway*,³ and it is quite like Girard to have confused the two names.

When he reached Scotland the fame of the sanctuary was at its height, Ninian was a popular saint, the one to appeal to in case of trouble on land or sea.

Tu per terras et per mare,
Dire victos liberare
Non cessas christicolas

Thus reads a thirteenth-century service composed in his honour. The saint was of the most venerated, the

¹ Venice, 1548, sig. I iij.

² Pantagruel, Bk II chap. IV.

³ On the origin of the name, the inhabitants being called "*Gallgaidhel*" or stringer Gaels, see Sir Herbert Maxwell, "*Studies*," as above, p. 39.

roads among the most frequented ¹ : as many reasons for the new-landed travellers to select his shrine.

It was, undoubtedly, as I think, to that "Candida Casa," formerly dedicated to one of the patrons of France, enlivened or not on the way by the songs or jests of minstrels, that the Seigneur de Bazoges went to suspend his "nef d'argent où les armes du Roy furent apposées."

It would be vain to look now for this ex-voto at Whit-horn ; the church, some few remnants of which have alone been preserved, was rifled at the time of the Reformation ; pilgrimages ceased, and Bishop Barnes forbade the observance of the vigils of "St. Trinyon," of St. Margaret, "or suche other, invented by the devill."

¹ The region being, however, very sparsely peopled. Writing at a much later date, Thomas Tucker still describes "the shires of Kyle, Carrick and Gallo-way [as] places fuller of moores and mosses then good townes or people," 1655. Text in P. Hume Brown, "Early Travellers in Scotland," p. 179.

IV

A DUKE AND HIS CITY

VESPASIANO GONZAGA
DUKE OF SABBIONETA

I

AS I happened to be in Mantua some years ago, a conversation I had had a few months before with Charles Yriarte recurred to my mind. With that enthusiasm and good grace which enlivened his talk and cause his memory to be cherished, he related how, having once taken one of those steam tramways which have multiplied in the Mantuan country, he had noticed by chance the name of a small station called Sabbioneta. He had at once remembered that this name had been born by a younger branch of the Gonzaga family, and had interrupted his journey to see whether the Gonzagas of Sabbioneta had not left, in this forgotten village, some traces of their passage. He had moved from surprise to surprise and enchantment to enchantment.

A treat it was to hear him describe his discoveries and recall the history of the ancient place. At his words, the walls of the city arose from earth, life was infused into the marbles, knights started for their wars, palaces and churches aligned around the public squares. What a lovable magician was that ever young Yriarte whom death was to take a few weeks later. Scarcely could a Guazzo give an idea of the charm of those "civil conversations" in which he excelled.

The mass of guide-books, and even the railroad

Orario, were mute then on Sabbioneta, so that we had, at first, some difficulty in finding the name on a map and in discovering, at the gates of Mantua, the steam tramway that traverses the domains of the vanished princes. The road at the start skirts the vast marshes, honoured with the name of lakes that surround the city, and from which was drawn, it is said, by a miracle of the Virgin, the monstrous "crocodilo" which, keeping company with a number of other wondrous memorials, swings from the roof of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Then comes the plain, radiant under the sun, with its umbrages, its corn-fields bordered by mulberry trees and climbing vines, behind the traveller, the blue of the sky and the blue of the Alps fuse into one. After two hours, the traveller reaches Sabbioneta.

On the left no habitation, but fields as far as the eye can see. On the right a moat full of moss-covered water, a monumental gate with a huge coat-of-arms carved in marble, a long line of bright-red walls. Over the moat a stone bridge, on either side of which two marble blocks bearing a crown and the three letters V. G. C.—Vespasiano Gonzaga Colonna. From that moment we are in the empires of Vespasiano Gonzaga. His name and mark are everywhere to be seen, all that is here he caused to be, his shade hovers over the city like that of Sigismondo Malatesta at Rimini.

The red walls with their moss-green moat surround the place, no one dreams of destroying them, the municipality is not rich enough to tear them down, and they will doubtless long continue to enclose the Sabbionetans, whom no one thinks of attacking and who have no prospect of ever needing to defend themselves. The wall hampers their communications with their fields outside, but it cannot be said to hinder their expansion, for the town is only half-peopled. It is, however, of the best enclosed, having only two gates, named by Vespasiano, in his triumphal style, the Imperial Gate and the Gate of Victory.

"Vespasianus Sablon. March. et conditor, portam hanc bene auguratus, Victoriam dixit."

The houses are low and pale of hue ; no activity of any sort, no sound. The population, mostly busy with its vines and its mulberry trees, is poor but not beggarly. No one solicits from the passer-by ; no palm is held out, no cicerone forcing his services upon the visitor, no troop of children assembling to watch the progress of a sketch and standing like a curtain between the sketcher and the monument.

The streets, long and straight, crossing each other at right angles, bespeak a city erected at a stretch, by the will of a single man, and which has not grown haphazard according to the fancy of each of the inhabitants. The chief edifices are grouped around Vespasiano's two great palaces, the ducal palace and the palace "del Giardino." The first occupies the farther end of a vast square surrounded with porticoes, according to the custom of the region. The façade has greatly suffered ; its loggia with bronze columns has disappeared, and the many-coloured frescoes that covered the wall up to its cornices have been drowned in whitewash. They represented, besides trophies, painted to imitate bronze, and due to the brush of Michel' Agnolo of Verona, "a Madonna twelve feet high, placed above the most valuable library of His Excellency and executed in admirable manner by Bernardino Campi, who has painted, a little lower, above the loggia under the two windows, angels fourteen feet high, upholding the ducal arms." It was a wonder to see personages of such dimensions, "così morbidi e delicati." So reads a contemporary description by Alessandro Lamo.¹ The name and titles of Vespasiano alone remain, engraved in large letters on the marble lintels of all the windows, with a persistence, an affirmation of his personality, equal to those of the

¹ "Discorso . . . intorno alla scoltura et pittura," dedicated to Vespasiano himself by a friend of the author who had gone to Spain, which friend was "Giov. Battista Trotto, pittore, soprannomato il Malosso," Cremona, 1584.

Malatesta, who had never tired of repeating on each arcade of his church that the work was due to him, Sigismund, son of Pandolfo "*Sigismundus Pandulfus Malatesta, Pandulfi filius, fecit anno gratiæ MCCCCL*"

The interior of the palace serves now for the school, the court house, all the administration of the city is lodged in it. A vast staircase in marble, open to all comers, leads to the first story and one has the surprise of finding there, riding their tall horses, four Gonzagas in noble attitudes, wearing their old armours or rich sixteenth-century costumes. Riders and horses are of wood, painted in natural colours that time has darkened. The first statue which strikes the eye is that of "Vespasiano, marquis of Gonzaga, duke of Sabbioneta and of Trajeto, prince of the Holy Roman Empire," so reads the inscription on the pedestal.

II

Vespasiano was born at Fondi in the kingdom of Naples, on the 6th of December, 1531. His mother, Isabella, was a Colonna, his father was that Luigi Gonzaga nicknamed Rodomonte, great fighter, stormer of cities and illustrious plunderer, who had entered Rome in the wake of the constable de Bourbon and had brought back from the sack of the city the first statues later included in the collection of antiques at Sabbioneta. Vespasiano was only a year old when Rodomonte was killed at the siege of Vicovaro. Sabbioneta was then a slimy borough, surrounded with marshes, defended by a keep and governed by the father of Rodomonte, Lodovico, a descendant of Luigi III, called the Turk, marquis of Mantua, of that famous house of Gonzaga, which claimed descent from emperor Lothar. For two centuries, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war with the Scaligers, the Visconti, the Estes, the Carraresi, Venice, Genoa, the Pope, allied by marriage to the Hohenzollerns and the chief families of Europe, the Gonzagas

had become famous as military leaders and as protectors of the arts. The most conspicuous had been Gianfrancesco II, who warred successively for or against Venice, the Emperor, the King of France, Pope Julius II, was captured by the Venitians, set free at the request of the Pope, became gonfalonier of the church, married the peerless Isabella of Este, and, in the intervals between his wars, presided with her over those delightful meetings devoted to art and to poetry, idealized in the picture by Lorenzo Costa, now at the Louvre. His career ended in 1519.

Vespasian, as yet a child, was still at Fondi with his mother when he was near to being carried away by the Turks. "Nothing stopped then," writes Sismondi, "the ravages of the Barbaresques, who, not content with all they could seize on the sea, descended on every shore, often burning towns and villages and carrying away the inhabitants into slavery. All the horrors that the slave trade caused Africa to suffer during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were inflicted by the Moslems on Italy in the sixteenth."

The expedition which imperilled young Vespasiano was of no common sort ; the terrible pirate of Tunis and Algiers, Kaïr-Eddin Barbarossa, having heard of the beauty of Giulia Colonna, aunt of the boy, and who was staying at Fondi with her sister Isabella, came to besiege the city ; but Giulia fled betimes, says Affò, "in her shift, and in the horror of the night, bringing to naught the wicked intentions of the barbaric Moslem." ¹ Vespasiano's mother soon remarried, becoming the wife of Carlo di Lanoja, prince of Sulmona ; his grandfather Lodovico died, and the child remained under the care of his aunt. The beautiful Giulia, whose charms were celebrated by poets without number, great Ariosto devoting to her a stanza in his "Orlando," was not only beautiful, but a woman of sense

¹ "Vita di Vespasiano Gonzaga," by Father Ireneo Affò, of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Letters of Mantua (the chief biographer of Vespasian), Parma, 1780.

and of will.¹ She gave to her ward, at Naples, the best masters, and the boy was soon noted for his cleverness in the "*arti cavalleresche*," his *facund*, his proficiency in mathematics and in the learned tongues. Verses, more flattering than poetical, were already addressed to him

Siete buon greco, buon latino e toscano

Vespasiano was to give later, out of gratitude, the name Giulia to the chief street in his city, the one running in a straight line, from the Imperial Gate to the Gate of Victory.

Lives in those days were brief, they were subject to thousands of accidents, they began early. Vespasiano was scarcely sixteen when a marriage was being negotiated for him with Vittoria Farnese, a niece of the Pope, the plan failed, but two years later, without any negotiations or formalities, the young man became enamoured, at M'an, of a Sicilian maid, of noble family and of very coquettish dispositions, Diana, daughter of don Antonio di Cardona, he married her so suddenly that the relatives of the lady heard of the event only several weeks later. Ten years afterwards Vespasiano, returning from a lengthy expedition, found or thought he found his wife pregnant, secret information increased his suspicions. What happened? "I could not say," his biographer writes, "the fact is that donna Diana died, and the belief is that she was removed by violence from this world." Who would have dared investigate in those days? Vespasiano simply wrote to his aunt Giulia. "It has pleased God to call to him my wife, she died suddenly of apoplexy without being able to speak a word." November 9, 1559.

Meanwhile Vespasiano was busy with wars. The occasions for "*apertises d'armes*," as Froissart would have

¹ See the interesting biography, with many original documents, of Dr. Bruto Amante, Giulia Gonzaga, contessa di Fondi e il movimento religioso femminile nel secolo XVI," Bologna, 1895. Daughter of Ludovico Gonzaga, di Sabbioneta, sister of Luigi Rodomonte, she married the elderly, lame and one-armed Vespasiano Colonna, who shortly after left her a widow (1528). Isabella, mother of our Vespasiano, was a daughter of the same Colonna by a first marriage.

said, were numerous. The peninsula was, in the sixteenth century, but an immense battlefield where Italian liberties, no longer extant, could not even be in question : the Emperor, the houses of Spain and of France, were fighting there for supremacy ; the formerly independent cities held for the one or the other ; Venice alone, though, for her too, decline was not far off, still remained free and respected. Carried to excess, individualism, as fully developed among cities as among men, had brought forth its inevitable fruits. Men and cities had cared for themselves alone ; no feeling of ensemble, no idea of the common interests of peoples of the same civilization and same tongue ; each acted on his own account, seeming to have for his motto : *Ad maiorem mei gloriam !* What matters it that the neighbouring city, the glory of Italy, an honour for mankind, a centre of light, crumble under the cannon or be destroyed by fire ? What imports, each of them thought, is that my own proper city grow and that my own person become illustrious by deeds of valour. Let my neighbour perish, let Florence, let Venice, let even the Church, so it be *ad maiorem mei gloriam !* No other thought is found among the powerful leaders of the day ; they are blind to all the rest ; their conscience is cheveril to what concerns themselves, adamant to what regards others. They plunder Rome to enrich Sabbioneta ; they take the marbles of Ravenna to adorn a façade at Rimini : a noble and meritorious deed, they think, worthy of praise, and showing that they had the sense of nationalism as it was then understood.

Hence, on account of their audacious strokes and their expense of energy checked by no scruple, the unique picturesqueness of those lives of men and cities. Hence also the catastrophes, the appeal of the weaker ones to the foreigner who rolls his roller over both, strong and weak, but who, while levelling, unifies, and prepares unawares, after a period of terrible decay, the great *risorgimento* of the last century.

Active, energetic, enterprising, Vespasiano was of his

time and country He had nothing of the dreamer who thinks of the far-off future, he did not stop to muse on what is called in Sully-Prudhomme's fine lines,

Ce dé fatal, caché dans la robe des heures,
Qu'on nomme avec effroi demain

—"that fatal die, hid in the Hours' robe—that is named with fear, to-morrow" He was of to-day, not of to-morrow First his person, his renown, his glory, then his city, then the arts Love of the arts is a common trait in all those leaders of armies, but arts take only the third rank, after the care for their person and their town, a statue acquired by plunder or by fraud causes them no qualms of conscience, even if taken from Rome, the holy city *Ad majorem mei gloriam!* Such is, indeed, their only guiding rule

Vespasiano's whole life was governed by that rule, and so were the lives of many others On a mere suspicion, out of fear lest his glory might suffer some blemish, he causes his wife to die "of apoplexy" He honours Italy in giving her one more city, but he does not think of Italy, he thinks only of Sabbioneta, which is another way of thinking of himself For Sabbioneta to develop and to last, support from abroad is necessary, and the proud Gonzaga lives in the shadow of the royal or imperial majesty He does not tire of serving Spain and the Empire, he is page to the Spanish Prince royal, the future Philip II, he fights the Emperor's battles; he fortifies the coasts of Spain against the incursions of the Moorish pirates, first Carthagena, which he renders "piu gagliarda," then Fontarabia, San Sebastian, and other places He crosses the sea, fortifies Oran, and parts of the fort of Santa Cruz above the city, from which, says his biographer, is descried the bay of "Marzaelquibir," are his work At each new reign he hastens to render homage, and each new sovereign bestows on him some new dignity give and take

On the accession of Philip II he is made a grandee of Spain, "receiving the privilege of keeping his head covered

in the presence of the king." On the accession of Maximilian II he obtains that Sabbioneta become a marquisate, that it be held by him directly from the Holy Empire, and that he himself should have for his armorial bearings those of Austria. They are to be seen everywhere in his city : the two-headed eagle, with the addition of the word *Libertas*.

On Rudolph II's coming to the throne, Sabbioneta is made a duchy ; Vespasiano receives a little later the Golden Fleece. The pallid successors of Charles V spread over him, they say, " their shadow," and grant him, their brevets read, " their protection and that of their imperial eagle." This fiery captain accepts with eagerness such brevets ; he even applies for them. The haughty words, denoting subjection, used towards him by Rudolph II, a crowned alchemist, emperor only in name, do not revolt him ; far from it : he finds in them pledges of liberty. He will be the undisputed master of his own subjects, will act as he pleases where it most imports him to rule, at Sabbioneta which is his universe, and which he endows with all the institutions necessary for a complete State : schools, printing press, mint, tribunal, theatre, museums ; the city is a microcosm sufficient unto itself. Such is the ideal of all those cities ; the smallest aspires to be a complete whole, a small world. Vespasiano has his recently adopted motto, *Libertas*, engraved everywhere in his capital, the meaning of which word should not be mistaken ; it means that he is the master.

Before retiring definitively to Sabbioneta, this Gonzaga had won renown on the battlefields. Wars waged in those days on behalf of foreigners, among maize fields and olive trees, around picturesque citadels crowning blue mountains, with no national cause to warm the heart, appear now to us, distant onlookers, unreal fights. It seems as though tapestry personages, wearing gilt armours, were brandishing finely chiselled swords on backgrounds of verdure. Such personages are not only warriors, but poets and artists ; they want to enchant the eye, while the story of their deeds

will later enchant the ear, they are called in tapestries Hercules, Troilus, Cæsar, Coriolanus, and might be called Colleone or Vespasiano, they ride forth magnificent to behold, they batter with their sculptured cannon the emblazoned gates of cities, they scale fortresses, wearing plate armour on which is engraved the whole history of Troy, they fall stricken to death, superb even in their fall, decorative in their catastrophe. That they fight for France or for Spain is secondary, many of them change sides, as did Gianfrancesco Gonzaga, who served in succession everybody in the peninsula, thinking in reality only of himself, to do so is not treason for them, to commit treason one must have a motherland.

Vespasiano takes part in the "war of Parma,"¹ and at twenty receives his first wound. The year after, he is in Piedmont, and leads his Italians, who fight on behalf of Emperor Charles V, against the Swiss, who fight on behalf of Henri II of France. He rushes into the thick of the fray and carves for himself a path with his sword, but his horse is killed and he is himself "struck on the head by a heavy halberd, becoming so dazed by it that his sword falls from his hand." He is extricated with difficulty, but his sword remains with the enemy. A few days later an interview takes place between Marshal de Brissac, who commanded for the King of France, and don Ferrante Gonzaga, the leader-in-chief of the imperial troops. The Marshal, a famous soldier, "noble in everything," says Brantôme, "by his virtues and by his race,"² highly praised the prowess of Vespasiano, and said that "he would

¹ Caused by Ottavio Farnese, duke of Parma, who, in doubt as to his safety and that of his state, had entered in 1551 into a league with the King of France. Pope Julius III ordered him under threat of excommunication, to give it up. On the refusal of the duke, war broke out, Parma being besieged by the imperial troops, led by Ferrante Gonzaga, uncle of Vespasiano.

² *M le Mareschal de Brissac fut noble en tout, de vertu et de race.* Recalling his death at 57, Brantôme adds: *C'est grand dommage que ces grands capitaines s'envenissent et meurent*, he had had the good fortune of fighting the three best generals of his day, which is a great advantage.

Vertu contre vertu se fait bien plus prestre

"Les Grands Capitaines françois," *Œuvres*, ed Lalanne, IV, 61, 65

have had the better of the Swiss if fate had not been against him that day," and that he had lost his sword only by mischance. He caused the sword to be brought, and he handed it back to the young captain, "exhorting him to be ever worthy of himself and to magnanimously emulate the glory of his ancestors." Tapestry wars indeed; people fought without hatred, to acquire glory, and the adversary encouraged his foe to perform against himself, if he could, the most wonderful feats ever recorded.

One trait, however, which ought to have been better preserved down to our own times, is the care taken by the best among the commanders to have the rules of "*la bonne guerre*," of the war honestly conducted, exactly observed. The expression, which is the source of the colloquial saying still in use: "*Ce n'est pas de bonne guerre*," constantly recurs in the documents of the time. Any act not "*de bonne guerre*" was considered unworthy of gentlemen and punishment was inflicted by honourable leaders on their own followers. In the ordinances for his troops, of the same Marshal de Brissac during this same campaign, one reads: "Those who shall rob churches or defile them, either when on the march or after the taking of cities, shall be punished with death. The penalty will be the same for the rape of women or girls."¹ No chicken or food of any sort can be appropriated without paying, and so on. That such an ideal was always lived up to, no one will pretend, but it is something that such was, indeed, the ideal among the best military leaders of the day.

In many other battles, in Italy or in Spain, before many a red-walled *rocca*, our warrior was to be found. He took particular pleasure in routing Orsini out of Vicovaro, where his father Rodomonte had been killed. At the storming of Ostia an arquebuse shot slit his upper lip, "but thanks to the admirable skill of the surgeons, his features were in no

¹ Boyvin de Vilars, "*Mémoires . . . sur les guerres démeslées . . . par feu Messire Charles de Cossé, conte de Brissac, mareschal de France*," Paris, 1606, 4^e, p. 80.

way deformed, and this noble scar even increased the dignity of his countenance "

III

Between a siege and a battle, during the armistices of wars which were never quite finished, Vespasiano mixed with men of letters, studied Vitruvius, so as to be able, when the moment should come, to build his city, in a way worthy of the ancient Romans, read Virgil, collected statues, discussed the rules of the *Ars Poetica*, and sharpened his wit in literary tourneys among those academies which were multiplying then on Italian soil ¹. He himself became a member of the academy "degli Affidati," of Pavia, in which, the custom being for each member to assume a fancy name, he took the appellation of Severus. From his birth, poets had had their eyes on him, claiming him as one of them. "Try and write," said Ippolito Capilupi, one of the five poets of that name, all of them from Mantua and who had more than once the honour of being imitated by Ronsard, "something worthy of your genius, and remember that Cæsar's deeds are not more famous than Virgil's poems

Non magis invicti celebrantur Cæsaris acta
Quam patris vatis carmina Virgili ²

And the wounded warrior of Ostia rhymed sonnets which we still possess, tried to render in Italian lines the "Sorrow of Aristæus" ³ and won the praise of Tasso himself ⁴

¹ One hundred and seventy were founded in the sixteenth century, according to Tiraboschi. Proceedings of the British Academy, 1903-4, p. 3, speech of Lord Reay.

² Capiluporum Carmina, Rome, 1590, 4°, p. 82; see also p. 139.

³ Printed at the end of Affò's biography.

⁴ Vespasiano, io già sapea che l'armi

Signor più valoroso oggi non veste

Ma non ancora i tuoi leggiadri carmi,

Ne rime avea vedute or vedo queste

Tue chiare e liete e le mie fosche e meste

E fra me dico o gloriosa mano,

Non sai stare oziosa, e tosto prendi

La dotta penna ove depon la spada

⁵ Rome, di nuovo corrette, Pisa, 1821, vol. III, sonnet 272, see also the sonnets 149, 141, 273

Poets dedicated their works to him with an eagerness the greater that the two first who paid him this compliment received one hundred crowns : to which circumstance he owed a vast number of other offerings that he left unacknowledged.

He took part in literary discussions and the Minturno wrote, at his request, a Poetical Art in the form of dialogues in which figures Vespasiano himself. The author explains how that work¹ (long admired and of which a superb edition was given as late as the eighteenth century) was the outcome of talks which had taken place between himself, Vespasiano, and other cultured persons, "when the war was finished that raged between pope Paul IV, of happy memory, and His Excellency the duke of Alba, then Vice-Roy of Naples, to the great injury of both Naples and the Church," another war of tapestry personages, waged by the Holiness of the one against the Excellency of the other.

But a much more remarkable work was to be the result of the literary debates in which Vespasiano loved to take part : Guazzo's "Civil Conversation" published in 1575, famous throughout Europe and which was soon translated into French and English, later into Latin ; two different French translations appeared in 1579, the English in 1586.² The book was written following a supper given at Casale by one of the elegant and learned ladies of the place. The guests

¹ "L'Arte Poetica," Venice, 1563, 4°. The dedication to the "Accademia Laria della Citta di Como" is dated September 21, 1563.

² "La Civil Conversazione," Venice 1575 ; dedication to "Vespasiano Gonzaga Colonna," dated Casale, March 1st, 1574.—"La civile Conversation . . . traduite de l'Italien par Gabriel Chappuys," Lyons, 1579—"La civile conversation . . . le tout traduit d'Italien en François par F. de Belleforest," Paris, 1579. The translator insists on the usefulness of the work : "Vieux et jeunes, scavantz et ignorantz, mariez et non mariez, hommes et femmes trouveront icy assez que apprendre : et verront familiarisez et communiquez les thesors de la philosophie morale concernanz les vertus et pointcz qui lient les cœurs des hommes ensemble." Thou wilt find the book profitable, o reader, "tant pour l'ornement de la langue que pour l'embellissement de tes mœurs et façons de vivre."—"The civile conversation . . . written first in Italian, devided into foure bookes, the first three translated out of French by G. Pettie . . . the fourth translated out of Italian by B. Young," London, 1586. The Latin translation is of 1650. The author of the original work, Stefano Guazzo, born at Casale in 1530, of an old family, died in 1593.

had remained late into the night discussing many subjects with the ardour, the witty ingeniousness and the eloquence of the Italians of those times and of all times On leaving, Vespasiano said to Guazzo "You ought to preserve the remembrance of what we said, add with your maestria the necessary ornaments," and thus raise "a temple to the art of conversation" Guazzo assures us that he blushed deeply, the advice could not, however, be ignored, and he began writing the book which made his name famous

The work treats of good and bad company, of conversations between young and old, men of high and of low degree, husbands and wives It is divided into four parts, the last of which is entirely filled by an account of the supper at Casale, and is the most curious of all It shows how people of education tried then to refine their minds and what they considered to be pretty ways and graceful talk

The mistress of the house was already surrounded by her guests when Vespasiano arrived, making a total of ten "On the coming of the lord Vespasiano, all rose, and when a chair had been offered him, he ordered everybody to be seated, at the same time as himself Which done, all remained a good long time so silent that the lord Vespasiano said that he had thought he had come into a company, but found he was in a solitude, and thereupon, as all looked at each other saying never a word, he rose, and having bowed to the company, took leave, saying that he would go in order to let them continue a talk which he found he had interrupted"

The lady Caterina beseeched him to stay "'If I do not go,' replied Vespasiano, 'for the reason already given, yet must I for this other that, since guests to a supper must not surpass the number of nine, which number is full, I should retire because I am the one who spoils it' To which the lord Giovanni Cane answered 'Since we have to exclude the one who is superfluous, if nothing superfluous is to be admitted, it will be better that your Excellency remain and that the useless dog (cane) that I am leave the place'

"He rose as if to go, but Vespasiano stopped him saying : ' If there were here some savage biting dog, I would consider it right that he be chased out for fear he might offend somebody. But I see here only peace, amity and concord, and you are so gracious and faithful a dog that you well deserve that the lady Caterina should give you a supper and that we should all caress you, for you are the sure guardian of this company.' "

The chief point is to get going ; once on the way there is no stopping ; they continue, refine, outdo each other, tirelessly, endlessly. To be sure, says one, nine is a perfect number since it is that of the Muses ; but there must be in every assembly a tenth member, to be Apollo.

We are, moreover, only nine, one of the ladies observed : " ' You offend God's majesty in counting us as ten since you divide those He has joined and count as two the lord Bernardino and the lady Giovanna, who, by the virtue of marriage, are only one.' Everybody praised this Christian arithmetic."

All agree at last that everyone shall remain and, as the evening seems to begin well, a proposal is made that an over-ruler be chosen to govern the company, preferably Vespasiano, a ruler by birth and accustomed to govern.

" ' No, no,' said he, ' take it that my titles have been left at home and that there is here but Vespasiano, a private man like the others. Let us try on who will be the king or queen of this company.' "

Chance will decide. A book was on the table, a Petrarch of course. Vespasiano took it and proposed that each should select for himself the first, the second or some other line of the sonnet found on the right page of the book, opened at random, with the behest that the one to whom should fall the verse most appropriate to lordship and governance, would be acknowledged the king or queen of the assembly. Each having made his choice, Vespasiano opened the book and lit on the sonnet beginning :

Oime il bel viso . . .

—the touching sonnet written by Petrarch on the news of the death of Laura. The lady Giovanna was declared queen on account of the line whose number she had selected, the seventh, which reads .

Alma real, dignissima d'impero

Thereupon it is decided that Vespasiano and one other shall be judges of any differences that may arise and, as Vespasiano had, on his arrival, spoken of solitude, each is asked to state the place where he would best like to lead a solitary life and why. Each makes as ingenious an answer as he can, the judges have to decide which is the best. The matter is of importance, these declare, and they must well "masticate" and ruminate their answer.

This being the case, adds Vespasiano, in whom the soldier reawakens, "let supper be brought for us, and while we two masticate our answer, our solitaires will fast and pray in their solitude, to the advantage of their souls"—No, no, cry the solitaires, "before lent, one must make good cheer", moreover, fasting "begins in the morning, not in the evening". They find innumerable other reasons, retorts and arguments.

Other games are then started and other judges selected. "Well," says lord Hercole, "we might start a game consisting in each of us imagining something caused by two others together." All try their best, answer follows answer, the judges decide that, of the men, Vespasiano has spoken best, and of the women the lady Caterina, and here is what they had bethought themselves of. "The lord Vespasiano, turning towards the lady Caterina, had said

"I present to you Confusion, whom Hope and Fear, conversing together, have engendered in my heart."

"Addressing Vespasiano, the lady Caterina had said 'I present to you a wreath which the Letters and Arms, being together, have woven for you'."

Hercole falls into disgrace, is ordered by the Queen to

do penance and, to be pardoned, has to answer all questions and solve all problems. "The lady Caterina asks :

" 'To whom can one most freely reveal a secret ?'

"He answers : 'To a liar, for, if he repeats it, he will not be believed.' "

"The Knight asks him what thing most resembles death." Hercole requests from the Queen that the question be altered, because the answer might displease the ladies ; the request is rejected, and his answer turns out to be : " 'Woman ; for just like Death, she follows one who flees from her, and flees from one who calls her.' "

In spite of the presence of ladies and that of Vespasiano, women and the great are not much spared. What does woman most resemble ? "Scales, because she yields where she receives most." Which are the most unfortunate subjects ? "Those who are submitted to several masters, for several bags are more difficult to fill than a single one."

Many other remarks are exchanged, many other games invented. The facund of those wits is unquenchable ; they sometimes indulge in sharp replies as they sometimes have monsters and chimerae carved on their gates : a mere play of their minds. They are fond of finery, gilding, festoons, embroideries, and ornaments. They want them in their palaces, on their garments, in their talk ; their artists are inexhaustible, their embroiderers and chisellers are without peer, their talkers are ever ready. They love subtle and intricate ornamentations, the labyrinths of thought in which heavy Northerners will lose their way. A labyrinth is carved on the ceiling of the palace at Mantua with the motto : *Forse che si, forse che no*. But the doubt is only for others ; they always know how to get out.

Thus did minds in the sixteenth century practise agility ; the mental gymnastics proposed as models by Guazzo enjoyed instant popularity. The people of France were enthusiastic, those of England rapturous ; they tried to renew in private meetings the graces of the Casale supper ; academies were founded north of the Alps in imitation of

the innumerable Italian academies, one of which had been established at Casale by Guazzo himself, the "Accademia degl'Illustrati," in which he bore the name of "l'Elevato." Salons were opened to emulate that of the lady Caterina, the famous one in particular created in Paris by another Catherine, the daughter of Jean de Vivonne and Giulia Savelli, born in Rome in the days when Vespasiano was beginning to build his city. Established in her famous "hôtel" of the Rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, the marquise de Rambouillet offered to the wits of Paris a perpetual Casale supper.

But before long a difference was seen. When men's minds had been sufficiently sharpened and that, by dint of seeking the fine, finer, finest shades of things, they were in danger of a swerving from sense and reason, a reaction occurred in France, and wise Molière rang the knell of the "Précieuses." His Madelon was for impromptus, his Cathos for enigmas, both longed for those visits "in the course of which some genteel question never fails to be propounded to exercise the wits of the assembly, in a word they too wanted a perpetual Casale supper. But at Paris the day of the Casale feast had passed, while in Italy it lasted still, during the whole of the seventeenth century the whole of the eighteenth, tirelessly, ever seeking "le fin du fin," the wits supped at Casale. In France people had stopped betimes, in Italy, becoming more and more supple, minds were losing their vigour, they spent in nothings treasures of ingeniousness, "litterati" and men of the world juggled with words, victims of that precious and fateful gift, an incredible facility.

The honest-minded and charming Goldoni, whose work is in reaction against those tendencies, entered one day a meeting held by the academy of the "Apatisti" in Florence and witnessed the literary exercise called the *Sibillone*.

The *Sibillone*, or great Sibyl, is but a child of ten or twelve years, placed on a chair in the midst of the assembly. A bystander, taken haphazard among the assistants, asks

that young sibyl a question ; the child must, at once, pronounce a word, and that word is the oracle of the prophetess, the answer to the question put to her.

" These answers, these oracles delivered by a school-child, without even the time for reflexion, are usually devoid of meaning ; but next to the tribune is an academician who, rising from his seat, maintains that the *sibillone* has answered very well, and that he will immediately interpret the oracle.

" To make the reader understand how far the imagination and boldness of Italian minds can go, I shall give an account of the question, the answer and the interpretation I heard.

" The questioner requested the sibyl to be so good as to say why women wept oftener and more easily than men. The sibyl, for her only answer, said the word *straw*, and the interpreter, addressing the author of the question, maintained that the oracle could be neither more decisive nor more satisfactory.

" This learned academician, who was an *abbé* of about forty, fat and round, with a pleasant, sonorous voice, spoke for about three-quarters of an hour. He made an analysis of light-weight plants, proved that straw surpassed all others in fragility ; from straw he passed to woman ; he evolved with equal lucidity and rapidity a sort of anatomical essay on the human body. He investigated the source of tears in the two sexes. He showed the delicacy of the fibres in the one, and their resistance in the other. He ended flattering the ladies present by giving to weakness the privilege of sensibility, and was careful to say nothing of tears to order."

People had travelled very far indeed ; at least, in former times, Hercole Visconti would answer directly the questions put to him, without the supplementary complication of the *sibillone*. New meanderings have been added to the labyrinth : *Forse che si, forse che no* ; the Apatisti academicians did not fail, as we see, to find the way out. {More

profitable it would have been had another Molière appeared to cut short the utterances of those "abbés," but none came, and a century after the Madelons had been silenced, "abbés" were still talking away. Thus people amused themselves in Tuscany, awaiting the great days of the *Risorgimento*

IV

Vespasiano did not sup every night at Casale. He often supped at Sabbioneta, busy with graver interests. After his own person, what imported him most was his city. Even from afar he followed its progress, and he made his cousin Hercole Visconti send him long letters with information about the state of each building, and even about the colour of friezes and cornices. "The rest of the frieze is in gay colours (*colori allegri*), and the cornices are being painted in colours imitating spotted stone." The representation of famous cities planned for the gallery is progressing most satisfactorily, Naples, Rome, Florence, Genoa, Constantinople, Venice, Antwerp have already been painted.

It was in 1559, at the time when he returned from Spain, and his wife died of "apoplexy," that Vespasiano had resolved to transform into a real city the hereditary marsh and borough dominated by a mere *rocca*. He ordered the city to appear, and it appeared, in 1559 there was nothing, in 1562 there was a city. It is one more characteristic trait of the Italians of the Renaissance, they are not bold only in words, they see great, they dream immense, and do not leave unattempted the often impossible task. The pettiest nobleman who chanced to possess some savings digs the foundations of a wondrous palace, builds a colossal entrance gate as if he were expecting the visit of giants, is ruined before having reached the balcony of the first story, and his posterity will have to live, for ages, in straitened circumstances, inhabiting an immense empty ground floor, above which rises nothing. In some

other country the gentleman would have built a manor-house of a size matching his circumstances, where he would have lived in sufficient comfort, and his kin after him. In Italy, not at all deterred by their neighbour's catastrophe, men were ever ready to scale heaven. There was doubtless no great chance of succeeding, but who knows? *Forse che si!* One system produced better-policed states; the other, more extraordinary individuals.

One may smile at these unbalanced efforts, but one can also find in them something to admire. This vanity or temerity has caused the performing of high deeds; Italian cities and republics behaved like the boldest people of the land, and more than once it happened that the impossible dreams of Rome or Venice, Este, Milan, Mantua, Florence, or Padua became realities.

In the same manner, too, may be considered that almost morbid taste which, their greater geniuses excepted, so many among them have for ornamentation and which is encouraged by their prodigious facility of execution, whatever be the occasion, and whether it needs the fingers, the tongue, the brush, the chisel, or the pen. They cannot stand the idea of a plain white surface. It must be clothed in many-coloured marbles richly carved; if resources are lacking they will at least begin, even if the work has to remain unfinished to the end of time. If there is not even money enough to begin in marble, they will use stucco, and if stucco is beyond their reach they will use paint, be it that of the commonest of plasterers and wall-daubers. And this plasterer, as bold as Este or Carrara, will be hampered by no hesitations, will attempt the impossible, will paint garlands of flowers, balconies and columns, represent the whole of Roman history, show an imaginary cathedral opening in perspective on the side of a real one. What is plain and colourless causes them physical pain. At this again one may smile, but one can do better than deride, for even such lapses into bad taste are nothing else in truth than an instinctive homage to beauty.

Vespasiano was one of those whom fortune favoured, he could begin and achieve. After three years his city looked a city, and there was nothing left to do but to people it. Others might be embarrassed, he, not at all. He issued a proclamation ordering all those living on his possessions, apt to lead citizens' lives, all men of any means, artists, artisans, craftsmen, clerks, office holders of any sort, to leave the country and come and inhabit the new city. Lives are brief, one must act quickly; no time should be squandered, the ordinance signed "Vespasiano Gonzaga Colonna," countersigned "Mutio Capilupio," is of the 27th September, 1562, it grants the country people until the 8th of October, that is one week and a half, to come to town with their families. Beyond that date, any delinquent will pay one hundred scudi or, failing that, will receive three times the "strappado," *tre tratti di corda*. The result was as desired, as soon as it was built the city was peopled, the motto *Libertas* really meant that Vespasiano could do what he pleased.

Inhabitants having come, they must be instructed, also without loss of time. Vespasiano loves his subjects in his own way and adores letters, the "strappado" was not a sign of animosity, far from it, but just a means to avoid delays. The delay for settling in Sabbioneta ended on the 8th of October, on the 6th Vespasiano had issued another ordinance, in Latin that one and in the noblest style, expressing ideas which would truly suffice to honour his name. "*Nos Vespasianus Gonzaga Columna*, etc, passionately desiring to fill with a considerable number of inhabitants our city of Sabbioneta, recently founded by ourselves, and to adorn and embellish it moreover, not only with all the mechanical arts necessary for human life, but, more still, with humanities and those liberal disciplines, without which it is not possible to live well (*sine quibus bene vivi non potest*). have founded a new literary academy," in which Greek, Latin, and all humanity, *omnem humanitatem*, will be taught, for nothing, with open doors to all comers, people of

Sabbioneta and foreigners, *alieni*. By foreigners one must understand men from neighbouring cities, Mantua, Bologna or Cremona. A professor had been selected from among the most eminent of Italy, to interpret Greek and Latin authors, "every day except holidays." A very high salary was allotted him.

The professor thus appointed was celebrated indeed, being no other than old Mario Nizolio, a philosopher and Latinist of fame and one of the most strenuous protagonists of the Renaissance, author of a dictionary of Cicero's language, which was at the same time a concordance to his works,¹ and of a treatise against the scholastic "pseudo-philosophers," in the not over-modest title of which he assured his readers that he had set forth "nearly all the true principles of the true arts and sciences."² Both were long in demand; the first was still reprinted in the nineteenth century³; Leibnitz in the eighteenth gave a new edition of the second, and Fontenelle, in his "Éloge" of the latter, praised at the same time Nizolio "who had dared to boldly take his stand against false philosophers of the past and of the present, against their monstrous ideas and their barbaric language, going even so far as to speak of Saint Thomas as having been like a one-eyed man among blind men. The long and constant admiration felt for Aristotle showed only, he thought, that fools are innumerable and folly everlasting."

Nizolio inaugurated his lectures on the 6th of December by a solemn Latin oration, having of course for its subject the merits of Vespasiano, of letters and of the new city, so

¹ "M. Nizolii Observationum in M. Tullium Ciceronem prima pars," Brescia, 1535, fol., savagely and unjustly attacked by Henri Estienne ("Nizoliodidasculus, sive Monitor Ciceroniarum Nizolianorum," 1578); often reprinted with additions, e.g. by Aldus, "Nizolius, sive Thesaurus Ciceronianus omnia Ciceronis verba omnemque loquendi atque eloquendi varietatem amplexus," Venice, 1576, fol.

² "M. Nizolii de veris principiis et vera ratione philosophandi, contra pseudophilosophos libri III. In quibus statuuntur fere omnia vera verarum artium et scientiarum principia," Parma, 1553, 4°.

³ "Lexicon . . . juxta editionem J. Facciolati," London, 1820, 3 vol. 8°.

different from the former one, marshy and full of frogs, "*aquis, ramisque plena*" The speech was printed without loss of time and we still possess it ¹

Sabbioneta had her library and her printing press, the latter noted, and soon obnoxiously noted for its issuing of Hebrew works All his life Vespasiano had been interested in books, so passionately even that some felt rather suspicious as to the means he used to procure them One of these means consisted apparently in borrowing and not returning "I would willingly send you," Galeazzo Florimonte, bishop of Sessa, wrote to him, "certain books which I possess and which interest you, but you, soldier lords, are so accustomed to plunder, that you care little for returning what you borrow"

Sabbioneta had her mint, whose products were prized even in Vespasiano's lifetime ² It was directed by Andrea Cavalli, cannon and statue founder, who cast the bronze base and capital of the Pallas column on the place of arms of the city "*Andreas Caballus fecit, 1584*"

Sabbioneta had her theatre The drama was, in the eyes of Vespasiano, one of those arts without which "it is impossible to live well" At that time everything was done, as much as possible, in Roman fashion Vitruvius was for the Duke an inseparable companion Palladio was dead, but Scamozzi had just made himself famous by erecting, from the plans of the master, the "Teatro Olimpico" of Vicenza The artist, then at Venice, was summoned to Sabbioneta to draw the plans for a theatre He started on the 1st of May, 1588, arrived on the 3rd,

¹ Maru Nizolin Brixellensis oratio habita in principio Academix Sabulonetz, Parma, 1563, 4

² The Paris Cabinet des Médailles possesses four fine specimens thereof, two in gold and two in silver The first bear the complicated coat-of-arms of Vespasiano with the column of the Colonnas which he liked to insert in his arms; the inscription on the reverse is, *Fortitudo et Laus mea Durinus* The silver ones, of more recent date, have the two-headed eagle and the motto *Libertas* and, on the other side, an Assumption with the inscription, *Maria in celum assumpta est* Our Lady of the Assumption was one of the favourite devotions of Vespasiano, he dedicated to her the great church of Sabbioneta It is very probable that the fresco painted by Campi on the façade of the palace represented the Assumption.

finished his plans on the 10th (he, too, lost no time), received thirty gold Spanish dubloons, besides his travelling expenses, testified by a receipt in due form that he was well pleased with the welcome and the pay, and was back in Venice on the morning of Friday, the 13th. One can see in the museum at Vicenza the "*coppia del disegno fatto all' Eccel^o P. Duca di Sabbioneta*," by the said Scamozzi, including the plan and the elevation of the hall, the stage, the seats, the big loggia and columnade, surmounted by the statues of the greater gods.¹

As is the design, so has remained, up to now, the monument. The scenery alone has disappeared ; the plan shows that it consisted, as at Vicenza, in a pseudo-Roman perspective : a public place in the foreground, and back, in the centre, a large street with smaller ones on either side. Scamozzi was repeating himself, but he had a good excuse ; he was not to swerve from Vitruvius as Palladio had understood him. Little enough time had been, moreover, allowed him for new devices. The seats arranged in a semi-circle are intact ; so is the large loggia formed by a tall semi-circular columnade ; intact also the twelve divinities of mythology, the gods in their antique costumes, the goddesses in their radiant nudity. Back of the columnade, the rectangular wall of the theatre is covered with monochrome paintings representing heroes of antiquity.

The moment the theatre was finished, the Duke made an agreement with Messer Silvio de' Gambi, of Ferrara, who was to provide a troupe of good comedians bound to play for sixty days in Sabbioneta, that is twenty days at the Carnival, twenty at the Pentecost, and twenty in September, the troupe being allowed free lodgings and food, and receiving 400 crowns. The poorer people were admitted freely. The success was great ; play-lovers flocked to Sabbioneta from neighbouring cities at the time of the performances.

The place, when we visited it, was in great disorder ;

¹ Reproduced by Yriarte from the originals preserved at Florence, "*Gazette des Beaux Arts*," February 6, 1898.

a popular ball had just been given there, a chandelier of withered foliage hung from the ceiling, here and there music-stands lay overturned in the dust. It is worthy of note that while Vespasiano's little capital adorned itself, after Vicenza, with a theatre in antique style, Paris, "la grand' ville" of King Henri IV of France, had to be content for forty years more with the old play-house of the Brothers of the Passion.

Sabbioneta had her palaces, her statues, her great squares, her frescoes, her ceilings with elaborate caissons, her gallery of antiques. Retired in his city, the Duke, whose first care had been to finish the walls and mount big cannons on them ("canonni grossi"), busied himself, terminating the ornamentation of the place, much advanced already by the care of his cousin Visconti. He summoned from Cremona, Mantua, Venice, a number of artists, painters, sculptors, stucco-plasterers, he had others in his pay to scour the provinces and buy "anticaglie" for him. The most celebrated of his collaborators was that extraordinary Leone Leoni, famous for his genius, his fiery temper, his duels, the jealousies and hatreds he caused, and of whom it was said that he never had but one friend, well chosen it is true, since that friend was Michael-Angelo.

To Leoni's chisel is due the bronze statue of Vespasiano, perhaps the artist's masterpiece, little known though it be, and in any case the most magnificent work of art in Sabbioneta.¹ The Duke is represented seated, garbed in a semi-antique costume recalling that of Giuliano de' Medici at Florence, but in a pose very different from the one it pleased Michael-Angelo to attribute to the insignificant personage transformed by his fancy into an ideal soldier. Michael-Angelo wandered as far as possible from a reality which saddened him, Leone Leoni lovingly copied the features of a model in whom he delighted. His right arm stretched forth, the hand raised and open, the expression firm and

¹ Unmentioned in the chief work on Leone Leoni, that of Eugène Plon, Paris, 1887, 4°

resolute, as befits the man who had signed the proclamation for the peopling of Sabbioneta, Vespasiano seems, remarks Affò, to order the city to rise. This bronze, of splendid patina, was formerly in the centre of the chief square, facing the palace. It is now at Santa Maria Incoronata, on the multi-coloured marble tomb that the Duke's daughter erected for him, as we shall see, by his order.

Besides Leone Leoni, Vespasiano had in his pay Bernardino Campi, a pupil of Giulio Romano, and who had painted, in elegant and picturesque style, the frescoes of several churches in Cremona; Camillo Ballino, of Venice, "a pupil of great Titian"; Giovanni and Cherubino Alberti, of Borgo San Sepolcro; a Fleming, John da Villa, who was drowned in the Oglio and for whom his master erected a marble tomb in the great church of Sabbioneta.

The beauty of the city is due in a large measure to the collaboration of these men and of a few others; the frescoes are somewhat faded; the gilding from nearly all the ceilings has fallen; but, at least, no restorer has touched them, and what remains is such as Vespasiano's artists had made it. Their work adorns, in the ducal palace, a number of high-walled rooms—ten, fifteen, twenty perhaps—with wooden ceilings wonderfully carved in garlands of foliage, huge very decorative coats-of-arms, angels, life-size personages in relief, the whole sculptured in the thickness of the wood. Even in the sixteenth century this use of wood attracted attention; the Duke, with the richness of his caissons and cornices, reminded his contemporaries of Solomon building the temple at Jerusalem: "This use of precious wood made in former days by Solomon I have seen renewed with much taste by the most excellent Vespasiano, duke of Sabbioneta, as much distinguished by the greatness of his soul as by the magnificence of his constructions."¹

In nearly all the rooms, the walls, formerly hung with

¹ "Versi e Prosi di Monsignor Baldi da Urbino, abate di Guastalla," Venice 1590. Baldi had dedicated to Vespasiano his dialogue, "questo mio dialoghetto," "Della Dignità."

tapestries, are now bereft of any ornament, one or two, however, have still their red marble chimneys, with vast emblazoned mantels and sculptured jambs. Such in particular is the case for a room on the ground-floor whose ceiling has, by exception, preserved its gilding and which is now used as the public school. When we enter, the teacher is busy instructing some thirty young Sabbionetans in those liberal disciplines "without which it is not possible to live well."

The upper part of the walls of some of the other rooms is embellished with stucco ornaments. Besides the series of his ancestors on horseback, twelve in all, beginning with Luigi, captain of Mantua and vicar of the Empire in 1328, Vespasiano had had all his family, princes and princesses, represented life-sized, in a number of stucco medallions, around one of the rooms. They are very well preserved, and unlike everything that is to be seen in Mantua, have remained untouched. This collection is, for the historian, of the greatest value, as it is known, from contemporary evidence, that Vespasiano tried to have, as far as possible, good and authentic likenesses.

In the immediate vicinity of the palace rise several houses of fine appearance with cornices of carved wood, a little further on, the theatre, and further still, nearing the fortifications, the second great square of the city, bordered by the via Giulia, by a great gallery raised on a portico of twenty-six round arcades of red brick, and lastly by the Palace of the Garden, or *casino*, where the Duke and his court spent part of their time. The upper story is now deserted, the lower one is partly used for an asylum and partly inhabited by peasants. Asylum and peasants' abode are covered with paintings and stucco ornaments. The evening meal is being cooked under the mantel of a superb, red-marble chimney, all round the room a number of carved niches formerly contained busts, they now shelter a dozen pumpkins placed there for safe keeping. The garden, where jet-d'eaus sang in their marble basins and

near which often gathered cavaliers and ladies, accompanied by musicians, as in the before-mentioned picture of Lorenzo Costa, is now full of cabbages and turnips which a peasant, with upturned sleeves, carefully waters. Three stalactite grottoes remain intact ; one of the marble basins is also in place ; another has been transferred to the Church of the Assumption and serves as a holy-water stoop.

A broad marble staircase leads to the first story, divided into a quantity of large or small rooms, all covered with frescoes, and having beautiful ceilings, some painted, others partitioned into wood or stucco caissons profusely ornamented. The influence of Rome and the passion for imitating her are there strikingly manifest. The first room is beautified with full-length portraits of Roman emperors ; the second has on each side pictures representing vast amphitheatres with the emperor in his box, and the chariots running around the race track, the centre of which is occupied by a number of statues and monuments recalling the glorious city: altars, columns, golden images, a Roman woman seated on a lion, Victory standing on a column, a recumbent Ariadne. Above, in a series of panels, the history of Jupiter. Then, a room adorned with emblems and mottoes. (*impreses*) so much the fashion in those days, a fashion born in Italy, which by degrees invaded France, England and all Christendom ; Ronsard invented several for royal entries ; the last "work" of Shakespeare was recognized some years ago to have consisted in an *impresa* devised by him for the Earl of Rutland, 1613. In that room, one of the mottoes is in French : "Vrai amor ne se change" ; on the ceiling is Phaëton, an imitation of a fresco at the Palazzo del Te in Mantua. On one of the walls, Pallas and Arachne ; further on, Saturn metamorphosed into a horse, and the nymph Philyra, one of the finest paintings in Sabbioneta : the nymph, with an elongated body, such as women were expected to have in the sixteenth century, like the Diana of Jean Goujon, turns toward the spectator her pretty face lit by a roguish

smile She appears in no wise embarrassed at being surprised in her nudity with such a strange companion ' that horse is a god, and one cannot resist gods, she seems to say, shaking her blond head, her hair dressed as sculptors dressed that of Diana, as Ronsard dressed that of Cassandre

Soit que son or se crepe lentement,
Ou soit qu'il vague en deux glissantes ondes,
Qui çà, qui là, par le sein vagabondes,
Et sur le col nagent folâtement ,
Ou soit qu'un nœud diapre tortement
De maints rubis et maintes perles rondes
Serre les flots de ses deux tresses blondes

In a corner of the landscape in which is seated the nymph who was to give birth to the centaur Chiron, the scythe of Time, abandoned, lies inactive , stretched on a grassy bank, Cupid with rainbow-coloured wings has fallen asleep

The greater subjects painted in the Jupiter and the Saturn rooms are the work of the afore-mentioned Bernardino Campi, of Cremona, Vespasiano's favourite artist Campi had been summoned to Sabbioneta to paint the Church of the Assumption, which " His Excellency," says Lamo, " has caused to be built anew with enormous expense of marbles and in very good architecture " He had arrived in March 1583 , " His Excellency had forthwith offered him a house no less beautiful than commodious " , then, changing his mind, had decided to entrust him with work of a less edifying character He had to paint, among others, those two rooms, already adorned with frescoes by an artist from Mantua, " a good painter, however," but Vespasiano did not consider his works sufficiently beautiful and they were, in consequence, destroyed Campi was assisted by two plasterer-stuccators, the Fornarino of Mantua for the first room, and Martire Pisento, called " il Sabbioneda," for the second : He employed elsewhere a third one, Bartolomeo Conti, of Mantua

* All these details are given by Lamo, a contemporary and friend of Campi Charles Yriarte, in his excellent articles in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (Jan

One passes on from room to room; and frescoes succeed each other, without end ; here is the story of Orpheus, and now that of Troy, the breach made in the wall, the horse introduced into the city, remote prospects of palaces, blueish landscapes, galleys, mountains, picturesque incidents mixed with the grand scenes of antique history. Again, in the ball-room or " hall of mirrors," whose mirrors have all disappeared, sculptured wood is seen again ; the ceiling is divided into magnificent caissons ; on the wall, stucco bas-reliefs represent Roman subjects, Regulus, Mutius Scævola, all the *De Viris*. From this large hall opens a small vaulted room, covered with charming arabesques, some in stucco, others painted, with satyrs, nymphs and chimæras, among volutes in " raphaelesque " style.

The long, straight gallery which formerly contained the " anticaglie " of Vespasiano, busts, statues, and sarcophagi, is reached last of all. Nothing remains but the bare walls, whose ornamentation is greatly defaced. The marble gods and emperors were removed to Mantua at the time of the Austrian domination, " and are admired there," says Affò, " by all those who visit the royal academy founded and inaugurated by the immortal Maria Theresa, the august." But the statues from Vespasiano's collection are now very difficult to identify ; part has been carried off to Vienna, and other collections have been mixed with his.

1898, ff.), is apparently mistaken in attributing the stuccoes of the two rooms to the same Fornarino, or Fornaretto. Lamo is quite positive and had every chance of being well informed. His above-mentioned " Discorso intorno alla scoltura et pittura," Cremona, 1584, written by way of protest against Vasari, whom he accuses of not having accorded their proper place to the painters of Cremona, is full of valuable information. Lamo describes the beautiful pavements of porphyry, serpentine and other marbles which then adorned those rooms, and which have now disappeared. He gives useful information on some of the antique statues which were also there, and his description may help to identify them. He mentions several other works painted by Campi at Sabbioneta, among which a portrait of Vespasiano himself (lost as it seems, and which Lamo saw at Bologna). He prints some documents, such as the certificate delivered by the Duke to his artist, " who has of late years painted frescoes in our city of Sabbioneta, especially in a *casino* of ours (his Palace of the Garden), and has made various other pictures in oils, to our complete satisfaction." He is admitted, therefore, " into the number of our familiars," June 16, 1584. The book is dedicated to Vespasiano himself, as one of the most efficient, but also one of the last, patrons of the arts.

As we were about to leave the gallery, now the most dilapidated part of the palace and whose windows have no longer even any glass, the kindly Sabbionetan, unknown to us, whom chance had given us as a guide, said

"Would you care to see a souvenir of the French?"

"With pleasure," I answered, "if it is an agreeable one"

"It is," he said, and removing some boards standing against the wall, he showed us, roughly painted in black letters on the plaster, the words "*11^e régiment*" Below, a *graffito* in pencil, drawn by less expert a hand than that which had painted the nymph Philyra, represented a zouave It was a reminder of the French expedition of 1859 for the independence of Italy, the last and most striking reversal of those wars, three hundred years before, in which Vespasiano Gonzaga had fought for the Emperor against the troops of the King of France

V

Vespasiano had returned from Spain ill, he never entirely recovered

In 1580 it seemed as if he were about to die Violent pains in his head prognosticated, according to his barbers, an early end Physicians hastened to Sabbioneta, they came from every neighbouring city, especially from learned Bologna, they discovered that the cause of his trouble "was in a part of his skull that was putrefying" They showed, it is said, a wonderful knowledge, which had unfortunately no effect The Duke had at last the idea of calling to him the learned Gabriel Beato, of Bologna, who, with the help of nature, performed the miracle of healing him He survived eleven years

On the 15th of February, 1591, having not yet rounded out his sixtieth year, feeling that death could not be far off, feeble in body, but his firmness and temper unchanged, he dictated his will He remained like unto himself and, about to disappear, thought chiefly of what concerned his

person and his glory. "First," he said, "be my daughter bound and obliged to erect in the Santa Maria Incoronata church a marble sepulchre where my corpse will be deposited. She will be bound and obliged to spend one thousand five hundred crowns (*scudi*) for it, besides the value of the necessary stones which I have myself had brought from Rome." On the sepulchre "will be placed my statue in bronze, now on the square at Sabbioneta."

To adorn the church where the moribund is to sleep his endless sleep his heiress shall be bound and obliged to spend two thousand five hundred crowns, so that the temple be worthy of him. His wife, the third he had married, a Gonzaga, shall receive two thousand crowns a year "so long," said Vespasiano, who had not forgotten how his first marriage had turned out, "as she lives chaste and honest and observes widowhood by reason of my death."¹ Thereupon follow innumerable legacies 'to all those who had loved and served him, from Messer "Antonio delli Amici, my barber of Sabbioneta," to Monsignor Schizzi, of Cremona, who receives fifteen hundred crowns and "two tapestries for him to choose from among the old ones which are in my house, one, however, to be the tapestry of Esther which I brought from Spain, having bought it in Madrid, and which has silk in its tissue."

Vespasiano signed this will on the 25th February, 1591; he died the next day and was buried on the 27th at Santa Maria Incoronata. He was tall, says Lisca, his contemporary; he had blue eyes, a long neck, much dignity; the moment one saw him one felt inclined to love or to fear him. He was indifferent to heat or cold; his voice was clear and sonorous. "*Nihil unquam humile cogitavit*," he never knew base thoughts.

By his second wife, Anna of Aragon, great granddaughter of a brother of Ferdinand the Catholic, he had had in 1565, three children: two twin daughters, one of whom died in infancy and the other was his heiress Isabella,

¹ She survived until 1628

and a son Luigi, born on the 27th of December. The latter, ardent, sprightly and in whom reappeared the intractable spirit of his father, died when barely fifteen an untimely death, in horrible circumstances, if tradition is to be believed.¹ Isabella, who before the death of her father, had married Luigi Caraffa, prince of Stigliano, another family with tragical memories, saw her rights to the duchy disputed by the other Gonzagas, had it garrisoned in self-defence by the duke of Parma, but that duke eventually ceded it to the Spaniards, from whom it passed to the Austrians.

Life, in the meantime, withdrew from Sabbioneta, the institutions founded by her Duke ceased one after the other to function, his collections were dispersed, the Sacred Congregation of the Index closed his printing press², the walls lost their guns, the monuments were left to decay. The remembrance, however, remained that a great prince had reigned there and a Vespasiano, not very true to nature, but resembling the ideal of kindness and sensibility which, in spite of the wars of the time, was the fashion in literature—"ammirato da lunghi, adorato da vicini"—figured in the dramatic works of Camillo Federici, the most famous Italian playwright of the end of the eighteenth century. The husband of Diana is represented as a model prince, simple, kindly, democratic, loving his subjects, adored by them, the mainstay of good people, the terror of bad ones, a sort of Henri IV of France, transferred to Sabbioneta.³

¹ January 1580. A highly coloured account of that tradition is in Rachel's *Delle Memorie Storiche di Sabbioneta*, libri IV, Casalmaggiore, 1849, p. 653. Anna, living apart from her husband in Rivarolo, had died in 1567. Litta in his vast work *Illustre Famiglie Italiane*, Milan, vol. III, 1853, attributes the three children to Diana, though accurately stating that they were born in 1565 and that Diana had died in 1560, children can, of course, be posthumous, but not to that extent.

² On whose products see *Annali Ebreo-tipografici di Sabbioneta*, by Giambattista de Rossi in appendix to *Asso's Life of Vespasiano*.

³ And, in fact, one of the most famous anecdotes concerning this king is there applied, without scruple, to Vespasiano. *Il duca di Sabbioneta* (e.g. in *Commedie scelte di Camillo Federici*, Milan 1828). The play might have been written by our Berquin.

The former marshy borough of which the Gonzaga had made a capital has, however, now become a borough again ; half of the space is a desert ; the useless palaces had been granted some years ago to a business man who was to transform them into manufactories. Luckily for art the higher authorities were informed in time and prevented the city from reconquering by this unexpected means her pristine activity.

It is now vintage time, and in the courtyard of the inn, wine is being made. It seems as though one saw in action the beautiful fresco of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Standing on the well-filled vats, peasants tread the fresh-cut grapes. Evening has come ; the rays of the setting sun light only the tops of the trellised vines, the street is silent ; between the Imperial Gate and the Gate of Victory no movement, no sound. Nothing is heard but the murmur of the wine flowing into the tubs ; the monotonous chant fills the ears, and shuts out for the former subjects of Vespasiano Gonzaga Colonna, duke of Sabbioneta and Trajeto, marquis of Ostiano, count of Rodigo and Fondi, Viceroy of Navarre, grandee of Spain and patrician of Venice, the distant rumour of the vast world.

V *RONSARD AND HIS VENDOMOIS*

V RONSARD AND HIS VENDOMOIS

I. YEARS OF APPRENTICESHIP

PIERRE DE RONSARD, gentilhomme Vendômois, and more Vendômois than he himself thought, for it has been shown of late that his ancestors were established in that region from the year one thousand, studied at many schools, and was the pupil of many masters. One of them is well known, the others not so well. All his biographers have praised the zeal with which, aged twenty, he left the Court and its festivities, took up his abode at the Collège Coqueret and there followed the teaching of Dorat. "Ronsard," says, in a well-known passage, his friend and earliest biographer, Claude Binet, "who had lived at Court and was accustomed to keep late hours, used to work till after midnight, then, going to bed, he awoke Baïf, who rose, took the candle from him, *et ne laissait refroidir la place.*"¹ He learnt in this way much Latin and much Greek ; he became an enthusiastic worshipper of the ancients ; he mixed with that band of young men who had risen at the call of Joachim du Bellay, and who wanted to adorn the French language with the spoils of the *superbe cité romaine*. They pretended to admire nothing but what Roman examples warranted ; tonsured clerks as they were most of them, they extolled Paganism, they offered a goat in antique fashion to the tragedian Jodelle, and pretended to lead half-Pagan lives.

¹ "La Vie de Ronsard, de Claude Binet," 1586 ; best edition, that of Laumonier, Paris 1910.

Their talent, their impetuosity, the noise they made created such a stir that, for a long time, they were considered, above all, as poets who had written "Greek and Latin" in French. They were taken at their word, and dearly paid for the sin they had committed of youthful exaggeration. Ronsard, who had become their chief from the day the first volume of his "Odes" had been published with considerable success in 1550, suffered most, and not till our own times was the verdict of Boileau against him first timidly contested, then reversed.

Only quite recently, and not even to the extent warranted by facts, was the true nature of Ronsard's genius made plain. He was a thorough Frenchman, the factitious part in his work is striking indeed, and very visible, but it is comparatively small. He was a pupil not so much of Dorat as of Nature, he learnt much more from his Vendômois, its rocks, rivers, and meadows, the men, women, and maidens who lived there, than from Rome and her authors. He had indeed many teachers besides the headmaster of the Collège Coqueret, foremost among them Nature, Experience, Observation, Solitude.

His experience of life had been very great indeed, and had begun from his youth. Born in the ancestral manor of la Poissonnière, near Couture, in Vendômois, 1524, he was early destined to an active, busy life. Riding, fencing, all sports, either pacific or military, had been his first study. His father, Louis de Ronsard, a veteran of many wars, master of the hostel of the young princes, sons of Francis I, wanted to make of him, before all, an accomplished "gentilhomme." He approved doubtless of his receiving the literary discipline usual in those Renaissance days, and of his writing verses, for these were knightly accomplishments at the Court of the Valois, but verses were not to fill all his time, and poetry must not be his career. Pierre de Ronsard must be a soldier, a statesman, a courtier, what he pleased, not a dreamer.

lost in meditations. "Often was I rebuked by my father," the young man wrote in after-life,

Et me disait ainsi : Pauvre sot, tu t'amuses
A courtiser en vain Apollon et les Muses !
Que te saurait donner ce beau chantre Apollon
Qu'une lyre, un archet, une corde, un fredon [a song],
Qui se répand au vent ainsi qu'une fumée ? . . .
Laisse-moi, pauvre sot, cette science folle . . .
Prends les armes au poing et va suivre la guerre.

Ronsard was accordingly instructed in all the manly arts befitting a young nobleman sprung from an old family related to the La Tremouilles,¹ and even, so they said, to the Plantagenets, kings of England ; they were, according to their own computation, cousins in the seventeenth degree to the reigning sovereign. He soon became conspicuous as a fencer, rider and wrestler. A number of journeys improved his knowledge of the world. Page then of the Duke of Orléans, he went as a boy to Scotland, in the train of James V, the handsome young king who had just married at Notre-Dame his first wife, Madeleine, daughter of King Francis I, 1537. Another man, famous in literary annals, was also of the journey, the notorious Lyon King-of-Arms and Scottish poet, Sir David Lyndesay. Ronsard remained there thirty months, and then six in England, "where," says his friend Binet, "having learnt the language quickly, he was received with such favour that France was very near losing one whom she had bred to be some day the trumpet of her fame." He visited Flanders ; then Scotland again, where he nearly lost his life in a shipwreck ; then, in 1540, with Ambassador Lazare de Baïf, the cities of Hagenau and Strasbourg. At the latter place, Calvin, expelled from Geneva, was then residing ; Ronsard derisively spoke in after life of people "à la tête calvine."

¹ Through the poet's mother, Jeanne de Chaudrier, a grand-niece moreover of Joachim Rouault, Marshal of France, who had helped to win in 1453 the battle of Castillon, that brought the Hundred Years War to an end.

Of his sojourn in England few traces remain in his work, his knowledge of English is undoubtedly one of the fabulous accomplishments which kind Binet credited him with. He seems, however, to have noticed that there were swans in the Thames, and that England was a fit country for poets, he alludes in one of his pieces to those noble products of the island

Bientot verra la Tamise superbe
 Mains cygnes blancs, les hôtes de son herbe
 Jeter un chant pour signe manifeste
 Que maint poete et la troupe céleste
 Des Muses sœurs y feront quelque jour,
 Laissant Parnasse, un gracieux séjour.

About the time he was writing those lines, a new-born child had been registered in the parish church of a provincial town as "Guilielmus filius Johann[is] Shakspere"

Ronsard appeared at the French Court, where Henri II was king, and Diane de Poitiers more than queen. He pleased all by his fine figure, his lively conversation, his amorous verses and his artistic tastes. He was, indeed, a model young gentilhomme. He played on the lute, he was fond of pictures, and admired especially those of Clouet, *alias* "Janet," the fashionable Court painter, whose royal portraits have never ceased to be admired, and are to be seen now in the Louvre. Ronsard praised "Janet, honour of our France," and sang also the merits of another friend of his who, even at school, covered his copy books with drawings and paintings, and was no other than Pierre Lescot, architect of the new, now the old, Louvre of Henri II.

of his receiving t Étant à l'école,
 Renaissance days, and te put ton naturel forcer,
 were knightly accomplis avec l'encre on ne te vit tracer
 but verses were not to fil peinture et, jà fait géomètre,
 be his career Pierre d t points sur une carte mettre
 statesman, a courtier, wh re et très-vertueuse Princesse, Elisabet, Royn
 trades, etc., first printed, 1565

Other arts were also in great favour with Ronsard ; he was an excellent tennis-player, and proved matchless at football. Those were important accomplishments at that time ; kings gave the example ; young Charles IX, who reigned from 1560 to 1574, was very fond of football, " as this is one of the finest of all sports " ; his camp wore a white livery, his adversaries a red one, and endless games took place in that now over-crowded part of the town, the *Pré-aux-Clercs*. Ronsard, who played on the royal side, had once, says Binet, the happiness to hear the king exclaim, " *tout haut*," that " he had played so well that the winning of the prize was due to him." So important, indeed, were the sportive arts, that, having to write a eulogy of Henri II, Ronsard compared himself to a tree-feller, " entering a wood to begin his daily task," and wondering which tree he will begin with : he, in the same way, having entered the forest of the royal merits, wonders, among so many, which he shall praise first. And after much musing and wondering he makes up his mind, and sings first the talent Henri had " for jumping over a hedge or over a ditch,"

Pour sauter une haie ou franchir un fossé.

Then come his fencing, his riding, his wearing a cuirass two days running, as he deemed,

. . . la sueur
Être le vrai parfum qui doit orner la face
D'un roi.

Wisdom, prudence, and other moral accomplishments will come in their proper place, that is, later on.

Ronsard, however, was not meant to follow the career of arms or to be a courtier. Soon after the period of his travels he became deaf or semi-deaf, having caught, it is told, his disease in Germany. Binet explains it as clearly as Molière's Sganarelle explains why " *votre fille est muette* " ; he attributes it to " sulphur " which the Germans, he says, mix with their wines. This sulphur,

added to the troubles and fatigues the poet had undergone in his journeys both at sea and on land, was the cause of "*plusieurs humeurs grossières*" rising to his brain, in such a way that they caused a fluxion, which caused a fever, "from which he became deaf." One thing, however, is certain, the quasi-deafness, it diminished the pleasure Ronsard found at Court, "a country where one should rather be dumb than deaf," and it reawakened and sharpened his early fondness for books, meditation, and solitude

II POETICAL VOCATION

Very early indeed, when he was, he tells us, "*jeune garçon, presque enfant*," his true vocation had manifested itself. It had been revealed to him, not by the learned Dorat, nor by the haughty Cassandre, the object of that first passion which dominated all his life, but by those teachers, the friendliest and best listened to, the confidants of his childhood and mature age, the consolers of his latter-day sufferings—the woods and meadows of Vendômois, where his fancy saw the Dryads of antique Hellas dancing, hand in hand, with the gentle fairies of his native country

*Je n'avais pas douze ans qu'au profond des vallées,
Dans les hautes forêts des hommes reculées,
Dans les antres secrets de frayeur tout couverts,
Sans avoir soin de rien, je composais des vers,
Écho me répondait et les simples Dryades,
Faunes, Satyres, Pans, Népées, Oreads,
Égipans qui portaient des cornes sur le front,
Et qui, ballant, sautaient, comme les chèvres font,
Et le gentil troupeau des fantastiques fées,
Autour de moi dansaient à cottes dégrafées*

Rome and Athens interfered. It was a time of boundless enthusiasm, the Petrarchan fire was now burning in the breasts of all the learned, and they imitated, besides the sonnets of the Italian poet, his idolatry for the masters

of the Cæsarean days. To equal such men was deemed impossible, to imitate them was held the greatest service poets could render to the cause of Beauty. Ronsard did all in his power to further that cause ; he even thought at first that he ought to contribute to the fame of his native land by becoming a Latin poet.¹ But he did not long cherish that fancy, and happily did not, like his model Petrarch, waste his energies upon the impossible task of writing an "Africa," though he tried a "Franciade." Good sense and the love of his country had the best of it ; he made himself "tout Français" :

Je me fis tout français, aimant certes mieux être,
En ma langue ou second, ou tiers, ou le premier,
Que d'être sans honneur à Rome le dernier

The claims of France, and especially of the Vendômois, grew upon him. He had first sung of Cassandre, that beautiful young girl who had captured his love, at first sight, one day at Blois. He had sung of her in a high style, full of Latin and Italian reminiscences. The first book of his "Amours," coming soon after his odes, 1552, secured him immense fame. But he quickly felt there was something *forcé* in that over-superb attitude ; an acknowledged master, he could now act more freely ; instead of trying to surpass himself in the style which had made him celebrated, he altered it ; he became more simple and listened more intently than before to the voice of Nature. Nature's part is much more visible in the second book of the "Amours," dedicated to Marie, a plain girl of Bourgueil in Anjou, whom, says Binet, "il a vraiment aimée."²

1 Si autrefois, sous l'ombre de Gastine,
Avons joué quelque chanson latine,
De Cassandre enamouré . . .

"A son Lut," 1550.

² "Les quatre premiers livres des Odes de Pierre de Ronsard, Vandomois ; Ensemble son Bocage," 1550 ; "Les Amours de Pierre de Ronsard," 1552 ; "Continuation des Amours," 1555.

He long thought he had found in her a fit companion for his life's journey

N'est-ce pas un grand bien, quand on fait un voyage,
De rencontrer quelqu'un qui, d'un pareil courage,
Veut nous accompagner et, comme nous, passer
Les chemins tant soient-ils fâcheux à traverser ?

So he clung to her and wrote of her in a sweet and subdued tone as of a real woman with whom he hoped to live, not as of a goddess on Olympus, a star in the sky, who meant to stay there "O rose of May!" he said of her, as Laertes of Ophelia, but she was, early after, taken by death

Little by little he was withdrawing from the Court Even at the time of his greatest glory, when his friend Charles IX was on the throne, and he exchanged with him verses less gross, but as familiar as the *flytings* which passed between his contemporary Lyndesay and James V of Scotland,¹ he often fled from Paris and made prolonged stays in Vendômois Age had come early for him, he was scarcely thirty when his hair had turned grey, that hair of which he used to be so proud

Mainte fille, par amitié,
En a souhaité la moitié
Pour s'en orner

¹ There is a great (casual) resemblance between the two sorts of flytings Charles, as well as James, had derided his poet for the signs of eld apparent in him Ronsard answered in a bold and dignified tone "Old age will come for you too (The day wyll cum, and that within few yeris," said Lyndesay), happy would you be if you were free of the passions which now prey upon you

Charles, tel que je suis vous serez quelque jour,
L'âge vole toujours sans espoir de retour
Heureux, trois fois heureux si vous aviez mon âge !
Vous seriez délivré de l'importune rage
Des chaudes passions

As for the royal verses, both poets allude, not without some reserve, to their excellence Lyndesay extols James, and proclaims him, with a tinge of irony, the prince of poetry, Ronsard is ready to yield his own laurel to Charles, but not, it is true, at once and on his asking he would do it,

si il vous plaisait un peu prendre la peine
De courtiser la Muse

While continuing his active life, he dreamt of the sweetness of a quiet home. He sees, one day, in the sky, a flight of storks,

Qui d'un ordre arrangé et d'un vol bien serré,
Représentaient en l'air un bataillon carré,
D'avirons emplumés et de roides secousses,
Cherchant en autres parts autres terres plus douces

He envies their fate, and he too would like to go to his home :

Je voudrais bien, oiseaux, pouvoir faire de même,
Et voir de ma maison la flamme voltiger
Dessus ma cheminée et jamais n'en bouger,
Maintenant que je porte, injurié de l'âge,
Des cheveux aussi gris comme est votre plumage . . .
Allez en vos maisons. Je voudrais faire ainsi ;
Un homme sans foyer vit toujours en souci.

Happy the man, he had said early in life,

Qu'une même maison a vu jeune et vieillard.

He was not without a hearth, he had several, but his best-loved ones were away from Paris, in Vendômois. A number of benefices had been bestowed upon him, as was customary then for poets, men of letters and artists in repute, if not for their sanctity, at least for their talents. He had received the tonsure in 1543 from the hand of René du Bellay, Bishop of Le Mans, a relative of his friend the poet Joachim du Bellay : "Noverint universi quod nos Renatus Bellayus. . . . Petro filio nobilis viri Ludovici de Ronssart et domicelle Johanne de Chauldrier, parrochianorum Sancti Gervasii de Culturis [i.e. Couture] . . . tonsuram in domino contulimus clericalem." Though he continued to live in the world, he was "curé" of Challes and of Evailé,¹ the latter place quite near the family manor

¹ The curious deed by which Ronsard took possession of the "cure" at Challes, on November 28, 1554, still exists : "Laquelle possession ledit Ronsard a prinse, se présentant au grant autel d'icelle église, baisant icelluy autel, a sonné la cloche, visité les fons, ouvert la grande porte, allé et venu par le grenyet et dedans

of la Poissonnière, but he soon resigned those benefices, he became canon of Le Mans in 1560, replacing his friend of the early Pleiade days, Joachim du Bellay, just dead, and of Tours in 1566, prior of Croixval and St Gilles-de-Montoire in Vendômois, of St Côme-lez-Tours¹ and other places. The three last named he loved best and he made prolonged stays in them. He was, however, a prior and the rest *in commendam*, that is, he was the nominal head and protector of the priories (and Ronsard proved, more than once, a zealous and efficient protector), received part of the income accruing from them, was present at the services in the chapel when on the spot, while the more important religious functions were performed by professional ecclesiastics.

He was, moreover, and remained till his death, "councilor and almoner" of the king, a lay function which obliged him to spend three months at court every year². Welcome there, and a favourite with several monarchs, he nevertheless felt more keenly, as years passed, the attraction of the country, of its birds, beasts, trees and flowers, of quiet and solitude. While extolling,

du presbytère dudit Challes et fait aultres exploitz par manière de possession Abbé L. Froger, Ronsard ecclésiastique, Mamers, 188., p. 10. The statement in that work that Ronsard received holy orders and became a priest, is certainly incorrect.

¹ He received St Côme from his brother Charles, abbot of Tiron, taking possession in 1565 (n.s.); he secured Croixval in 1566, from his friend, pupil and secretary, the poet Amadys Jamin, to whom he granted, in exchange, a pension of 150 livres, the date of his becoming prior of St Gilles de Montoire is unknown. Abbé Froger, *ibid*.

² Towards the end of his reign, Henri II had appointed him to those functions of which Ronsard remained titular all his life. The MS Fr 7864, in the National Library, Paris, contains a list of the *officiers des rois, reines, etc., depuis Henri II jusqu'à Louis XIV.*, at fol. 115 of vol. III, is the list of the *officiers domestiques* of Charles IX. The Grand Almoner is the famous prose writer and friend of Ronsard, Jacques Amyot, *qu'Apollon a nourri*, said Ronsard. The nineteenth on the list of the *Aumosniers ordinaires qui serviront par quartier*, is M. Pierre Ronsart, archidiacre du Chateau-du-Loir. On the list for the time of Henri III, the first named is M. Pierre de Ronsard, prieur de Saint-Côme. He was of those to whom were assigned as their quarter the months of April, May and June, receiving a pension of 100 écus. He resigned for ill health the year before his death, but remained on the list of the *Aumosniers sans gages*, fol. 144.

with a wealth of mythological imagery, the merits of his sovereigns as he was bound to do by custom and by the rules of the panegyric genre, he ever maintained his right to free speech and taught them the severest lessons, never failing to render public his boldest strictures. Be not proud, he said to Charles IX, remember that "like our body, your body is but mud." No one can chastise a king, but beware: "Punish yourself your own faults, for fear that the justice of God, who is greater than you are, will punish them." What are the great after all? "a puff of wind, a dream, a nothing." He inclined more and more to live away from them, far from cities and from the heartless rabble of courtiers. As early as May 1559, he had written:

J'étais fâché de tant suivre les rois,
Et pour la cour je me perdais ès bois,
Seul à part moi, sauvage et solitaire,
Loin des seigneurs, des rois et du vulgaire,

associating as we see, in a single line, the kings, the great and the vulgar. He represents the ghost of his friend of early years, du Bellay, appearing to him and saying: "Withdraw, Ronsard, grey-haired thou art, live alone in thy house," and some facetious woman-friend deriding his elderly appearance:

Quoi, dit-elle, rêveur, tu as plus de cent ans!

when he was at most thirty-one. He rejoices to see peasants, as peace at last had returned, tilling their fields, and drinking, when the day's work was done, to the Queen Mother, to whom this boon was due:

En travaillant, chacun fait sa journée;
Puis, quand au ciel la lune est retournée,
Le laboureur, délivré de tout soin,
Se sied à table et prend la tasse au poing,
Il vous invoque et rempli d'allégresse . . .
Supplie à Dieu qu'en santé très parfaite
Viviez cent ans en la paix qu'avez faite.¹

¹ "Elégies, Mascarades et Bergerie," 1565. The allusion is to the peace of Amboise, signed with the Protestants in March 1563.

His benefices, the presence of his family in the country, his love for his native fields, his infirmity, all combined to attach Ronsard more and more to Vendômois, he could not leave it without regret, is it not, he thought, the fairest province of France? and should not the river Loir be proud to water it?

Sois hardiment brave et fière
De le baigner de ton eau,
Nulle française rivière
N'en peut baigner un plus beau

III VENDOME

It is in truth a very fine country, all green and golden with woods, meadows and cornfields. Charles Estienne, in his "Guide des Chemins de France," 1552, mentions it as being "one of the most fertile and pleasurable of all France," and producing "fruits which are excellent." When the young Queen of France, Mary Stuart and her first husband, Francis II, visited it in 1560, the inhabitants of Vendôme offered them, as a gift worthy of their rank, "150 poires de Bon Chretien et des noisilles" (hazelnuts).¹ Ronsard, one of the Queen's fervent admirers, had her portrait in "his study," and it brightened the book-filled room, she was represented in the simple garb of a widow, which she had become soon after, without jewels, silk, velvet or brocade, her slim fingers without rings, her bust wrapped in the many folds of a "subtle" dark veil—a Joconde depicted in verse.

¹ *Le Loir*, not the great river of *la Loire*, is by excellence the Vendômois river, it flows into the Sarthe which flows into *la Loire*. It was customary with poets and writers to celebrate the river near their country home, and often to associate it with the thought of their beloved one. D'Urfé did so for the Lignon by the banks of which he had spent his happy youth, and addressing it, later in life, he said that he still experienced that same passion "que la Beauté qui te rendit tant estimé par dessus toutes les rivières de l'Europe fit naître en moy durant le temps que je fréquentois tes bords." *Astrée*, epistle prefacing vol. II.

² De Pétigny, *Histoire archéologique du Vendômois*, 2nd edition, Vendôme, 1882, p. 612.

Vous n'êtes vive, en drap d'or habillée,
 Ni les joyaux de l'Inde dépouillée,
 Riches d'émail et d'ouvrage, ne font
 Luire un beau jour autour de votre front ;
 Et votre main, des plus belles la belle,
 N'a rien sinon sa blancheur naturelle,
 Et vos longs doigts, cinq rameaux inégaux,
 Ne sont pompeux de bagues ni d'anneaux,
 Et la beauté de votre gorge vive
 N'a pour carquan que sa blancheur naïve.

Un crêpe long, subtil et délié,
 Pli contre pli, retors et replié,
 Habit de deuil, vous sert de couverture
 Depuis le chef jusques à la ceinture
 Qui s'enfle ainsi qu'un voile, quand le vent
 Souffle la barque et la pousse en avant.

Special praise is bestowed on her eyes, and the lover of dark-eyed Cassandre does not fail to compliment her on their being not blue or sea-green, which latter, he thought, betokened harshness. Those of the one-time Queen of France are :

Doux, beaux, courtois, plaisants, délicieux,
 Un peu brunets, où la délicatesse
 Rit, non aux verts qui sont pleins de rudesse ;
 Aussi les Grecs, en amour les premiers,
 Ont à Pallas, Déesse des guerriers,
 Donné l'œil vert, et le brun à Cythère,
 Comme d'Amour et des Grâces la mère.

To the country where eighteen-year-old Mary Stuart had received her pears and "noisilles," well applies Alfred de Vigny's famous description of contiguous Touraine : "Dales, dotted with pretty white houses in the midst of groves, hillocks yellow with vines or white with the bloom of the cherry-tree, old walls covered with nascent honeysuckle, rose gardens in the midst of which a slim tower unexpectedly rises, everything recalls the fecundity of the earth or the antiquity of its monuments." The industrious inhabitants do not leave untilled the slightest portion of

"so beautiful a mother-land Their language is the purest French, neither slow nor hasty, without any accent, the cradle of the language is near the cradle of the monarchy" 1

The Vendômois country is rich in fantastic legends and historical souvenirs. Its valleys have known many wars, its rocky hills, with their numberless caves, have sheltered, in Roman times, the Celtic ancestor. Some of those vaults, the work of patient hands long ago, cross and recross each other, they are connected by staircases, and extend for several kilometres, at Troo for example, within the stone ridge. A spring of pure water, rising in the interior, supplied the needs of the refugees and their cattle such was the case at Vendôme and at Troo. Brambles and creepers concealed the entrance to those subterranean retreats. The rooms are often of surprisingly large dimensions, one at Lavardin measures five metres on all sides, the vault is three metres high, another is nine metres by six.

Prodigious reptiles are said to have had, at one time, their lair in those caverns. A gigantic serpent inhabited the caves on the road from Le Mans to Vendôme, and fed upon travellers. A hero mounted on a car, with knives attached to the wheels, drove towards the monster and succeeded in cutting it in three. Another serpent which lived in Vendôme was driven away by a Beowulf of a different stamp, who used the cross and not the spear, namely, St. Bienheure (Sanctus Beatus, fifth century), still datefully remembered in the region. Holy hermits com-

1. At the work of purification during the Middle Ages, river, it is a lal grottoes continue to bear the marks of their poets and w associate it with.

by the banks of his Cinq Mars. A similar description is in Hentzner, a n. l. f. a, he sa d. J. a. Bonard. Tono mercatura, serico et ianfico ciaret, rendit tant estimé pium opulentissima sit habita, tum vel maxime ob incredi- durant le temps que jatem et ob placidissimam aeris benigni constitutionem, vol II. amarium vocatur. Agrum etenim fertilem habet atque

* De Petigny, Hist. et latissimarum arborum generibus perornatum Vendôme, 1882, p. 612. P. 67, the journey was of 1598.

passage in the same way^o as at Warkworth or Knaresborough in England.

Many of those retreats have never ceased to be inhabited from Celtic times ; new ones are excavated, and old ones are improved even at this day ; blue smoke, as noticed by Alfred de Vigny, is seen rising from among the shrubs on the hill-side : it does not come from a fire of shepherds, but from the hearth of a subterranean house. The " antres " of which Ronsard speaks so often, on whose threshold he liked to sit, where he listened to the wind—the wind

Mugle toujours dans les cavernes basses,

—are not poetical inventions ; they are innumerable in his country. The hillocks which follow most of the important streams have been everywhere pierced through and through ; and if the monstrous reptiles of Pagan times have been expelled, ghosts, they say, have not, and they retain at Thoré one of their principal meeting-places.

Ronsard believed in ghosts and he did not like them. While enjoying his night walks he had seen sometimes less cheering sights than

. . . les nymphes et les fées
[Dansant] dessous la lune en cottes par les prés.

He had had then to summon all his strength of mind, to draw his sword, and, alone among the ghosts, to fight them. An encounter he had once in the open fields at midnight was the less pleasant that he recognized one of the ghosts as being that of a lately deceased usurer. A skeleton on horseback leading the fearful hunt of mediæval legends beckoned to him and would have him to ride behind ; it was not a dream, not a vapour ; there, it seemed to him, stood the oft-spoken-of skeleton hunter, with his weird crew. Ronsard shivered at the sight, though fully armed, but he gathered up his spirits and fought. He has graphically

described the strange scene such as he thought he had witnessed it, or maybe dreamt of it

Un soir, vers la minuit, guidé de la jeunesse
 Qui commande aux amants, j'allais voir ma maîtresse,
 Tout seul, outre le Loir, et passant un détour
 Joignant une grand'croix dedans un carrefour,
 J'ouïs, ce me semblait, une aboyante chasse
 De chiens qui me suivait pas à pas à la trace ,
 Je vis auprès de moi, sur un grand cheval noir,
 Un homme qui n'avait que les os, à le voir,
 Me tendant une main pour me monter en croupe, os
 J'avisai tout autour une effroyable troupe, nple,
 De piqueurs qui couraient une ombre, qui bien og in
 Semblait un usurier qui naguère était mort air
 Une tremblante peur me courut par les os,
 Bien que j'eusse vêtu la maille sur le dos
 Et pris tout ce que prend un amant que la lune
 Conduit tout seul de nuit pour chercher sa fortune, ngly
 Dague, épée et bouclier et par sus tout un cœur, tres
 Qui naturellement n'est sujet à la peur is
 Si fussé-je étouffé d'une crainte pressée
 Sans Dieu qui promptement me mit en la pensée
 De tirer mon épée et de couper menu
 L'air tout autour de moi avecques le fer nu

The noise of their steps at once diminished, their voices were no longer heard, and all vanished "Dumonde can feel pain, though they have not bodies, for, observes Ronsard (having probably discussed such questions with his friend and compatriot the famous Ambroise Paré) pains are not located in the nerves, but in the mind

Car bien qu'ils n'ayent veines,
 Ni artères, ni nerfs, comme nos chairs humaines,
 Toutefois comme nous, ils ont un sentiment,
 Car le nerf ne sent rien, c'est l'esprit seulement

On other occasions, too, immaterial beings appeared to him, his father, "grêle et sans os," visited him one night, he heard also many a time the plaint of troubled souls

* Ronsard wrote a commendatory sonnet for the "livre divin" of Ambroise Paré, he composed it quite willingly, he said,

D'autant que ton Laval est près de ma patrie

by lonely roads and in churchyards. The future seems dark to him :

Puisque l'on voit tant d'Hécates hurlantes,
Toutes les nuits remplir de longs abois
Les carrefours, et tant d'errantes voix,
En cris aigus, se plaindre ès cimetières ;
Puisque l'on voit tant d'esprits solitaires
Nous effrayer.

In the centre of the Loir valley lies the Celtic, Roman, the sh (under the Angevin kings) and lastly French thresho, f Vendôme, the Vendocinum of the Romans, the the wind of the country. A steep cliff, the summit green es, overhangs the river in the midst of which, built veral islands, the city rises, with its towers and steeples, —are that resplendent stone jewel, Trinity Church, vast in h actual buildings, part of them in romanesque style the impo. turned to lay uses, the richly ornamented through rge's Gate which has become the City Hall, and, Pagan tng the streets, mossy old houses, their gables open-not, ar the uneven slate-covered roofs and their stairs meeti, sed in a polygonal tower that rises in the middle of R. façades. They are built of the pale soft stone yielded Whi, he cliff and quickly seared by the weather ; moss and chee ens grow in the hollows, giving to the town itself a lancholy and mossy appearance. Even the beaks of ds can indent that stone, as Ronsard had observed :

He Et du bec des oiseaux les roches entamées.

dra Carvers have availed themselves amply of the softness Ai the material ; even in villages stone garlands run along whe windows of modest abodes and fancy animals sit by as the edge of the roofs.

he The several branches of the Loir, spanned by numerous b, bridges of every shape, give a Venetian appearance to the city, the more so that there are no quays and the walls of the houses and terraces are washed by the stream ; a boat is in waiting ; gardens extend to the river's edge their many-coloured flower-beds, kept cool by tall trees.

Most of the city, in Ronsard's time, was as we see it now, with the exception however of his own statue, no masterpiece, that of Marshal de Rochambeau, of Yorktown fame, similar to the one at Washington, of the local Museum, and a few other modernities. The Museum contains what the animosity of Jeanne d'Albret against the religion and family of her husband has left of the old Bourbon sepulchres, a good portrait of the same Rochambeau, with the inscription "Jean-Baptiste Donatien de Vimeur, comte de Rochambeau, Lieutenant-général des armées du Roi, de la Société militaire de Cincinnatus," and a priceless bust of the same Ronsard. Priceless though a mere plaster-cast, for it was made from the contemporary original placed on his tomb and which was unaccountably lost at the beginning of the nineteenth century.*

On the hill behind Vendôme rise the many towers of the ruined castle, formerly impregnable, from which the old counts of Vendôme defied the efforts of their neighbours of Le Mans, Tours and Angers. It was long the main stronghold of the famous Geoffroy Martel, great-grand-uncle of the first Plantagenet, hero of many wars, adversary of his own countrymen, and of his own father, Foulques Nera, builder of Loches, then the enemy of miscreants and Saracens. He held, in his turn, Anjou as well as Vendôme, and when his end was near, felt remorse for his many misdeeds, assumed the garb of a monk, and died in the monastery of St Nicolas of Angers in 1060.

He founded in Vendôme the grand abbey of the Trinity, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in Christendom, part of which dates back to his time. He bestowed upon it vast territories, including a part of the city itself, and obtained for it extraordinary privileges, it became a state within the state, it was "exempt" and had no master but the Pope, the abbot was traditionally a cardinal. But above all Geoffroy Martel gave to it the "Holy Tear," which he had received from the Greek

* Another plaster-cast, from the same original, is at Blois

Emperor. Vendôme became henceforth the centre of a pilgrimage nearly as famous as the one in honour of St. James at Compostella.

Everybody knows how Martha, Mary Magdalen, the apostle St. James, and resuscitated Lazarus, flying before persecution, put to sea in a rudderless and sailless boat and were miraculously driven by the winds to the coast of Provence. James continued his navigation, reached Spain, and some say that the boat is to be seen there at this day, turned into stone. The others settled in France; Martha with her girdle bound the terrible "Tarasque," for a long time the most famous native of Tarascon. Magdalen made ample amends for past sins, and bequeathed to the Bishop of Aix the only treasure she possessed, the "Holy Tear." When Jesus had heard of the death of Lazarus he had wept, "lacrymatus est Jesus." One of His tears, received by an angel, had been enclosed in a transparent stone without any opening, and given to Magdalen. From Aix the precious relic was brought to Constantinople, thence to Vendôme, where it was venerated by hundreds of thousands, including kings and dignitaries of all sorts. It healed diseases of the eye, and even blindness. Devout Louis XI had offered the shrine a silver lamp, which was to burn there for ever. The Revolution extinguished the lamp and sent the gold reliquary to the melting-pot. The relic was for a while a toy for children, then it was claimed by Rome, so that, after 800 years of worship, an inquiry might be made concerning its authenticity. But there its history ends and its trace is lost.

The old counts of Vendôme distinguished themselves in battle; five of them died beyond the sea in holy wars. The land passed, in the fourteenth century, by marriages, into the house of Bourbon, whose chiefs came to live at Vendôme; it was held in the time of Ronsard by that sceptical Antoine de Bourbon, who preferred *sa mie au gué* to Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, his wife. An

ill-assorted pair, they never agreed in anything. While Antoine was making war in Normandy on the Catholic side, Jeanne held Vendôme for the Protestants. War at that moment was everywhere in the country, the forces of the two parties were nearly equal in Anjou and Vendôme, and they rivalled each other in bloodshed and ferocity. Small Catholic leagues, preliminaries to the great League, were being formed, and the Ronsards of la Poissonnière took a prominent part in them. Pierre de Ronsard himself, according to the concurring testimonies of both catholic de Thou and protestant d'Aubign, headed an armed expedition against the Protestants, who never forgave him. Being reproached once for warlike deeds ill befitting a tonsured clerk, the poet, it is answered, "Being unable to defend the Church with the keys of Peter, I had to use the sword of Paul." —

The torch and the hammer were at work at the same time as the sword, sanctuaries were set on fire by the Huguenots and statues broken, the famous Notre Dame de Clery, so dear to old Louis XI, not far from the country of Ronsard, was committed to the flames. The poet saw those disasters

Les châteaux renversés, les églises pillées

He saw his own house looted and "the image of death all over the land." What, he exclaims, would "that eleventh Louis" say at such a sight? —

*Ha ! qu'il serait marri
De voir si lâchement l'église de Clery,
Sa devote maison, détruite et saccagée,
Ayant souffert l'horreur d'une main enragée,
Sans lampes, sans autels, comme un lieu désolé,
Désert, inhabité, que la foudre a brûlé !*

Vendôme never recovered from the disasters which befel it during the religious wars. It had been placed again under Catholic rule, when the son of Jeanne d'Albret, Henri IV, assisted by François du Plessis, father of Cardinal

de Richelieu, besieged and took it ; he showed none of his usual clemency to the city which he had once called "ma principale maison et celle dont je suis extrait." Ronsard, who had sung the birth and youthful merits of the future king, did not live to see the fall of the town. It was later given by Henri to Cæsar, his illegitimate son by Gabrielle d'Estrées. From Cæsar were descended the later Vendômes, not unlike the earlier ones ; if their devotion to the Holy Tear was less ardent, their valour and warlike qualities were as brilliant. The last of the name was (with the Grand Prior of Vendôme) the famous Duke, the winner of Villaviciosa, a confirmed epicurean and sceptic, who, being reproached, after having suffered quivers in Flanders, with causing the army's defeat by possessing to mass, retorted : "Does Marlborough go of there more than I do ?"

With the noise of the wars, the noise of the industries beaten by the old counts has disappeared at Vendôme. scarcely does the Loir turn the wheels of a few mills ; a velvet-making industry, working especially for the army, still remains : such are the last vestiges of the fifty tanneries and sixty glove manufactories which existed when François de Bourbon and Marie de Luxembourg ruled the country. It is no longer the head of a duchy, as it had been from the days of King Francis I ; it has no longer its Holy Tear ; one glory, however, is still attached to it, the glory it derives from that "gentilhomme Vendômois" born in its vicinity.

IV. PRAY

Who can believe that Homer wrote the works of Homer ; that King James of Scotland wrote the "King's Quhair" ; Shakespeare, the works of Shakespeare ; or that Ronsard ever loved a real woman called Cassandre ?—a fancy name of course for a fancy woman ; no one in France is called Cassandre ; the conceits in the poems

Ronsard addressed to her have demonstrably done duty for a number of other beauties in Greece, in old Rome, in modern Italy—a typical case, obviously, of an imaginary goddess to whom a learned poet offered the homage of an imaginary passion. To doubt is elegant and denotes cleverness. All critics cleverly and elegantly disbelieved that such a person had ever existed.

Cassandre had thus been, for the best informed, an "Iris en l'air," and the nearest approach to the possibility of a real being had been made by Furetière, who pretended to know that she was a tavern-keeper. But, contrary to expectation, proof absolute came that she was neither, that she had actually existed in the flesh and that all Ronsard had said of her when he spoke seriously (the sincerest poets often write fancifully about their lady-loves) agreed with real facts. Recent researches, and the coming to light of a quite convincing statement of the famous Huguenot, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, himself in love with Diane de Talcy, a niece of Ronsard's beloved, leave no room for doubt. Cassandre was really named Cassandre, Ronsard says that he knew her when she was a very young girl and that she married another man, and so it happened, that she lived in a beautiful house with rich plate and rare tapestry, which she did, that she was of high birth, "*de lieu hautain*," and she was, being the daughter of Bernard Salviati of the famous Florentine family of that name, which had given several "*gonfalonieri*" to its city, nuncios and cardinals to the Church and was several times allied by marriage to the Medici. Jacopo Salviati, for instance, had married Lucrezia de Medici, a sister of Leo X and a great-aunt of Catherine de Medici, queen of France. Bernard Salviati had settled in France at the beginning of the sixteenth century, married a French lady, and was living in splendour in his fine castle of Talcy, which may still be seen in the Blois country, not far from Vendôme, when occurred between two very young people a meeting memorable in the history of French literature.

On the 21st of April, 1546, a brilliant assembly was being held at Blois. Elegant couples, clad in the splendid embroidered and multicoloured dress of the day courted, danced, sang, or listened to song. Ronsard, then only twenty-one, his heart "free from vice," his chin beardless, "le menton damoiseau," was there, when his gaze fell upon a dark-eyed maiden of rare beauty,¹ who, like Juliet, had scarce "seen the change of fourteen years." She had taken her lute and, for the enjoyment of the assistance, was singing a piece of music then fashionable, "le branle de Bourgogne." Hardly had he looked upon her and heard her voice than his fate was sealed; he might court other ladies, the thought of that one would remain with him for ever. Such, in days gone by, had been the fate of Petrarch when, on the threshold of the church of Sainte-Claire at Avignon, Laura had appeared before him; such was later the fate of Arvers, who reveals in his one famous sonnet:

Un amour éternel en un instant conçu.

Amid all the changes in his life, the scene at Blois was to continue ever present in Ronsard's mind, recurring to him with especial vividness each time "le branle de Bourgogne" was again sung in his presence, one of those songs in which, according to du Fail, a contemporary, the sound of the voice and that of the instrument, now heard together, now apart, acted as "real ravishers of the mind, be it for joy or for pity."² Thus I am, said Ronsard,

Ainsi je suis de ses chansons épris,
Lorsqu'a son luth ses doigts elle embesogne
Et qu'elle dit le branle de Bourgogne
Qu'elle disait le jour que je fus pris.
Voire au tombeau, je veux aimer l'idée
De ces yeux bruns, deux soleils de mon cœur.

"Amours," ed. Vaganay, p. 54.

² Du Fail enumerates a number of those songs, primarily dance songs, naming first of them the tune Cassandre had sung: "Vos branles de Bourgogne, Champagne, passe-pied de la Basse-Bretagne, la Standelle (Standard) d'Angleterre, la Volte et la Martrugalle de Provence."—"Contes et Discours d'Eutrapel," 1st ed. Rennes, 1585, chap. XIX; ed. Assezat, Paris, 1864, II, 123.

But the rich practical father of Cassandre would not give that other Juliet to her Romeo, and married her shortly after to a sort of local County Paris

Petrarch's allusions to a laurel when he thinks of Laura are well known Ronsard, when he speaks of Cassandre, more than once, mentions *un pré*, a meadow where his hopes vainly try to feed the finest sights that the world can offer,

Tant de plaisir ne me donnent qu'un *pré*
Ou sans espoir mes espérances paissent ,

and elsewhere

J'irai toujours et rêvant et songeant
En cette *pré* ou je vis l'angelette
Qui d'espérance et de crainte m'alait.

Annotating Ronsard's works with his assent and help, the learned Muret, as if to put critics on the right track (which he failed to do), had commented thus, on the first of these quotations "I have an idea that when he speaks of that meadow (*ce Pré*), he means something better But let us proceed " 1

The reason for the recurrence of the word is not far to seek and is, as has been shown of late years, that the Cassandre of real life married Jean de Peigné, seigneur de Pray (or Pre) in Vendômois, of a family known there from the fourteenth century, and she went to live with him at Pray Meant, in more than one way, to have a place in French literature, she gave birth to a girl called, like herself, Cassandre, who married in due time a gentilhomme of the region, Guillaume de Musset, seigneur du Lude and of many other places, and they were the ancestors, in a direct line, of the poet Alfred de Musset, thus a descendant of the Cassandre of Ronsard 2

1 " Il dit qu'il n'a chose en ce monde qui lui donne tant de plaisir qu'un *Pré* Je me douteroi fort que sous ce *Pré* quelque meilleure chose fût entendue Mais passons outre " Les Amours, 1553, p 74

2 What obliged the critics, at last, to take Muret's hint was the publication, in 1873, of a letter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, saying Jay cognou Ronsard

Pray is about fifteen kilometres from Vendôme. To go there one leaves the town by the old machicolated St. George's Gate, and turning to the right, follows a wide tree-planted road leading to Blois, itself thirty-two kilometres distant. Turning in the opposite direction, one would reach the castle of Rochambeau, where the old Marshal lived and died and which rises, in stately solitude, by the banks of the Loir, along a cliff with the usual subterranean passages.¹ Further on, one leaves the main road, and follows a narrower though still fairly good one, toward Sainte-Anne, Crucheray and Pray. We are now on a vast plateau, rising above the valley of Vendôme and very fertile, with its vines, cereals, meadows, cows, sheep, and geese. A tempestuous wind is blowing, so strong that we do not know whether it is whipping our faces with drops of rain or grains of sand.

On this elevated plain stands Pray, a village of the most modest, consisting in low peasant houses of white stone turning to grey, built around a little old church roofed with flat tiles browned by age. Above the narrow nave rises a sharp-pointed, slate-covered steeple. A tobacco shop, a grocery, a café, a new-built low-roofed school seem to be the chief places of activity when any is discernible; but at present, in spite of the storm, the inhabitants are working in the fields and the village is asleep.

Asleep, like the rest, is the church, and moreover closed. Where can the sacristan be found? "He works in the woods," a woman in the grocery-shop answers, "far away, one does not know exactly where, and there is no parish priest here, one comes from Lancé on Sundays." Persisting however, and knocking at every door, the

privément . . . Mes premiers amours s'attachèrent à Diane de Talsi, nièce de Mlle de Pré qui estoit sa Cassandre." Martellière, in "Bulletin archéologique du Vendômois," 1904. Cassandre is called in the letter "Mademoiselle," instead of "Madame," because her husband, though the son of a "chevalier," was only an "écuyer."

¹ Marie Salviati, a sister of Cassandre, had married René de Rochambeau, ancestor of the Marshal by another wife.

important information is vouchsafed at last that possibly the demoiselles F may have the key "Turn to your right, then to the left, then to the right again, then you follow a path which leads to a bourgeois house, and that is the place you seek"

Thanks to this itinerary, duly rectified on the way, a vast farm-yard is reached enlivened by the cacklings of hundreds of chickens On one side is the dwelling of the old Misses F, who really possess the key and courteously consent to open the church

It consists in one single short nave, to which access is gained through a porch supported by wooden pillars The porch is closed on both sides by masonry walls, lined on the interior with hospitable stone benches, grave-stones formerly paved the floor, but they have been recently removed—a great pity, for they must have been very instructive

The interior offers a sad sight the vault and the whole building look ruinous, thick wooden posts and beams support the dilapidated nave, and through a hole in the wall, the very old and vigorous ivy plant that covers it outside has crept in and now flourishes within the church

To the left, on the ground under the seats, a much defaced funeral slab has a scarcely visible inscription in Gothic letters, the words can, however, be deciphered "Jehan de Peigné, en son vivant S^r de Prey, lequel tres-[passa]" Jehan, first of the name, grand-father of Cassandre's husband More and more, each Sunday, the hobnail shoes of the inhabitants efface the inscription as well as the crowned lion of the lords of Pray, engraved at the four corners of the slab

In the centre hang the ropes to ring the bells of the little steeple, one of them the gift, in 1643, of François de Musset, lord of Pray, captain of cavalry, great-grandson of Ronsard's beloved

At the limit of the village, to the south-west, rose the manor of the lords of Pray It has been entirely destroyed

in our times, nothing remaining but traces, on three sides, of the moat, now become deep ditches full of weeds and rushes. Modern peasant houses have risen on the spot and vines have been planted ; the owners cannot scratch the ground without being hampered by the substructions of the manor that was. An old man living there, still remembers the destruction : "There were," he says, "many of those protruding stones from which one could shoot at you," battlements obviously or machicolations.

There Cassandre Salviati, lady of Pray, had lived to a very old age, respected by all, godmother to children of the vicinity, surviving Ronsard some twenty years. She had, it seems, a house at Vendôme and, sure of herself, she would, on rare occasions, meet again the singer who had united for her, "to the myrtle of Love, the laurel of Glory,"

Aux myrtes de l'Amour le laurier de la Gloire.
(*Heredia.*)

And grey-haired Ronsard, a poet of many loves, now the most famous of Europe, could not see her, without forgetting other passions, and being bewitched again by the charm of her whom he had met so long ago, on a spring day, at Blois, when she had the years, the beauty and the dark eyes of Juliet :

L'absence, ni l'oubli, ni la course du jour
N'ont effacé le nom, les grâces, ni l'amour
Qu'au cœur je m'imprimai dès ma jeunesse tendre,
Fait nouveau serviteur de toi, belle Cassandre . . .
Et si l'âge qui rompt et murs et forteresses,
En coulant a perdu un peu de nos jeunesses,
Cassandre, c'est tout un, car je n'ai pas égard
A ce qui est présent, mais au premier regard,
Au trait qui me navra de ta grâce enfantine . .

V. MONTTOIRE, CROIXVAL, LA POISSONNIERE

The railroad follows towards the west the Loir valley, lined on both sides with the stone cliffs of many caves ;

the smoke of the evening meal rises among the verdure
The old keep of Lavardin stands on the left overlooking
hills and dales , shortly after having passed it the train
stops at Montoire

The houses here again are low, slate-covered and built
in pale stone Many date back from the sixteenth cen-
tury , carved mullions adorn the windows , mossy monsters
sit at the corners of the roofs On the main square rises
the pile of the old church of St Oustrille (i.e. St Austre-
gesile, bishop of Bourges), rebuilt by Louis de Bourbon-
Vendôme, the companion in arms of Jeanne d'Arc On
another side of the place may be seen the finest Renais-
sance houses in Montoire , one of them has a sundial with
a sceptical pessimistic inscription What is the good of
doing well ? the wicked have as much sunshine as the
righteous

Hic nec jura juvat meritis acquirere [multis],
Namque malis oritur sol, pariterque bonis

It must be said for the honour of sundials that they
rarely give such unholy hints. The main street is con-
tinued beyond the "grand' place" towards the cliff over
which towers the huge mass of the ruined castle, the
residence formerly of the Seigneurs de Montoire The
two neighbouring fortresses of Montoire and Lavardin,
sometimes at peace, sometimes at war with each other,
suffered countless sieges, and were taken in turn by
Henry II of England and Philippe Auguste of France,
by the Ligueurs and by the Huguenots, till, at last, similar
fates overtook them , they became moss-eaten ruins, and
the admiration they inspired was transferred from warriors
to painters, often to be seen sketching their crumbling
walls

A bridge crosses the Loir, which flows clear and deep,
bordered as far as the eye can see with willows and poplars ,
it seems the river of some immense park , the waters move
forward without hurry, there is something aristocratic
about them, they have nothing to do, they are neither

talkative among pebbles nor sleepy among tree roots. Ronsard dreamt of a French poetry of the same sort, neither too noisy nor too slow :

Je n'aime point ces vers qui rampent sur la terre,
Ni ces vers ampoulés dont le rude tonnerre
S'envole outre les airs . . .
Ni trop haut, ni trop bas, c'est le souverain style ;
Tel fut celui d'Homère et celui de Virgile.

Beyond the bridge the street becomes narrower. By the corner of a fine Renaissance house with sculptured chimneys and a number of short columns adorning its first story, a small lane leads to the old priory of St. Gilles, long held by Ronsard. The place is a secluded and quiet one ; the air is fragrant with the scent of a flower garden that surrounds the remains of the tall-roofed priory and the old chapel, and reaches to the river. A very old chapel indeed, built in the eleventh century in the heavy and impressive Romanesque style of the period. A broken cornice with carved corbels supports the roof covered with red flat tiles. Part of the nave has been destroyed, so that the church has now the shape of a Greek cross. The interior is low vaulted, dark and damp ; the same feeling of gloom and sense of mystery which the visitor experiences in the Anglo-Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon impresses itself upon the mind. The darkness, not quite so great here as at Bradford, did not matter much in those times, as the priest had candles on the altar and the congregation had no books and did not know how to read. The vault and walls are covered with frescoes, not yet entirely destroyed by moisture : tall dark-eyed Christs looking straight, with an almost haggard stare, are there surrounded with apostles ; also many-winged seraphs and symbolical knights fighting monsters. One of the warriors, dressed in a coat of mail, carrying lance and shield, is, the inscription tells us, the Knight "Castitas" ; another is the Knight "Prudentia." Both trample under foot their

demon enemies Many a time the prior-poet came under those arches, and prayed and heard the knights give him advice, which he did not always follow Except in those figures, clad in mediæval garb, the continuation of the Roman art is quite visible, and very striking it is to find, in that remote corner of Vendômois, draperies, attitudes and expressions painted in a style reminding one of the Latins of classical times It seems, indeed, in places, as if that obscure artist of the eleventh century had studied under the same masters as the painters of Pompeii

People who visit that part of France should be careful not to go thither at the time of the pilgrimage of Villedieu, unless, indeed, they want to go to Villedieu Everybody, we find, is going now to Villedieu, every horse, mule or donkey carriage, cart, or wagon has been bespoken by pilgrims, you can associate and go with them there, but to go anywhere else is not so easy We must, however, go elsewhere, though the place of pilgrimage has much to attract visitors, it has its ruins of an abbey founded in the eleventh century by Geoffroy Martel, that man of many sins and many pious foundations, it has its miraculous statue of our Lady of Mercy, in painted earthenware, which smiles with a bright smile to the happy, and with a mournful sympathetic one to the sorrow-stricken it is, indeed, a Lady of Mercy Numerous bills, posted on the gates of religious buildings, remind the faithful that the day has come and that many indulgences (the original giver of which was, it is true, no other than Pope Alexander VI, Borgia, of not particularly holy memory) will be the meed of pilgrims Mine host of the "Cheval Rouge," a jovial old-fashioned host, famous all over the country for his pasties, his biscuits, and his "poynant sauce," and in whom the landlord of the Tabard would have recognized a brother, comes luckily to our assistance, and, contrary to yesterday's prospects, we are enabled to continue our journey towards Couture and la Poissonnière, the birthplace of Ronsard

Autumnal mists enwrap the land ; the roads look like rivers, the fog resolves itself into rain ; religious pilgrims and literary pilgrims, in their carts, carriages, or wagons, shiver in the wet morning air. The highway ascends slowly to the west of Montoire, crosses a plateau covered with alternate vineyards and cornfields, then goes down into a valley, where, in a retired spot, far from any village, rises among trees all that is left of Croixval.

This priory, dedicated to the same Mary Magdalen who was said to have brought the Holy Tear to France ("Sancta Magdalena de Crucis Valle"), was held by Ronsard from the year 1566 ; it had been founded in the twelfth century by Bouchard de Lavardin, Count of Vendôme, of the Preuilly branch. Built on the banks of the rivulet, *la Cendrine*, it was in the midst of the famous Gastine forest, an immense forest then covering all the country, hill after hill, dale after dale. The forest was not, at the time of the foundation of Croixval, thought of as the "*haute maison des oiseaux bocagers*," and the place of abode of the wood nymphs and water naiads ; it was, as in America in colonial times, *the enemy*. Owing to it, civilization could not spread, means of communication were difficult, field culture was interrupted, robbers were sheltered ; the land it covered was at best a useless land, a waste : hence its name (*gast, guast, wast—desert, wasted, useless*). It was a pious work to destroy that common enemy, and numerous priories were founded to further that work ; Croixval was one of them ; in several cases villages clustered around the priory, and the name of more than one testifies even now to that religious origin : Villedieu, les Hermites, etc.

Croixval, beloved of Ronsard for its secluded position and its fragrant garden, suffered many vicissitudes in the course of time, and was finally sold as a "*bien national*" in 1793 ; it is at present a peasant's house, part of which is modern. Several among the older buildings have been destroyed, including the chapel, the last vestiges of which

have been removed by the actual owners *We* did it, they say, with a sort of complacent pride. A portion of the house, however, is old, and was inhabited by Ronsard. It was built in the usual style of the region, with the pale stone of the cliff, it has a slate roof, at the corners of which carved monsters are seated. The interior is shown and explained with great kindness and garrulity by a peasant woman and her mother. To the murmur of explanations the visitor moves from room to room, each of them is as deep as the house, and receives light on both sides. You can reach the second only through the first, and so on, corridors were an unknown luxury in those days. The ceilings are supported by a number of slight blackened beams, a wooden staircase with carved banisters leads to the story above, part of which is in ruins and has been transformed into a hayloft.

The women follow, their explanations become chronological, their chronology does not go back to the Christian era, but only to Mr B and to the father of Mr B, the late proprietors, many changes, far too many, seem due to them.

In what is now the courtyard, an old well remains from which, doubtless, the water was drawn for Ronsard's dearly loved flowers and fruit trees. On one side of the house a passage opens leading to a cellar with a groined vault, the oldest remnant of the priory, the style denoting the twelfth or thirteenth century, "older," the woman says, "than the father of Mr B"—older indeed. Ronsard was ever willing to make prolonged stays at Croixval, "this was," remarks Claude Binet, "his usual place of abode, being a most pleasant spot, and near the Gastine forest and the Bellerie fountain, so much famed by him."

The road passes on from valley to valley, sometimes among fields, sometimes among woods, the heather and gorse mixing everywhere their purple and yellow flowers. The landscape opens broader, we are nearing the Loir

again, and the village of Couture, with its beautiful stone tower and steeple in early Gothic, appears to the left among the poplars.

Couture, in Latin "*Culturæ*," inhabited from the Roman times, was the village of the Ronsards ; this church was their church ; the altars are adorned with their armorial bearings ; there they were baptized and many of them buried. Ronsard was christened there ; his father and mother, his nephew Louis, head of the family in his day, and others too, had their tombs in the church. Louis, in his will, 1578, states that "he wants and orders that his said body be ensepultured and buried in the parochial church of Couture at the place where his father and mother and other predecessors lie." The interior of the church, founded in the twelfth century, has been all repainted and regilt by the care of an enterprising vicar ; the old altars shine under a thick coat of white and blue.

Visiting the sacristy is not easy to-day, the keeper being, like everybody else, at the Villedieu pilgrimage. A good deal of negotiation takes place. We curry favour at last with a woman who is a friend of the keeper's wife ; the keys are produced, the sacristy is opened, and, in it a closet, where, among old carpets and a variety of utensils, stand, broken and desolate (but now, I hear, more honourably housed), the stone figures formerly lying on the tombs of Ronsard's father and mother. The old knight is represented in armour, the hands united in prayer ; the visor is raised showing the beard and the up-turned points of his moustachios ; the nose has been broken, the legs are wanting. His wife, Jeanne de Chaudrier, through whom, we know, Ronsard prided himself on being related to the royal Plantagenets, is also represented in an attitude of prayer. Her face, as much injured as that of her husband, shows pleasing features and a sweet expression ; she wears the elegant dress of the period, the little *coif*, the long sleeves, and a gown very close at the waist, but falling freely in large folds down to the feet.

From Couture, Ronsard sent once to his second love, the Angevin Marie, a gift as simple as the maiden herself, namely a distaff adorned with a ribbon from Montoire Marie is not an idle person, the poet writes, she will use that distaff,

L'hiver devant le feu, l'été devant son huis
Aussi je ne voudrais que toi, quenouille gente,
Qui es de Vendomois (ou le peuple se vante
D'être bon menager), allasses en Anjou
Pour demeurer oisive et te rouiller au clou

So great was the love of Ronsard for his Vendômois that Anjou, which had politically included Vendômois as late as 1484, ever seemed to him something like a foreign land. Either for hunting or to see Marie,¹ he often went to Bourgueil in Anjou, a modest village, with a very old church and an abbey now in ruins, but he could never acclimatize himself there. So strong were the old provincial ties that the poet always considered this place as belonging to another country, the language was peculiar, he thought, and the manners too. He speaks once of "se faire Angevin" out of love for Marie, he speaks of it as if it were a question of getting naturalized abroad, love only could induce him even to think of it, ceasing to be a Vendômois he would cease to be Ronsard. Let Marie come rather to the poet's land

Quel passe-temps prends-tu d'habiter la vallée
De Bourgueil, où jamais la Muse n'est allée ?
Quitte-moi ton Anjou et viens en Vendômois
Ou bien, si tu ne veux, il me plaît de me rendre
Angevin pour te voir et ton langage apprendre
Là, parmi tes sab'ons, Angevin devenu,
Je veux vivre sans nom comme un pauvre inconnu

The castle in Vendômois, where Ronsard was born, is one kilometre distant from Couture, and is called la Poissonnière (formerly Possonniere). The father of the

¹ Her real name, clearly indicated by Ronsard, was Marie Dupin (*J'aime un pin de Bourgueil*) which, however, has been disputed. I have given my reasons in *Revue d'Histoire littéraire de la France*, XIX, 532

poet greatly embellished and perhaps entirely rebuilt the place. It has been restored in modern times. The manor, with its central turret containing the staircase and main entrance, has a handsome seigneurial appearance; the windows are adorned with carved mullions; a variety of mottoes and emblems cover the walls. The house is built at right angles with the cliff, in which several of the dependencies have been hollowed out; the cellar, the pantry, a chapel of St. James, were partly dug within and partly continued above the rock. The mottoes engraved around the doors and windows dedicate the house to "Volupty and the Graces," the chapel "to the Glory of God alone"; they appropriately recommend to the butler visiting the cellar to "bear and forbear," *sustine et abstine*. These inscriptions have sometimes been considered as examples of the wit and wisdom of the poet. But Ronsard, the last born of six children, never possessed the Poissonnière, and the barbarous Latin in which some of the mottoes are couched ("Nyquit Nymis" on one of the chimneys) shows that they could not even have been carved while he had a chance to watch the mason.

The marvel to be admired in the castle is a large chimney in hard stone, of richest Renaissance style, where innumerable emblems have been chiselled, flowers, animals, heraldic bearings, mottoes, fleurs-de-lys, fishes of the Ronsards, and, the triumph of it all, a sculptured pun, flames that consume (ardent)¹ briar roses (ronces) = Ronce-ard. As in more modest houses of that period there are no corridors, the second and third rooms can only be reached through the first, an inconceivable inconvenience in our eyes, but then no one minded; they are all very bright and gay, as they receive the light from both sides.

If Ronsard was never the owner of the Poissonnière, he remained on terms of friendship with his older brother Claude and his nephew Louis, the hardy fighter to whom

¹ From the old verb *ardre*, to burn.

he had addressed a poem full of energetic precepts,¹ and he seems to have been a familiar figure at the manor. From Croixval the distance is not great and was nothing for a good horseman like Ronsard, it can scarcely be to another place that he alludes when he says in a playful letter to his friend Passerat "I shall go to-morrow and drink to your good graces at the sign of the Three Fishes," which fishes were the armorial bearings of the Ronsards.

The castle after the death of Louis, then Governor of Vendômois, passed to Françoise, his daughter, and became in the eighteenth century, through marriage, the property of Henri Count d'Estaing, in his turn Seigneur de la Poissonniere, and who, both as an admiral and a Lieutenant-General, distinguished himself in the war of American Independence, before the arrival on the scene of his Vendômois neighbour, Rochambeau.

VI BELLERIE, GASTINE, ST COME

Nothing more fugacious than water nymphs. Whither has fled the long-tressed one who used to sit by the brink of the "Fontaine Bellerie"? The country people point to four different springs as being the true one, each has faith only in his own. Our driver believes in one which can be seen without leaving the main road, all the drivers of the country are probably of a similar opinion. Peasant women are in favour of one or rather of two with wash-places attached to them. Some indications received at

1

Mon neveu, suis la vertu
Suis en guerre valeureux,
Aux petits ne fais injures,
Mais si un grand te fait tort,
Souhaite plutôt la mort
Que d'un seul point tu l'endures

Meslanges, 1555. The text of Louis's before mentioned will, by which he asks that his body be buried at Couture with his ancestors and his heart in the abbey of the Sainte Larme at Vendôme, is in *La Famille de Ronsart*, by A. de Rochambeau, 1868, p. 267. Ronsard had written a poem for the châteline of la Poissonniere, his sister-in-law, Anne, about to become a mother. Odes, IV, 6.

the Poissonnière help us out of those conflicting statements. The true fountain is at some distance to the right of the main road, beyond Vauméant. A path which the rain and mud have made very slippery leads to a meadow where some shattered old walls surround a poor little spring with scarcely any water ; acacia trees planted by a pious hand extend their light foliage above the fountain ; they have replaced the willows of old, sung of by the poet :

O fontaine Bellerie,
Belle déesse chérie . . .
Toujours l'été je repose
Près de ton onde
Où je compose,
Caché sous tes saules verts,
Je ne sais quoi qui ta gloire
Enverra par l'univers.

The willows have disappeared, and so have the nymphs. The wishes of the poet have not been fulfilled :

Ecoute un peu, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent,
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,
Oisif, à la fraîcheur du vent . .
Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voye à minuit, au fond d'un val,
Les nymphes, près de ton repaire,
A mille bonds mener le bal.

The only representative of the water nymphs is a peasant woman of powerful build and ruddy hue, who disturbs the meditations of the visitor, and descants in a loud voice upon the merits of rival fountains to which wash-places are attached.¹

Not far from Bellerie, undulating with the hilly ground, is to be seen all that remains of the formerly immense forest of Gastine. Ronsard's touching appeals have not been heard, and the work of destruction, begun long before his

¹ I must, as in duty bound, state that, according to Mr. Laumonier, the really real fountain is another of the four, to be detected, in an even worse plight, in a nearby farmyard. "Vie de Ronsard par Binet," 1910, p. 227.

day, has been continued down to a recent period. The forest is now only a wood, reaching however almost as far as Croixval. Gastine was one of the loves of Ronsard. When he spoke of it his emotion was as deep as if he had spoken of Marie or Cassandre. Gastine, like Cassandre, had helped him to become a poet.

Toi qui, sous l'abri de tes bois,
Ravi d'esprit m'amuses,
Toi qui fais qu'à toutes les fois
Me repondent les Muses
Lorsqu'en toi je me perds bien loin,
Parlant avec un livre

"Sainte Gastine" was his confidant, she understood his troubles, she answered him with her soft murmurs

Sainte Gastine, heureuse secrétaire
De mes ennuis, qui réponds en ton bois,
Ores en haute, ores en basse voix,
Aux longs soupirs que mon cœur ne peut taire

From his youth, when he was scarcely fifteen years old, he preferred Gastine to the Court of the king

Je n'avais pas quinze ans que les monts et les bois
Et les eaux me plaisaient plus que la cour des rois,
Et les noires forêts épaisses de ramées

Gastine assuaged his sorrows, and cheered him when the bitterness of strife, hatred, and spite had darkened his path before him

Je fuis les pas frayés du méchant populaire
Et les villes où sont les peuples amassés
Les rochers, les forêts déjà savent assez
Quelle trempe a ma vie, étrange et solitaire

He confessed to Gastine his ambitions and his dreams, dreams of his childhood and of his youth, dreams of a life in that enchanted world superbly described by his contemporary Ariosto, dreams of being

Un de ces paladins
Qui seuls portaient en croupe les pucelles,

and who carried them far away, from the wicked and the curious, and lived alone with them, "par les forêts." He describes Gastine in summer with its rich verdure, and in winter also, when the waters run down the cliff, mingling their sound with the roar of the wind among the leafless oaks. No elegy, not even the beautiful poems "in memoriam" that he wrote when Marie prematurely died, are more touching than the famous lines in which Ronsard deplores the fate of Gastine. He mourns the death of his beloved trees ; it seems to him as if all youth, all beauty, all the charm and sweetness of life were to disappear with their verdure. He muses on those fateful changes which the hand of man and the scythe of Time combine to work, on all the beauty each hour destroys, on the fragility of that God-given cause of our loves and adorations, the splendour of forms ; and he sums up his aspirations and regrets in a single memorable line :

La matière demeure et la forme se perd

Only one country abode out of Vendômois pleased Ronsard, namely, St. Côme, near Tours, a priory which had been bestowed upon him in March 1564 (o.s.). The garden there was even better than the one at Croixval, and gardens had for him a peculiar attraction.

The place is easily reached, being only a quarter of an hour's drive, from Tours along the left bank of the Loire, not far from the much-injured castle of Louis XI, Plessis-lez-Tours. St. Côme has ceased to be the island that it was in the time of Ronsard, when it was called "St. Côme en l'Ile," the arm of the river which separated it from the bank of the Loire having been filled up in modern times. In the ample ruins of the priory, of the chapel as large as a church, and of conventual buildings of all sorts, a population of farmers, gardeners, vine growers has settled. The intervals between the ruins are carefully cultivated as vegetable gardens, orchards and vineyards.

The edifices are partly romanesque and date from the eleventh century, others are in the Gothic and in the Renaissance styles. The priory itself, where Ronsard lived and where the room in which he died is still shown, is chiefly of the fifteenth century; the vast and much older refectory, of the eleventh or twelfth, has romanesque windows, columns and capitals, adorned with imbrications, geometrical and grotesque carvings.

The low vaulted choir of the half-destroyed old church, with its circular cornice supporting the roof, is also in romanesque style. The right-side aisle, which is the only remnant of the nave, is early Gothic, and serves as a coach house, "cuvage" and lumber room; the chapels of the apse are used as stables for a horse and for chickens. The door noisily turns on its rusty hinges; a number of well-fed rats, seated at their meal on the altar, round bundles of onions and turnips, lightly disappear behind a handsome stone bas-relief of the seventeenth century representing a pious personage who carries his heart in his hand, and kneeling before the Virgin, offers it to her. Two visits, at fifteen years' interval, revealed the same scene going on, profitably for the rats, on the same altar. The woman showing the place took home, on the second occasion, some turnips, and, persistently unaware, as it seemed, of the usefulness of mouse-traps or the efficiency of cats, shrugged her shoulders, saying "They will soon leave me not a single turnip." But fatalism is no remedy.

VII LAST YEARS IN VENDOMOIS

Between Croixval, Montoire and St Côme, with occasional visits to Paris, Ronsard spent the last years of his life. The paganism of his earlier days went on lessening. A canon and a prior, though *in commendam*, he performed more regularly the religious functions pertaining to such dignities, and also the lay ones, taking seriously his duties as a protector of his priories. He

restored their old shaky buildings,¹ sued trespassers, wrote letters, sometimes in verse, to men of laws so as to secure their friendly help. Signing himself "Your humble and affectionate neighbour and servant," he sent a prose one to the mayor and aldermen of Tours to enlist their goodwill against one Fortin, a dyer who was polluting with his drugs and chemicals the charming river, la Choisille, that flowed into the Loire just opposite St. Côme. Fortin pretends that what he does is for the good of the commonalty, but the commonalty fared very well before he came, and the Choisille infinitely better.²

As for the religious part of his obligations, Ronsard had asserted, as far back as 1563, that he was fulfilling them very much as he should, at least when he was on the spot and on duty, following punctually the services, going to matins, discarding his courtier's garb for the ecclesiastical one, his breviary "in his fist," taking part sometimes in the chants, but not often, for though he delighted in music, his own voice was bad :

Mais quand je suis aux lieux où il faut faire voir
D'un cœur dévotieux l'office et le devoir,
Lors je suis de l'Eglise une colonne ferme.
D'un surpelis ondé les épaules je m'arme,
D'une aumusse le bras, d'une chappe le dos . . .
Je ne perds un moment des prières divines ;
Dès la pointe du jour je m'en vais à matines,
J'ai mon bréviaire au poing, je chante quelquefois,
Mais c'est bien rarement, car j'ai mauvaise voix.

This liturgical perfection was, however, only accidental and, the frankest of men, he did not conceal, even in an

¹ "Quam verò sollicitus fuerit in collapsis vetustate templorum muris instaurandis, in erigendis novis altaribus, sacerdotum annonis de suo etiam augendis, norunt ii qui aliam sacellorum faciem iis nunc in locis quibus Ronsardus præfuit, quàm quæ antefuerat, intuentur." "Georg. Crittonii Laudatio funebris habita in exequiis Petri Ronsardi apud Beconianos" (the College of Boncourt), Paris, 1586, p. 7, one of the several orations delivered in Paris at the time of the poet's death, this one by George Critton or Crichton, a Scot by birth, professor of Greek in various French colleges, Boncourt being one of them.

² From St. Côme, July 17, 1568. Text in Blanchemain, "Œuvres de Ronsard," VIII (Préliminaires), p. 169.

epistle addressed to his Huguenot enemies, the kind of dual life he was then leading. In ordinary times, though saying his prayers, without fail, morning and night, he still acted as a man of the world, playing cards, fencing, wrestling, talking with women, writing poetry

Je dis le mot pour rire, et à la vérité,
Je ne loge chez moi trop de sévérité.

He would write, on occasions, and ask permission not to take his turn as "Semainier" in a canonical chapter whose member he was. One such letter exists, written in ceremonious Latin. "Petrus de Ronsard, of our serenissim Lord Charles, most Christian King of the French, councillor and almoner, and also of the conventual priory of St Côme-in-the-Island, near Tours, of the order of St Augustine, dependency of your before-mentioned illustrious church . commendatory Prior . " May he be permitted to have a deputy acting in his stead when his turn comes, his excuse being out of the ordinary he has been commanded by the King to ceaselessly go on with the great work that was to record the "high deeds of this our Gaul," namely, his epic on Francus, the supposed Trojan ancestor of the French, and the hero of the "Franciade." The work is, however, only famous now for having been the poet's chief failure. The letter is dated from Paris, November 11, 1572, and still bears the wax-seal with the three fishes of the Ronsards. A year's leave was granted "*pour les causes mentionnées*"

As time passed, the proportion was reversed, the call of the native land with its fields, woods and fountains, its souvenirs of vanished youth, grew more pressing, and the part reserved for courtly life and all those festivities where "ladies appeared for the ball, so brilliant that they seemed to be stars," went diminishing. The Court it was who came to see him, an honour which, poet-laureate wise, he duly celebrated in verse, but which he did not long for. Charles IX, the only king who was truly and personally

his friend, and who had visited him at St. Côme, would notify him, in an epistle in verse, that he was staying at not-far-off Amboise and that the poet should leave his flowers, his gardening and his everyday occupations to see his prince who loved him, failing which a serious strife was sure to arise between them :

Donc ne t'amuse plus à faire ton ménage ;
Maintenant n'est plus temps de faire jardinage ;
Il faut suivre ton roi qui t'aime par sus tous
Pour les vers qui de toi coulent braves et doux ;
Et crois, si tu ne viens me trouver à Amboise,
Qu'entre nous adviendra une bien grande noise.

A great man now in France and even beyond the frontiers, honoured with gifts from Queen Elizabeth, who sent him a diamond, and from Mary, Queen of Scots, who presented to him a cupboard with Parnassus figured on the top of it, Ronsard was also, which is rarer, a great man in his own native region. The chapter of Saint-Martin de Tours selected him as spokesman on important occasions. People of the vicinity chose him as godfather for their children, pompously but accurately, describing him, in the baptismal register, as " the first poet of our Lord the King in his Kingdom." ¹ The city of Tours had recourse to him when about to receive, in 1576, the visit of Francis of France, Duke of Anjou and Touraine, youngest son of Henri II, and the last in date of the candidates to the hand of Queen Elizabeth, " Mounsier," as she called him.

The municipality's accounts published by Abbé Froger show that the townsmen paid " to Marc Belletoise the sum of thirty-six sols tournois for a journey undertaken by him from the said abbey of Tours to the abbey of Croixval, near Montoire, towards the Sieur de Ronsard, to ask him to be so good as to come to the said town to honour and adorn the said entrée with his devices and other inventions."

This appeal changed the intentions of Ronsard, who,

¹ Montoire, September, 1583, " Revue de la Renaissance," X, 4.

with his present dispositions, on the news of the coming of the Court, and may-be of the King himself, no longer his friend Charles IX, but Henri III for whom he felt differently, had decided to go away. "It is reported," he wrote from Croixval on the 5th of July, "that the King is coming to Blois and Tours, for which cause I am flying to Paris and shall shortly be there, for I hate the Court like death" ¹. But he remained. The King did not come, but only his brother. Among the poet's "devices and inventions" for the "joyful entry" of the Prince, which took place on August 28, 1576, figured a bower in the midst of the chief public square, from which emerged a nymph who delivered to the Prince a sonnet composed for the occasion by the Prince of poets. The nymph had been handsomely dressed at the expense of the city. "To Robert Lebrethon," we read in the same accounts, "the sum of twenty-five livres tournois, of the value of eight crowns and one-third, for cloths of silk supplied by him and used for the garments of a nymph coming out of the *bocage* and garden of the great square or 'carroi de Beaune,' to deliver in the presence of our said lord the sonnet written to his praise, in honour of his said entrée." To show their gratitude towards Ronsard, the burgesses sent, each day, "to the priory of St Côme, wine of the said town in flasks and bottles in honour of the said town." They purchased, besides, "twelve ells of black velvet of the Lucca sort, and twelve ells of black taffeta, gros grain," which were given, "as well to the Sieur de Ronsard as to several other lords, followers of Monseigneur" ².

Francis of France, who was staying very near the priory, in the old Plessis of Louis XI, paid a visit to Ronsard who, as usual with him on such occasions, offered him fruit from his garden, accompanied by a poetical

¹ To *Scévole de Sainte Marthe*, the original, in the National Library, a gift of Baron Edmund de Rothschild. The year is not given, I believe it to have been 1576, M de Nolhac inclines for 1577. *Deux Lettres retrouvées de Ronsard*, 19 3, p 13.

² *Abbé Froger, Ronsard ecclésiastique*, Pièces justificatives.

compliment full of the praise which was commanded by circumstances, but not at all by stern truth. To send, he wrote, fruits to a prince whose youth has already borne so many,

. . . C'est porter de l'arène (sand)
Aux rives de la mer, des épis à Cérès,
Des étoiles au ciel, des arbres aux forêts,
Des roses aux jardins, des eaux à la fontaine.

Ronsard was very proud of his flowers, fruit and vegetables, working lovingly with his own hands in his gardens of Croixval, Montoire, and especially St. Côme, one taste more he had in common with Petrarch. "Gardening," says his friend and biographer, Claude Binet, "was one of his favourite pleasures; he enjoyed it, above all at St. Côme, where my lord the Duke of Anjou, who loved and admired him, visited him after he had made his entrée at Tours. He knew many a fine secret for gardening, be it for sowing, planting, grafting, and often sent of his fruits to King Charles, who gladly received all that came from him." Verses usually accompanied the fruits or vegetables; one such piece has for its subject pumpkins offered by the poet to Charles IX.

Much of his food came from his garden; he greatly preferred vegetables to meat:

L'artichaut et la salade,
L'asperge et la pastenade (parsnip),
Et les pompons (pumpkins) tourangeaux,
Me sont herbes plus friandes
Que les royales viandes
Qui se servent à Monceaux.¹

Most of his praise of wine was in dutiful imitation of the ancients; his praise of milk, of wild strawberries and of the water "of the brook close by," is more personal. Though he may have enjoyed now and then merry drinking with friends, his eulogy thereof should not be taken to the

¹ Near Meaux, one of the favourite country places of Queen Catherine de Medicis.

letter and generalized. It is better, after all, he had written as early as 1555, to praise it than to practise it, acknowledging, however, that it might be even better to abstain from both.

We know from Ronsard's own testimony the sort of gardens he liked best; they no more resembled the gardens—that were to be—at Versailles, than his verses resembled the poetry—that was to replace his own—of Malherbe. He preferred the gardens which had “something wild about them.”

J'aime fort les jardins qui sentent le sauvage.

So that we may believe he had not many clipped yew trees nor formal “parterres” at Croixval or St Côme. Neither had he any show of pomp or of wealth in any of his houses. He excused himself to royal princes, when visited by them:

*Bien que cette maison ne vante son porphyre,
Son marbre, ni son jaspe en œuvre élaboré,
Que son plancher ne soit lambrissé ni dore,
Ni pourrait de tableaux que le vulgaire admire,
Toutefois Amphion l'a bien daigné construire
Ou le son de sa lyre est encor demeuré.¹*

He liked his abode to be clean, decent, pleasant to live in, with plenty of flowers at the foot of its walls, a sundial as a reminder of the flight of time:

Un cadran naturel à l'esseuil de son huis,

a fine prospect of trees and flowing waters, but with the exception, doubtless, of Mary Stuart's cupboard, no rich furniture, no tapestries, no rarities. Even in his youthful days, when he was a page at court, surrounded by splendour, a brilliant worldly life being, it seemed, in store for him, his dream of a happy life was of one with Cassandre, not in a magnificent castle as that of Talcy, “with gilt ceilings,” or even in a fine manor like la Poissonnière, but in the same Francis of France, when receiving him at St. Côme, 1576

but in "an hermitage lined with ivy and wild vine." His experience of life had confirmed him in those dispositions :

Ces grandeurs, ces honneurs dont les hommes sont pleins,
Ne sont pas les vrais biens qui font l'homme plus sage ;
Un petit clos de terre, un petit héritage
Les rend plus vertueux, plus gaillards et plus sains.¹

Sheer poverty, however, he detested, and he jocosely said that he wanted to imitate in Homer his verses, not his beggary ; but for great wealth he had no longing ; people are rich enough he thought and happier than any when they can be pleased with what they have :

Non, la richesse, non, ne se mesure pas
Aux écus amassés l'un sur l'autre à grands tas,
Mais au contentement ; celui qui se contente
Vit très riche, n'eût-il qu'une moyenne rente.

His treasures were plenty of books, as well modern as ancient, for he continued, being now King of Letters, to watch over the acts and behaviour of his "subjects" (his own word), and also to converse with the ancients, in spite of his having decided long ago, as we have seen, to make himself "tout français." He carefully preserved some souvenirs given him by friends, like that cup in blue glass received from wealthy Jean Brinon, and which he extolled far above golden ones, a glass offering to the sight,

Le rond, le creux et la couleur du ciel.

He had a few paintings, the before-mentioned portraits of youthful Mary Stuart and her husband Francis II, a picture of a horse with a long mane, given him by his friend, councillor Belot ; a good horse, cheap to feed, he wrote to the giver, and which he had great pleasure in looking at when ill in bed and unable to ride ; the sight of that "shadow of a horse" cheered him and was better than no horse at all. He would have liked to add a portrait of

¹ Written also in 1576, and printed 1578.

Cassandre painted by "unique Janet, the honour of our France," but that was denied him, he took consolation in thinking that he had an even better one, and more lasting, in his heart

He possessed withal a variety of musical instruments, having a passion for music. When, in the "*Nuit de Mai*," the Muse said to the descendant of Cassandre, Alfred de Musset "*Poète, prends ton luth*," the poet pretended to obey, but took nothing at all. Not so with Ronsard who was able to play on his own actual lute, the most popular of all instruments in his days. Of very ancient fame and in use centuries before Christ, we had received it, during the Middle Ages, from the Arabs, and it continued in favour until the eighteenth century. Ronsard wanted the best composers of the time to write music for his verses and they did. The first edition of his "*Amours*," 1552, had sheets of music appended, the work of Certon, Goudimel and others, all famous. The praise of music which, he said, he "*idolized as well as painting*," and which had for him a sacred, a holy character, recurs constantly in his works. He addressed poems to his lute, to his "*guiterre*," a beautifully ornamented one, with mythological subjects and showing the initials of Cassandre intertwined with his own. To the accompaniment of his sweet, clear-voiced, artistically painted, pear-shaped lute, he would (being unable to really sing) murmur poems fitting his mood

Soit que j'écrive ou soit que j'entrelace
Mes vers au luth

And he must have had sometimes the pleasure of hearing, at local gatherings, his odes sung by the country people, for, as far as Brittany, in his own lifetime, minstrels would sing, we know, "*a lay of Tristan de Léonois* or an ode of that great poet Ronsard." So writes his contemporary Noel du Fail :

¹ *Contes et discours d'Eutrapel*, chap. XIX, *Musique d'Eutrapel*, 1st ed., Rennes, 1585; ed. Assezat, Paris, 1864, II, p. 117

To sing, accompanying oneself on the lute, was the fashion ; Cassandre was doing so when Ronsard first met her ; Queen Margaret of Navarre sang her own verses also to the lute, for, said Brantôme, " she has a beautiful and agreeable voice which she marries with the lute, knowing how to touch it very prettily." He praises the same accomplishment in Mary Stuart. As for our poet, he had told his " guiterre,"

Tu es des dames pensives
L'instrument approprié,

the instrument supplying that " moody food " known to expert Cleopatra, " music moody food of us that trade in love," had said the Egyptian queen ; that heart-opener, said again Ronsard, who had himself fallen a victim to it :

Que dirons-nous de la musique sainte ?
Si quelque amante en a l'oreille atteinte,
Lente en larmes, goutte à goutte,
Fondra sa chère âme toute,
Tant la douceur d'une harmonie éveille,
D'un cœur ardent, l'amitié qui sommeille.

Ronsard had a Sidneyan fondness for songs of old, in which he seemed to hear as a distant echo of the golden age, and a Shakespearean veneration for music, an art with something purifying in it, the touchstone of trustworthiness and honesty ; so Shakespearean, indeed, that a striking thought of his, expressed in 1560, was re-expressed later by Lorenzo in the " Merchant of Venice." The editors of a " Livre de Meslanges contenant six vingt chansons," similar to those " Books of Airs " so numerous in England¹ during the reign of Elizabeth, had asked Ronsard to write a preface for them, and in that preface, addressed to King Francis II, Ronsard said :

" The man, Sir, who listening to the accord of music

¹ Where the French music of the period was well known, that especially of Roland de Lassus, " le plus que divin Orlande," Ronsard called him. The English composer Dowland visited " the chief parts of France, a nation," he said, " furnished with a great variety of music." Preface to his " Firste Booke of Ayres," 1597, Arber, " English Garner," III, 31.

or the sweetness of the natural voice, is not cheered by it, is not moved by it, and is not shaken by it from head to foot as though sweetly ravished and I know not how, carried, as it were, out of himself, a sign it is that his soul is tortuous, vicious and depraved and that he should not be trusted, as being not happily born to honourable deeds " 1

Said Lorenzo to Jessica

The man that has no music in himself,
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are as dull as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted.

These protracted stays of Ronsard in the country, now more frequent than before, had throughout his poetical career, a marked influence on his work. He more than ever enjoyed the pleasures of country-life, pictures of the manners, labours and joys of peasants are numerous in his writings and also touching descriptions of their hardships, dangers, miseries and of the losses and sorrows inflicted on them by the endless wars of religion. The sight of their sufferings when they had to flee from their homes, tears in their eyes, "one dragging his cow along by the horn, another with his bed and children on his back," made him seize his pen, "shut himself up for three days," and,

De ce temps malheureux j'écrivis la misère,

composing those tragical "Discours des Misères de ce temps," the most original perhaps of all his poems 2

¹ Car celui, Sire, lequel oyant l'accord de la musique, ou la douceur de la voix naturelle, ne s'en resjouyst point, ne s'en esmeut point, et de teste en piedz n'en tressault point, comme doucement ravy, et je ne scay comment dérobé hors de soy c'est signe qu'il a l'âme tortue, vicieuse et depravée, et duquel il se fault donner de garde, comme de celui qui n'est point heureusement bien né. From the unique copy of the 1560 edition (the dedicatee, Francis II, died in the same year), preserved in the Royal Library, Berlin. A second edition with some variants, and dedicated to Charles IX, appeared in 1572.

² 1562, followed by the *Continuation du Discours*, and the *Remonstrance au Peuple de France*.

Among his posthumous works were a description of a pilgrimage of country folk to St. Roch and a sort of litany of peasant fathers of family, asking St. Blaise to protect them and their flocks against the long series of misfortunes threatening their humble lives. Before that first French Academy, founded under Henri III, in a debate on the comparative value of the intellectual and moral qualities, the far-famed poet, the pupil of Dorat, but the pupil also of his native fields, declared against the intellectual ones, nothing, he thought, being more important for the welfare of a nation than moral virtues: "Do you not see our toilers of the fields who have learnt naught save the art of the plough? Yet they live as men of righteousness and honour. If there is any probity, virtue, faith, simplicity, honesty in the world, it is surely among ploughmen that it can be found. . . . Of what use is contemplation without action? Of no more than a sword that never leaves its scabbard, or a knife that cannot cut."¹

No less numerous, though they have been less generally noticed, are Ronsard's pictures of even more modest inhabitants of the fields, namely, mere animals, down to the commonest and tiniest. His sympathy is extended even to plants and shrubs; they are live beings; he thinks of their illnesses, he deplures their death. Some of his descriptions will, by their happy turn, remind the reader of La Fontaine, or, for the philosophical musings which follow them, of Robert Burns. He foreshadows those great men; he gives only sketches, it is true, but they are masterly ones.

He stops to observe a flower, a tree, a bird; he notes

¹ The discussion was held in the presence of the King who had himself proposed the subject: "Quelles vertus sont plus excellentes, les morales ou intellectuelles?" Several academicians, among whom the poet Desportes, defended the intellectual qualities; Ronsard alone the moral ones, concluding thus: "Je conclus doncq, puis que les vertus morales nous font plus charitables, pitoyables, justiciers, attrémpés, fors aux périls, plus compaignables et plus obéissans à nos supérieurs, qu'elles sont à préférer aux intellectuelles." Only text (printed e.g. in Frémy's "L'Académie des derniers Valois") in a MS. of the Royal Library, Copenhagen, MS. Thottske Saml. n°. 315, fol.

hues and shapes with an accuracy worthy of the careful painters of the early Renaissance, he loves the star-like marigolds,

les soucis, étoiles d'un parterre,
Ains les soleils des jardins, tant ils sont
Jaunes, luisants et dorés sur le front

While the civil wars are at their height, he has a thought for a pine tree which spreads its "hérissé feuillage" over his garden, he is afraid some mishap may occur to that dear being

Que je tremblais naguère à froide crainte
Qu'on ne coupât ta plante qui m'est sainte !
Hélas ! je meurs quand j'y pense, en ces jours
Que Blois fut pris et qu'on menaçait Tours

He never tires of observing the small animals of the fields and woods, of noting their attitudes, their movements and their inventiveness when in danger. Early risen, he studies wasps, he leans over the long procession of ants, and describes curiously the means they resort to for carrying their heavy loads. He, too, has something to say to the skylark. The successive bounds by which the bird rises up to the clouds have never been better described

Puis quand tu t'es bien elancée,
Tu tombes comme une fusée (spindle)
Qu'une jeune pucelle, au soir,
De sa quenouille laisse choir,
Quand au foyer elle sommeille,
Pendant à front baissé l'oreille

Seated by a pond he watches a green frog playing in the water, he muses on the fate of the small animal, on its short life. fortunate, however, to soon disappear, happier many a time than man who lives so long, often in pain, with that same awful debt to pay in the end.

Bref, que dirai-je plus, ta vie
N'est comme la nôtre asservie
A la longueur du temps malin,
Car bientôt en l'eau tu prends fin,

Et nous traînons nos destinées
 Quelquefois quatre-vingts années
 Et cent années quelquefois,
 Et tu ne dures que six mois,
 Franche du temps et de la peine
 A laquelle la gent humaine
 Est endettée dès le jour
 Qu'elle entre en ce commun séjour.

Ronsard wrote those lines two hundred years before the Scotch poet turned up the nest of a field-mouse with his plough and addressed lines now known all over the world to his "poor earth-born companion."

Age and infirmity had come ; gout, fever, sleeplessness. Ronsard went only at intervals to Paris to resume his other life, perform his "quarter" as councillor and almoner of the King, and see his last beautiful friend, Hélène de Surgères, maid of honour to Catherine de Médicis, the heroine of the famous : "Quand vous serez bien vieille." To be heart-free is a great boon, he thought, but the Muse then is silent, the pen idle, a shorter fame is to be expected :

Ah ! belle liberté qui me servait d'escorte,
 Quand le pied me portait où libre je voulais,
 Ah ! que je te regrette ! Hélas, combien de fois
 Ai-je rompu le joug que malgré moi je porte !
 Puis, je l'ai rattaché, étant né de la sorte
 Que sans aimer je suis et du plomb et du bois ;
 Quand je suis amoureux, j'ai l'esprit et la voix,
 L'invention meilleure et la Muse plus forte,
 Il me faut donc aimer pour avoir bon esprit,
 Afin de concevoir des enfants par écrit,
 Pour allonger mon nom aux dépens de ma peine.

He will, therefore, like Homer, sing of Helen. His own Hélène had apartments at the top of the Louvre, and poor old Ronsard found it, each day, more difficult to climb the innumerable steps :

Tu loges au sommet du palais de nos rois,
 Olympe n'avait pas la cime si hautaine ;
 Je perds à chaque marche et le poulx et l'haleine.

From the window where both leaned out together, they pursued dreams of a happy country life, while contemplating the green solitudes offered then to the eye by the now much less quiet hill of Montmartre

Vous me dites, maîtresse, étant à la fenêtre,
Regardant vers Montmartre et les champs d'alentour
La solitaire vie et le désert séjour
Valent mieux que la cour, je voudrais bien y être

Most of his poems of this period were poems of detachment, of leaving, of separation—he had run his race, “J’ai couru mon flambeau” The time had come to part with even the remembrance of the bewitching women whom he had loved

Si elles m’ont aimé, je les ai bien aimées

He wrote his “Magie ou délivrance d’Amour,” his elegy on his dear forest of Gastine, his farewell to a glorious century, glorious, among other reasons,

Pour avoir vu sous lui la navire espagnole
Délouvrir l’Amérique

No farewell, however, to the Muses whom, even in his most pious mood, he continued to worship. A year before his death, he was preparing one more edition of his collected works, the sixth, the last he saw, which appeared in the first days of 1584, with a number of additions and with changes, sometimes for the better, sometimes not, a tall handsome folio, his own “first folio” He expected it to bring him, he cheerily wrote, “sixty good crowns (*écus*) to buy wood and to go and warm himself with his friend Gallandius,” Jean Galland, principal of the Collège de Boncourt, the best friend of his latter years. Delighting to talk with him and with his students whom he called “my children,” he now stayed at Boncourt when he had to come to Paris. He spent, in fact, his last winter under that friendly roof. Wanting to return to Vendômois in

the spring, he was so weak and so crippled by gout,¹ that it was impossible for him to mount his horse and he had a coach made on purpose to take him back. He reached Croixval and soon perceived that death could not be very far off. He had ever wished it to be quick and sudden :

Je te salue, heureuse et profitable mort,
 Des extrêmes douleurs médecin et confort !
 Quand mon heure viendra, déesse, je te prie,
 Ne me laisse longtemps languir en maladie,
 Tourmenté dans un lit, mais, puisqu'il faut mourir,
 Donne-moi que soudain je te puisse encourir.

His wish was not fulfilled ; he had a protracted agony of many weeks, during which, unable to sleep and still retaining all his clearness of mind, he sang his sufferings. He remembered the field animals and envied the long winter sleep of some of them, who had no need to drink the juice of the poppy :

Heureux, cent fois heureux, animaux qui dormez
 Demi-an en vos trous sous la terre enfermés,
 Sans manger du pavot qui tous les sens assomme.
 J'en ai mangé, j'ai bu de son jus oublieux,
 En salade, cuit, crû, et cependant le somme
 Ne vient par sa froideur s'asseoir dessus mes yeux.

Disbanded Huguenot troops were, at that time, the terror of the country ; the moribund poet had to leave Croixval in the autumn, and establish himself at St. Gilles-de-Montoire, under the shadow of the old fortress. There he spent All Souls' Day. Quiet having been restored in the valley, he returned to Croixval, but after a fortnight had himself carried to St. Côme ; for his illness continued, and the place was better supplied with remedies. Keeping to the end his clear mind, and his unimpaired courage, he showed, in spite of his fondness for life (" tant la vie est plaisante "), the truth of a line he had written long before :

Je ne crains point la mort ; mon cœur n'est point si lâche.

¹ In his posthumous " Hymne de Mercure," he mentions the sufferings
 Dont la goutte m'assaut, pieds, jambes et jointures.

His long sleepless nights were spent in prayer and in the composition of poems which he dictated in the mornings to one of his monks. They show no decline of his power, the song of sirens did for him, it seems, what poppy could not, and assuaged his pain. The last of his sonnets, dictated on the eve of his death, is for its manliness and grandeur one of the most memorable he wrote. He gives in it a summary of all his life, in which the love of letters and of glory had occupied such a place, a partly pagan and partly Christian life, a thoroughly Christian one at last, religion affording him hopes of a better fate than a possible dissolution into a nothingness of soul and body.

Il faut laisser maisons et vergers et jardins,
Vaiselles et vaisseaux que l'artisan burine,
Et chanter son obsequé en la façon du cygne
Qui chante son trepas sur les bords méandrin.

C'est fait, j'ai dévidé le cours de mes destins,
J'ai vécu, j'ai rendu mon nom assez insigne,
Ma plume vole au ciel pour être quelque signe,
Loin des appas mondains qui trompent les plus fins.

Heureux qui ne fut onc ! Plus heureux qui retourne
En rien comme il était ! plus heureux qui séjourne,
D'homme fait nouvel ange, auprès de Jésus-Christ,

Laisant pourrir ça-bas sa dépouille de boue,
Dont le sort, la fortune et le destin se joue,
Franc des liens du corps, pour n'être qu'un esprit.

On the 27th of December, 1585, faithful Galland standing by his bedside, the then most famous poet of Europe breathed his last at St Côme, survived by only two members of the celebrated *Pléiade*.

Destiny did not fail to play with his "dépouille de boue." In the time of his youth, during his pagan years, he had asked the gods to let him sleep his last sleep in his dear Vendômois, under an evergreen tree, in an island

where the Braye and Loir meet. There *pastoureux* would have come, he thought, to offer sacrifices and honour his memory with their musical, innocent songs. But he was buried, as befitted the prior that he was, where he had died, at St. Côme, in the now ruined church. For several years, neither his family, nor his monks, nor the king had any monument erected to his memory. Pasquier, visiting the priory in 1589, noted that Ronsard "had been buried towards the left of the altar, as you walk into the church; the place is not marked by any memorial whatsoever, but only by some twenty new tiles mixed with several old ones." A monument of some sort was at length raised, but did not last long; it was destroyed by the "irruption violente et sacrilège" of the old adversaries of the poet, the Huguenots. Another monument, worthier of the great man was erected in 1607 by Joachim de la Chétardie, one of his successors as prior of St. Côme, but removed to Tours in the following century when the priory was suppressed. The Latin inscription on a black marble slab is preserved however in the Blois Museum, as well as a plaster cast (a duplicate, as we have seen, is at Vendôme) of the striking bust of the poet placed on the monument. His friends, however, erected to him at once a literary "Tombeau" to which all the best writers of the time contributed.¹

A search was instituted some years ago among the ruins of St. Côme to find the remains of the poet, but it was entirely fruitless. No tomb, no coffin, no trace whatever of his remains was discovered.

Destiny did not prove less unkind to his glory than to his "dépouille de boue"; with that, too, the goddess "played." The man who had had thousands of worshippers abroad as well as in France, whose works,

¹ "Discours de la Vie de Pierre de Ronsard . . . avec une élogue, représentée en ses obsèques, par Claude Binet. Plus les vers composez par ledict Ronsard peu avant sa mort. Ensemble son Tombeau, recueilli par plusieurs excellans personnages," Paris, 1586, 4^o.

says Binet, were read "publiquement, aux écoles françaises de Flandres, d'Angleterre et de Pologne, jusques à Danzig," was gradually neglected and overshadowed, and became at last a laughing-stock for Boileau. He had, before he received again his due, to await the romantic Renaissance of the nineteenth century. Then were the tables turned, and war was declared against Boileau and the pallid descendants of Racine. His deriders were now derided. Pious hands removed the veil which had long concealed the treasures of poetry amassed by him in his then forgotten books. Sainte-Beuve began, and many followed, the best poets of the century, from Victor Hugo to the more recent singers, Sully Prudhomme, Lafenestre, Heredia, Henri de Régnier, Nolhac, acknowledged as their master that "maître des charmeurs de l'oreille, Ronsard."

Ronsard thus, after many years and many revolutions, resumed his place among the worthies of French literature. The glory of some among his more pretentious works has, it is true, faded away, never to brighten again. His ambitious "*Françade*" has scarcely more readers than Petrarch's "*Africa*." But more and more numerous lovers of poetry delight in the lines inspired by true love and real friendship, by *Cassandre*, *Marie* or *Hélène*, by the trees of *Gastine*, the roses of *Croixval*, the rocks and rivers, the lights and shadows of his native valleys, the simple people living there, the destinies of his country, France. The teachings of *Vendômois* and of nature had had a better and more lasting effect than the lessons taught at the *College Coqueret* by the learned *Dorat*.

WHAT is tennis, and why so called ? Tennis and *paume* are the same thing, yet their names widely differ. England derived the game from France with all its rules, its system of scoring, using French words for it : advantage, deuce, otherwise *à deux*, yet it called the *paume*, tennis. Why tennis ?

Many explanations have been offered, the best being due to Professor W. W. Skeat, in whom old words have found such a learned and discriminating biographer. According to him, the origin of tennis is the French *tenez*, imperative plural of *tenir*. Says Gower, writing in 1399 or 1400 :

Off the tenetz to winne or lese a chase.

Professor Skeat concluded thus : " All that remains is to suggest the sense. I suppose it meant ' take heed,' or ' mark,' as an exclamation ; if so, it is precisely the equivalent of the modern exclamation ' play.' And if it was in frequent use at the beginning of a bout, it is easy to see how it was adopted as the actual name of the game." ¹

I made some researches in order to ascertain whether such a word was actually employed in former times by the server and was really in frequent use at the beginning of a bout, the result being as follows.

The game of tennis, nowadays one of the most silent, used to be one of the noisiest of games. The quantity of exclamations, appeals, and shouts was such that physicians

¹ " Athenæum," 4th of April, 1896.

recommended the play on account of its healthy effect upon the throat and lungs of the players Tissot, "surgeon-major in the 4th regiment of chevaux-légers," described tennis in his "*Gymnastique médicale et chirurgicale*," 1780, as being most efficacious in cases of "paralysis of the pharynx, and of the tongue, which sometimes remains thick and heavy, to the extent that patients will stammer" In the royal game of tennis lies their cure, "because players are incessantly incited to shout and speak, either for appeals or for keeping the score"

Such was, in fact, the current opinion on the effects of shouting, it had been handed down from the Renaissance The learned Mercurialis was positive on the subject in his book "*De arte gymnastica*," chapter "*De vociferatione et risu*"¹, Rabelais also, who had been careful to include shouting among the items of Gargantua's encyclopædic education "*Et, pour se exercer le thorax et pulmon, crioit comme tous les diables*"

Looking for some premonitory exclamation analogous to *tenez*, I first found, to my regret, that many of those shouts, so beneficent for the throat and lungs, were not very edifying, and consisted largely in big round oaths So much so that the French "Ordinance for the royal and honourable game of tennis, drawn up in twenty-four articles at Paris in the year 1592—*Bene vivere et letari*"—prescribed in its *first* paragraph that players should choose to exercise their lungs in some different fashion "You, gentlemen, who want to disport yourselves and play tennis, remember that you should play in order to recreate your body and exhilarate your mind, without swearing or blaspheming the name of God" This ordinance was constantly re-issued in the seventeenth century In the case of a prize match, players were fined five *sols* for each oath²

In the second place, I found that at a certain late period, the proper formula to be used by the server, at

¹ Venice, 1569, Paris (with cuts), 1577

² La maison des jeux, 1663, p. 191

least when beginning a set, was "Y êtes-vous?" The use of this formula put an end to trial strokes, which did not count, and when the opponent had answered "Oui," real business began.¹ We were as yet very far from *tenez*, though it will be noticed that the former exclamation is no more exclusive of this last one than the use of "Ready?" as an interrogative is inconsistent with "Play!"

A nearer approach was made, and, as I take it, the very thing was found, when I turned to the collections of dialogues, written at the Renaissance in order to teach young people how to speak fluent Latin. As they were meant to accustom students to use the noble idiom in everyday occurrences, a good many of them by Erasmus, Cordier, Vives, have for their subject the familiar games of the day, tennis being foremost among them.

On account of the great interest felt then in games and sports, the principal dialogues bearing on this subject (ball, bowling, tennis, jumping, shooting, etc.) were extracted from the collections to which they severally belonged, and printed in a separate volume, under the title of "*Lusus Pueriles*," Paris, 1555, reprinted 1581.

They supply us, or very nearly so, with proof positive, confirming Professor Skeat's statement. The chief interlocutors in one of Erasmus's "*Colloquies*" are Nicholas and Jerome. They first draw who shall serve, a ceremony performed in the same way as now, by the tossing up of a racket and seeing whether it falls with the "rough" or "smooth" side upwards—*nubilum an serenum*, says Cordier in his Latin—*droit ou naud*, de Garsault said later in his French.² Then the following conversation takes place:

"*Jerome*. Now then, let us play like men. . . . Each be to his own post, and keep it warily. You stand behind me and receive the ball if it passes me. You watch there, and return the ball if sent back to us.

Nicholas. Not a fly will pass me untouched.

¹ "*Académie universelle des jeux*," 1725, p. 343; many editions under this and analogous titles.

² "*L'art du paumier-raquetier*," Paris, 1767.

Jer. Luck be with us ! Now, send the ball on the roof
(the side pent-house) If you serve without forewarning,
it won't count *Qui miserit nihil præfatus, frustra miserit*

Nic Hem, have it then *Hem, accipe*

Jer Ready . you do not send it easy.

Nic Not to you, maybe, but very much so to us

Jer As you send it, so shall I return it . .

Nic Have it again

Jer Send it

Nic We have thirty , we have forty-five

Jer Pence ?—*sestertia* ?

Nic No

Jer What then ?

Nic Numbers

Jer What is the worth of numbers when nothing is
numbered ?

Nic Such is our way of playing "

A way, be it said *en passant*, which strongly exercised the
imagination of our forefathers, who offered a variety of
explanations, astronomical, philosophical, and others, try-
ing to show why fifteen, thirty, etc., were used, and not
one, two, three Excellent were the reasons, and deep
remained the obscurity

With Cordier, the incidents and words are nearly the
same Mathieu and René play together. They draw
who shall serve René wants a few preliminary strokes
to be played for nothing . *Fac præludium* , the other party
will not have it *Non patiar, lude sic serio* *Age nunc,*
pilam in tectum mitte

" *René* Have it, I play *Excipe, ecce mitto*

Mathieu Well done ! you missed it , fifteen for us "

A lively discussion thereupon ensues, referred, as the
custom was (and is), to the spectators

" *Mat* Now go on

Ren. Have it

Mat. Ready. It touched the window, fifteen for me.

Ren. Have it.

Mat. Send it more easy.

Ren. As uneasy as I can."

Not a stroke is played without the premonitory *excipe*. The game proceeds with various incidents ; the losing party fails not (*déjà !*) to lay blame upon the pavement, which is slippery, and the rackets, which are unstrung. A good observer of nature Cordier was, and nature has not altered. His *excipe* and Erasmus's *accipe*, never forgotten by the server, obviously translate the same French word ; both knew France well ; Cordier was French ; the expression they use would be quite a satisfactory equivalent for *tenez*.

The main point to remember is the constant use by the server, in olden days, of an expression corresponding to the Latin *accipe*, *excipe*, and the obligation for him to employ it under the penalty of the stroke being held as of no avail ; so that we have very nearly indeed an absolute proof that Professor Skeat's surmise was right, as he considered it himself to be, provided the word should really have been "in frequent use at the beginning of a bout. . . ." The exclamation *accipe* (*tenez*) was more than frequent, it was obligatory.

To this, and no further had I been able to carry my investigations. Attempts to discover a text giving the original French word actually used as an indispensable warning before playing had failed. A complete justification of Skeat was however reached by others when the huge compilation in eleven languages, 1617, of the London lexicographer, John Minsheu, was brought to bear on the question. And there we read, under the word "Tennis," that this expression comes from the word *tenez*, "which word the Frenchmen, the only tennis players, use to speak when they strike the ball at tennis." ¹

¹ "Ductor in Linguis, the guide into tongues. Cum illarum Harmonia et Etymologiis . . . Opus omnibus humanioris literaturæ amatoribus valde necessarium et delectabile . . . Opera, studio . . . et sumptibus Johannis Minshæi, . . . Vendibiles extant, Londini," 1617, fol.


Heathcote, in his authoritative work on "Tennis" (Badminton Library), had expressed doubts "It is scarcely probable that our ancestors should have sought a French origin for a game which was known on the Continent as *La Paume*" But that a word constantly used in a game may have become, among foreigners, the name of the game, is not surprising Everybody knows how an English oath became, in French parlance, at the time of the Hundred Years' War, a way of designating the English During the recent Great War many Americans called the French the "*Dis donc*," owing to the frequency among them of this colloquial apostrophe

Great changes have occurred since Erasmus and Cordier's days The old play-masters at the Tuileries tried, within memory, to maintain some of the former traditions A foreigner who was taking lessons there some years ago, told me that his master was wont to shout to him in mid-play "*Mais criez donc, Monsieur, dites quelque chose ! Dites Ah ! Ah ! Il faut égayer la partie , il ne faut pas prendre son plaisir tristement*" Sets continued to be played with great art and skill, but almost in dumb show at the Tuileries, the last court surviving of the hundreds which had formerly prospered in Paris It has now become an annex of the far-off Luxembourg Museum It died silently, used in its latter days by silent players, an habitué of the tennis court there wrote me "*On n'annonce pas le service Le marqueur annonce le coup qui finit et, à partir de ce moment, c'est le coup nouveau Du reste, la balle en tapant sur le mur et le tambour qui resonance, s'annonce d'elle-même*"

Erasmus and Cordier would not have found, in modern tennis courts, occasions for dialogues there were no longer any dialogues, and people who suffer from the pharynx go at present to Aix and do not try, according to Tissot's advice, to shout away their ailment, racket in hand

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I

AFTER a performance at one of the Southwark theatres, in the spring of 1611, a strange-looking fellow, the strangest perhaps of all that were there, shaggy-bearded and shaggy-haired, a man of queer learning and queer ignorance, a real doctor of Cambridge and an averred quack of London, a frequent inmate of the royal prisons and the trusted adviser of the fairest ladies at court, went home, took his book of memoranda, and wrote as follows :

"In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, the 15 of Maye, Wednesday.—Observe ther howe Lyontes, the Kinge of Cicillia, was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia. . . . Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo . . ." and how this, and how that . . . "Remember also the rog that cam in all tottered like Coll Pipci² . . . and after cam to the shep-sheer with a pedlers packe, and ther cosoned them again of all their money. . . . Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawning fellouse."

The title of these memoranda was "The Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for common pollicie."³ Though believing in the stars and sure of his ability to read in them every one's destiny, the doctor did not disdain

¹ Copyright 1907, by William Dana Orcutt. Reprinted by permission. (A revised text.) ² An unidentified character, of evanescent notoriety.

³ E.g. in Halliwell-Phillipps, "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 10th ed., 1898, vol. II, p. 85, and in Furness's "Variorum Shakespeare," "Winter's Tale," p. 319. A portrait of Forman, showing his deep-wrinkled bushy face, is in the "Antiquarian Repertory," new ed., vol. II, p. 311. London, 1808, 4°.

to observe also less exalted sights, and derive instruction from mere plays. For what there might be in them of art, poetry, sentiment, genius, he cared naught, but he duly recorded what lessons he could discover in them "for common pollicie," unaware that he would have little enough time to use in this world any kind of "pollicie," and that, whatever the stars might have told him, he would die four months later.

We must, however, be thankful to him for this the earliest allusion to "The Winter's Tale," and one of the very rare accounts of a play by Shakespeare from one who had seen it in its newness, for it was then, to all appearances, a new play. Every test applied to the prose and the poetry, the grammar and the prosody of the work, agrees with the inference to be drawn from the date of Forman's notes.¹ This is surely one of the last productions of Shakespeare, the last, perhaps, with "The Tempest," entirely due to him, and it doubtless had the freshness of novelty when Dr Forman went to hear it on the 15th of May, 1611, and learn the lesson that quacks should not be trusted.

For the last few years Shakespeare had been gradually loosening the ties which bound him to London and her theatres, he had begun in earnest the kind of life which he had, it seems, constantly looked forward to—the life of a well-to-do citizen of his native place, who could be truly styled "Mr William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, Gent." In the same year, 1611, he had definitively purchased that beautiful house, "New Place," the finest in the town, which he had purchased by him long before, and which was resolute, with gardens, one being an orchard planted by

Erasmus's father had then been dead ten years, his tennis core, but he still had his wife, his two married daughters, his beloved granddaughter Elizabeth, his sister

pharynx
Tissot's hand
no edition before the Folio of 1623, where the text is one of the whole collection. Forman's mention of the play is the earliest allusion to it become somewhat numerous afterwards; twelve for the period ending in 1693; only seven for Coriolanus and Cleopatra.

Joan Hart, and two of his brothers. He himself had five years left before he was to die in that same New Place, and "Good Friend, for Jesus sake forbear . . ." would be written on the slab in the church of the Holy Trinity, five years to be spent in peace and content, as an indulgent on-looker who had no longer a part to play. Émile Augier, towards the end of his career, after one last triumph, ceased to write ; and to those who besought him to take up his pen again, he used to say : " J'ai été assez longtemps sur les planches, j'ai le droit maintenant de m'asseoir au parterre." Shakespeare before him had thought and done likewise.

The great dramatist's last compositions, matured and written when he was already more "of Stratford" than of London, show the quieting influence of resumed country life and the equanimity of the sane mind preparing to leave men as a friend of men, and existence with gratitude for all it has brought of happiness, "*remerciant son hôte*," said La Fontaine.

Another characteristic of this last period in Shakespeare's life is an increased indifference as to the means he employs to please his audience, and as to facts and probabilities. He had never cared much whether any Bohemia had any seashore ; he cared even less now. Far too much has been made of his anachronisms and geographical inaccuracies. Their widespread fame is due, in a large measure, to well-intentioned idolaters who, determined to find every science, precept and teaching in that other Bible, Shakespeare's Works, have volunteered in each case farfetched explanations which have simply made the author's mistakes more conspicuous. One found that instead of Bohemia we should read Bithynia ; another proposed to understand Styria, which was under Bohemian rule in 1270, but he does not go so far as to pretend that in 1270 people in trouble consulted the oracle at Delphi as in "The Winter's Tale." Lippmann suggests that the poet's Bohemia must have been Apulia, which Apulia may possibly

have been called by some Bohemia, because at one time it belonged to the famous Norman crusader Bohemond, and was therefore "terra Bohemundi," and why not Bohemia?

Much better acknowledge common-sense evidence, the truth being that Shakespeare depicts real men in fancy countries, which he would have called Sardinia, Apulia, or anything, had he suspected there would ever be anyone to care. Personally he was so far from caring that his one general rule in matters of geography—a rule so easy and pleasant that he would never have opened a book or consulted a friend for fear of its suffering in the process—his one general rule was that all distant towns are by the sea-side, and if they are not, they should be, and shall. The Rome, the Mantua, the Padua, the Verona, the Milan, the Florence, the Aleppo of his stage are washed by the sea. His people go by sea from Padua to Pisa, from Verona to Milan, not forgetting to take advantage of "the tide," an unfrequent advantage, anyhow, in the Mediterranean. His Danish geography in "Hamlet," with the vast plain between the castle at Elsinore and the harbour, is as fanciful as his Italian one elsewhere, some of his fellow players had visited Elsinore and their receipts are still preserved in the Danish archives, they might have told him whether the castle was perched on "the dreadful summit of a cliff," with "mountains" back of it, but to our advantage, he was careful not to ask.

* In the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, Aug. 19, 1863, J. Caro has pointed out that in a Polish chronicle (little enough known then in England, we should think) Bohemia was described in 1383 as bordering on the Mediterranean, which chronicle he quotes as follows: *Anno quoque eodem Romæ in tota fere Ytalia, ac circa mare Mediterraneum in terris, quæ Moravia nuncupantur pestilencia seriebat*. A mere illusion, doubtless caused by a misplaced comma in the printed text, the real meaning of which is obviously that the plague raged round the Mediterranean and elsewhere, viz. Moravia, Pomerania, Bohemia, etc. *Anno quoque eodem Romæ in tota fere Ytalia ac circa mare Mediterraneum[,] in terris quæ Moravia nuncupantur, et in Pomorania inferiori ac in partibus Sandomiriensibus, Cracoviensibus, Bohemiæ, Silesiæ et Poloniæ per loca diversa magna pestilencia seriebat*. Anonymi archidiaconi Guettersus brevior chronica Cracoviæ, in *Sommersberg, Silesicarum Rerum Scriptores*, Leipzig, 1729 ff., vol. II, part II, p. 152. An Archdeacon of Guetters could not, by any possibility, ignore where Bohemia was.

What were history or geography to him? Mere backgrounds of secondary importance, like the inadequate scenery of his stage, on the front of which was played what really counted, live scenes.

Much less now, in his later years, would he pay attention to such details. In "The Winter's Tale" not only is Bohemia by the sea-shore, but Delphi is an island—"fertile the isle"—and the action takes place at a period when people followed Apollo's oracles, detested him "that did betray the Best," invoked "the gods," burnt heretics, read printed ballads, laughed at Puritans, obeyed the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and ordered statues from "that rare Italian master Julio Romano," who covered the stone "with oily painting," in the same fashion as Shakespeare's own bust was to be painted in Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. From what Shakespeare says there of Giulio Romano's genius, Elze concluded that so much accuracy would be inexplicable if the poet had not personally visited Mantua. If we accept this conclusion, we must accept also the belief that, at the time of Shakespeare's visit, Mantua was by the sea and north of Milan.

More important is this latter-day indifference of Shakespeare's as to an accurate joining of his story's several parts, the logical development of his characters, and the originality of the means to please he resorts to. A third Othello is depicted to us, expressing the same thoughts as before, a powerful picture, but a crude one in comparison with the first; apparent death is a source of wonder and emotion, and is so for the fourth time in a Shakespearean play.¹ A mass of surprising events and contrasts are

¹ This easy means of creating wonder and emotion was exceedingly popular. Already used by the Greeks, it was time and again exploited (with or without a potion as in "Romeo and Juliet") in romances, novels and ballads; among others, in the French romances of "Amadas" and in the famous "Cligès" of Chrestien de Troyes, twelfth century. Fenice, in the latter poem, drinks a "poivre," giving her, for one day and one night, the appearance of death; placed in a coffin with breathing-holes, she is succoured in time by her lover Cligès. The earliest of the husbands thus imposed upon was said to have been the wise King Solomon himself. See Gaston Paris, "Mélanges de Littérature Française du Moyen Âge,"

huddled together steadfast love turned into sudden hate, a real death, a seeming death, a bear on the stage, a tempest, a peasants' feast with songs, dances and flowers, court intrigues, a child exposed on a desert shore, miraculously saved, becoming a shepherdess, and turning out to be a princess, a shepherd who loves her and is a prince, sixteen years elapsing between one act and the next, a stone statue stepping down from its pedestal, all ending happily, as in a fairy tale, as in a "winter's tale"

Not one of these discrepancies, crudities or inconsistencies which has not been cleverly explained away by critics. Better explanations, less elaborate and more to the purpose, may be supplied by a mere matter of fact examination of the case. Not only were geographical, historical and other inconsistencies of usual occurrence then—Arcadia too having a sea-shore in Robert Greene, in John Lyly, and elsewhere, the Nile being counted one of the three great rivers of Europe by the learned Muret,—but Shakespeare took the trouble to inform us that what he was giving us was a "winter's tale". And though well-intentioned commentators have tried to show how truly wintry was the plot of the play, and others have suggested that it was so-called because it was performed in winter,¹ the fact is that a "winter's tale" meant a fancy story, an old woman's tale, its very unlikeliness being one of its charms. Says Marlowe's Jew of Malta:

Now I remember those old women's words
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts

Which tales were not bound to be gloomy, but only improbable. "A merry winter's tale would drive away the

¹ 1910, pp. 299' ff. On the numerous French and English ballads on the same subject, popular for centuries, see F. J. Child, 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads', Boston, part IV, 1886, The Gay Goshawk, p. 355.

The name of which is probably owing to its having been originally produced in the winter season. Halliwell-Phillipps, 'Outlines,' 1893, vol. I, p. 230.

time trimly," says Peele's *Antic*.¹ On this very characteristic of improbability Shakespeare himself insists, beseeching, as it were, future commentators to spare their pains and not take too seriously what may happen in his kingdoms of dreamland ; it is all a tale, a fancy tale, a series of wonders strung together, he does not tire of repeating : "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it. . . . This newes . . . is so like an old tale that the veritie of it is in strong suspicion. . . . Like an old tale still . . .

That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale."

We must neither "hoot" nor try to explain, for we have been informed by Shakespeare himself that he purposely offers us : a winter's tale.

But in this Bohemia which never existed, playing their part in events which could never have happened, Shakespeare has placed men and women, and he has pictured a succession of scenes as real as any in the whole range of his works. That his genius was in no way impaired by age (he was only forty-seven) is shown again and again, in some sides of the character of Leontes, that very human combination of violence and weakness, a tyrant who foams at the mouth so great is his rage, and allows himself to be berated by a "dame Partlet," a Paulina ; a morbid egotist who suffers as much at the thought of other people's "Hum's and Ha's" as from his supposed wounds : "Contempt and clamour will be my knell." Quite Shakespearean also, a true image of nature, the prattle of little Mamillius, studied perhaps from life in the talk of Shakespeare's little Elizabeth, the nobleness and dignity of tearless Hermione, and above all the incomparable scenes in shepherds' land, the best ones inspired to any artist by the peace and beauty of the English country. Sicily does not owe more to

¹ "The Old Wives Tale," first printed, 1595. Works, Bullen, vol. I, p. 307.

A lover belonging to fairyland, and to real life also, for such there be ; and throughout those scenes real life has invaded the stage. Bohemia has receded into space, as far as the unknown region where the sea washes its rocky shores, and we are in Warwickshire, among the poet's lifelong associations, in a landscape familiar to him, among the meadows displaying their "violets dim" and their "pale primroses," all the way between Stratford, where he was born, and Shottery, where he courted his wife that was to be, and Wilmcote, where his mother lived as a girl, and the Lucy manor, and the Clopton house, the whole play teeming with allusions to real life, and to fondly remembered, and sometimes ironically recalled, experiences of boyhood. "I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty," declares the steady-headed old shepherd, "or that youth would sleep out the rest : for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child" (at Shottery ?), "wronging the auncientry, stealing" (the deer at Charlecote ?), "fighting . . ." We are far, indeed, from Bohemia, and the sheep-shearing feast is the very kind of feast that all England enjoyed in Elizabethan days, witness honest Tom Tusser and his doggerel rhyme :

Wife make us a dinner, spare flesh neither corne,
 Make wafers and cakes, for our sheepe must be shorne ;
 At sheepe shearing neighbours none other crave,
 But good cheere and welcome like neighbours to have.¹

Tusser had obviously been entertained at such a feast at the time when the Shakespearean shepherd's "old wife liv'd . . . welcom'd all, serv'd all . . .

her face o' fire

With labour, and the thing she took to quench it.

Shakespeare himself had paced the meadow when Perdita reigned, "mistress of the feast."

¹ "Huswiferie," 1580.

II

While Ben Jonson was proud of inventing the plot, such as it was, of his dramas, Shakespeare, as we know, took his from old plays, successful novels, familiar chronicles, or histories. He never proposed to do what his friend intended to and publish his "Workes", it was a matter of indifference to him that the contents of some hypothetical edition of them, if ever there were any, should more or less truly be called his. Far from inventing, he did not even look for new or little-known subjects. The more familiar ones were; on the contrary, those he liked best, his public in most cases recognized old friends among the characters in his plays, and old friends they have indeed become for every man of culture, in every country, now and for all ages.

"The Winter's Tale" is no exception. Shakespeare's early rival, Robert Greene, the only man known to have spoken inimically of him, had published in 1588 a novel destined to have an extraordinary fortune. It was called "Pandosto, the Triumph of Time . . . Pleasant for age to avoyde drowsie thoughtes, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes." *Temporis filia Veritas*. The title of most subsequent editions was the "Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia," from the names of the heroes (Shakespeare's Florizel and Perdita), a title under which the tale was henceforth usually known. It proved one of the most successful books of the period, it had a quite unusual number of editions, a new one had been published in 1609, just before Shakespeare wrote his play. It was interspersed with strongly euphuistic speeches in which a king would advise his son to marry by the consideration that "the tree Alpya wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dew that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate." But the son refused to take the tree Alpya into consideration and continued to love the girl Fawnia.

Shakespeare left out the euphuism which, even in its heyday, had never been to his taste, and took most of the rest, adding a few surprising events, such as the survival of Hermione, her appearing as a statue, the bear pursuing old Antigonus and devouring him behind the scenes, etc. In Greene the queen dies for good in the middle of the story. *Perfectly indifferent to his model's geography*, the dramatist changed by mere inadvertence his kings' places of abode, and allotted Sicily to the jealous one instead of Bohemia, but he left the latter where he found it, that is by the sea-shore, and he allowed Delphi to continue an island : "the Isle of Delphos," Greene had said. He changed the names of all the personages, insignificant Mopsa excepted. Needless to add that there were other changes, of more import, and that they consisted in live men's replacing inanimate puppets. It will be enough to recall that in Greene the parts of Camillo and Autolycus were but one, and that the only suggestion from which the pedler's character was evolved by Shakespeare consisted in Greene's remark about his Capnio that he was "a wylie fellow." The idea of the sheep-shearing feast is also in Greene, but nothing takes place there ; it has almost no bearing on the story, and is briefly described as follows :

"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the Farmers daughters in Sycilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting : there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use."

Whence Greene derived the plot of his tale remained long unknown. J. Caro pointed out years ago resemblances between the English novel and some incidents told in Polish chronicles concerning "*illustris princeps Semovitius*," Duke of Masovia, in the fourteenth century, his beautiful wife unjustly suspected of adultery and strangled after she had given birth to a son ; the sorrow of the repenting husband,

and the rearing abroad of the child recognized at last by the duke as his own.¹

But a much more likely source is a work as generally popular in Elizabethan days as Polish chronicles, were difficult of access, no less a work than "*Le premier*" (etc) "*livre de Amadis de Gaule, qui traicte de maintes adventures d'armes et d'amours*" traduit nouvellement d'espagnol en françois par le seigneur des Essars, Nicolas de Herberay," and continued by others, Paris, 1540, ff fol To say nothing of English translations,² neither Greene nor Shakespeare could have had any difficulty in reading the French text. And that the story was known to them has been placed beyond doubt by Mr C Elliott Browne in his excellent "*Notes on Shakespeare's Names*"³ Each of them borrowed a name, and each a different one, from the romance. Greene borrowed there the name of Garinter (Shakespeare's Mamillius), and Shakespeare that of Florizel (Greene's Dorastus), so both must have known the book.

Much more, however, passed from Amadis into the novel, and thence into the play, than was pointed out by Mr Browne, who seems to have limited his researches to Book

¹ Et quia prefata nobilis Ducissa pregnans fuit, ideoque quousque pareret vitam ejus conservavit, que tandem postquam filium peperisset et aliquot septimanis vixisset, fuit per quosdam satellites de mandato ipsius Domini Ducis jugulata, de quo tamen facto nephario dux multum doluit, et penitere quoad vixit non cessavit. Puer vero per quandam pauperulam Dominam prope Rawam nutritus [erat]. Anonymi archi-diaconi Gneznensis chronica Cracovie, in Silesicarum Rerum Scriptores adhuc inediti. Confecit opus F W de Sommersberg, eques Silesicus, Leipzig, 1729-32, 2 vols fol vol II, part II, p 125. See J Caro's before quoted article in the '*Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, Aug 19, 1863, and his account of another version of the same story (with more wonders in it, of which there is no trace in Greene), in *Englische Studien*, 1879, vol II, p 166.

² The '*Treasure of Amadis of Fraunce*,' translated by Thomas Paynel, London [1568], Amadis de Gaule, Bk I, 1589, Bk II, 1595, translated by Anthony Munday, the rest appearing much later, Bks II to XII were licensed in 1595, but it is not known whether a translation of them was really published. See Underhill, *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors*, New York, 1899, pp 380, 395.

³ *Athenaeum*, July 24, 1876, ff; on *Winter's Tale*, July 29

IX, translated by Charles Colet and printed apart in 156[3].¹ Book VIII well deserves to be studied in connection with our subject, it being remembered, besides, that not only are the facts similar in the novel and the romance, but that the tone and manner, with an abundance of speeches, dialogues, and monologues, a conspicuous verbosity throughout, offer also striking resemblances.

In chapter 26 of Book VIII we see how the Princess Onolorie, being in prison, was secretly delivered of a daughter, "so beautiful that the mother herself was amazed at it, and kissing her more than once, with tears in her eyes, asked her to be wrapped in swaddling clothes and sheets, prepared long before, and which she had caused to be kept with her most valuable jewels." One of these jewels, a "collar of precious stones" ("a chayne about the necke . . . so riche jewels," in *Greene*) happened to be left with the clothes when the child was put in a basket and carried away by a servant whose wife was to be the child's nurse. The couple sail for Alexandria, fall into poverty, and live in the country as peasants with the little princess, called Silvia, now become a young girl, and supposed to be their daughter. She kept their sheep: "For necessity pressed so hard those poor people that they had to win their living by the sweat of their bodies and by the labour of their hands. The little one meanwhile was growing, and having reached about the age of eleven years, became so handsome of face, figure and countenance, that any who saw her became attracted to her, and she looked so neat and pleasant with her plain shepherdess's cloak that several rich shepherds, struck by her beauty, asked her many times in marriage of her foster father and mother. But these, well knowing who she was, refused." ²

¹ It had, in fact, appeared, much earlier, in the general translation begun by Herberay, where it figured, with the same woodcuts, as "*Le Nufiesme livre d'Amadis de Gaule, auquel sont contenuz les gestes de Dom Florisel de Niquée, surnommé le chevalier à la Bergère*," 1553. The 1563 edition has complimentary verses by Jodelle, Baif (in Greek), Olivier de Magny, etc. In a sonnet by Grujet, Florisel is placed by the side of Ronsard's Cassandre and Du Bellay's Olive.

² Bk. IX, ch. 1.

We find in Greene that the young princess's foster father "got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres, he set her to keep Diverse rich farmers sonnes came as woers to his house, for Fawnia was something clenly attired, being of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that whoso sawe her, would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature "

Young Silvia in "Amadis" continues thus, repulsing the offers of sturdy Darnel, a rich peasant's son ; she goes every day to the fields with her sheep, greatly suffering "from the cold," for in those days winters were apparently as severe in Egypt as the sea was stormy in Bohemia And, no less than Delphi, Colchos was an island ¹ One day, in the meadow where Silvia was keeping her "brebiettes," there appeared the handsome young prince of dream-land, fairy-land, and shepherds' land, Florizel by name, in "Amadis" as in Shakespeare, "the prettiest prince in the world " He had heard, while on a hunting expedition, of Silvia's beauty , he comes, looks at her, and exclaims " Ah ! what pity Silvia be a peasant's daughter, tending her sheep, for her beauty alone deserves the greatest lord in all the world " He talks to her, and a charming woodcut represents the scene Florizel at the feet of Silvia, who listens while spinning , the murmur of a fountain accompanies the prince's sweet words , Florizel's cousin Garinter watches the scene from behind a tree

After just such a first interview, one day that he had been "hawking and kilde store of game," Greene's Dorastus sadly called to mind "that Fawnia was a shepheard, one not worthy to bee looked at of a prince," and yet he could not doubt that she was "borne to be a shepheard, but worthy to be a Goddess "

Florizel, in "Amadis," fell thereupon "into such dis-

¹ En l'isle de Colchos tant renommee par la conquete de la Toison d'or, estoit reiré le gentil Prince Falanges d'Astre, avec sa chère épouse ma dame Alastraxerée Bk XI, ch 4

quiet that he would neither eat nor drink, but only think of the means of attaining his ends." ¹ Equally sad was Dorastus : "Such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia . . . then he began to loose his wonted appetite."

Then Florizel remembers that Silvia had told him she would only marry one who, like herself, should be a shepherd. And Dorastus remembers that, when he had asked Fawnia, "Why then canst [thou] not love Dorastus?" she had answered, "Yes, when Dorastus becomes a shepheard."

And Florizel secures accordingly a crook, a cloak, and a complete shepherd's garb : "and had not walked long before he met Silvia, who, after they had saluted one another, was greatly astonished to see such a handsome shepherd," and did not know who he was. And Dorastus too got on "shepheards robes, and taking a great hook in his hand . . . drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her sheepe." And Fawnia, careful not to show more cleverness than Silvia, "casting her eye aside, and seeing such a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed . . . began half to forget Dorastus." Silvia luckily recognizes her lover, which allows Fawnia to do the same.

This done, both couples part company. Extraordinary adventures befall the young people in "Amadis"; they travel together, they love and cease to love; Silvia marries Prince Anastarax and thus becomes Florizel's aunt; Florizel follows a most wonderful career in the midst of enchantments, loves, and wars, unexpected happenings, and visits to strange lands. Dorastus' fate was to be even more extraordinary, for it was his fortune to be invited to Warwickshire, there to take part, under his reassumed name of Florizel, in a feast the charm, the beauty, and the poetry of which will be to mankind "a joy for ever."

¹ Bk. IX, ch. 3.

III

Dorastus, as such, had, however, other literary adventures, less momentous, to be sure, but yet out of the common. Greene's novel had abroad a success then unique, and it made continental play-goers familiar with such events as Shakespeare's plays were built upon. At a time when the very name of the dramatist was absolutely unknown in France, when not a single literary work had ever been translated from English into French, it enjoyed that honour, and it stands first on the now immense list of works thus placed at the disposal of the French reading public.¹ One translation was not enough—it had three, and the story was, besides, twice put on the French stage, so that, owing to Greene's popularity, two kinds of "Winter's Tale" were given before the Paris public, one at least of the two being performed at the Hôtel de Bourgogne by none less than the "Comédiens du Roy."

The first translation was printed at Paris, "chez Guillaume Marette," in 1615, under the title of "*Histoire tragique de Pandosto roy de Bohême et de Bellaria sa femme Ensemble les amours de Dorastus et de Faunia enrichies de feintes, moralités, allegories, et telles autres diversités convenables au sujet. Le tout traduit premièrement en Anglois de la langue Bohême, et de nouveau mis en françois par L. Regnault*." There is a copy in the Arsenal Library, at Paris, but none in the National Library. The translation, which is not without merit for the time, in spite of a good many liberties taken with the text (some voluntary, others not), is dedicated to "très haute Princesse Madame Christine de Savoye, sœur du Roy." Regnault begs the princess "to excuse his boldness in laying at her feet this little story which he had translated from English into French." To the supposed "Bohemian" original there is no further allusion.

¹ Nash says that his "Pierce" had been translated into French, but no trace has ever been found of this work. It may have been only an agreeable rumour.

Eleven years later Greene's novel appeared again in French, under a new garb, the writer taking this time all sorts of liberties. The title was, "*Le roman d'Albanie et de Sycile par le S^r du Bail gentil-homme Poict[evin]. A Paris, chez Pierre Rocolet,*" 1626. It was dedicated to "Monsieur d'Almeras, seigneur de Saint-Remy . . . Contrerolleur général des Postes et relais de France," the Postmaster-General being addressed as follows: "Sir, the royal souls who sigh for love and sorrow in this Romance of Albania and Sicily, afraid of not being able to travel safely in France, implore your good will . . . feeling sure they cannot fail to perform happily their journey if placed under the protection of the one who superintends all journeying in this monarchy, the first of the world."

Thereupon follow tables of contents, verses in honour of the author, and a royal privilege, dated Jan. 5, 1626. Some of the verses are by the then well-known dramatist Antoine Mareschal, who was shortly after to draw a play, "*La Cour Bergère*," from Sidney's "*Arcadia*." He is loud in praise of Du Bail:

A voir ce Berger et sa feinte,
Je pense ouyr une autre fois,
Parmy ses vaches dans les bois,
Apollon redire sa plainte.

That other Apollo, Du Bail, forthwith begins his "Romance of the two great kingdoms of Albania and Sicily." His work is rather an adaptation than a translation; he alters names and events, and is especially profuse in his additions of philosophical remarks, conspicuous by their innocuity and platitude. He was knowing enough to transform Bohemia into Albania in order to make sure of sea-shores, but inattentive enough to allow Delphi to continue an island,¹ with the aggravation that his royal messengers are there welcomed by "a druid." His sailors

¹ "Aussi tost qu'ils eurent haussé les voiles, le vent leur fut favorable qu'ils abordèrent l'isle en fort peu de temps," p. 198.

salute the land with the peals of their artillery, while his heroes are married in the Temple of Juno

The best thing in Du Bail's book consists in the engravings. Each, according to ancient custom, represents at once several successive scenes—the well-known system of the old fresco painters, who would offer to view the crucifixion in the foreground and the whole journey to Calvary in the distance, the system also adopted on the stage when flourished in France what was called "simultaneous scenery"

In one of these plates, for example, we see, as the inscriptions show, Bellaire (Greene's Bellaria, Shakespeare's Hermione) giving birth to Faunie, who is carried away by the Provost, himself dressed as a Roman soldier, Bellaire fainting, then dying, before the throne of Pandoste, the queen's funeral procession, "Faunie exposée à la mer", Porre (Greene's shepherd Porrus) "qui trouve Faunie", a shepherd and his sheep in the distance, and Porre's cottage. A narrow arm of the sea is shown dividing, in the centre of the engraving, the said "great kingdoms of Albania and Sicily"

Another plate depicts the first meeting of Faunie keeping her sheep, crook in hand, and Doraste just returned from hawking, a sport he had enjoyed, dressed in full military costume, with a Roman cuirass and high crested helmet. To the left is represented "Faunie enlevée par Doraste" and placed on board ship, and above the trees sheltering Faunie's sheep, the fugitives on their knees before the throne of Pandoste

will Du Bail, who was a rather prolific author, and to whom "très" such works as "*Les Courtisans généreux*," 1637, du Roy "supposée," 1639, "*Le fameux Chinois*," 1641 boldness into English. "The famous Chinois, or the translated" veral of the French nobility. . . with a key," "Bohemia" some success with his adaptation and, in any he honour of numbering among his readers no
 * Nash says
 has ever been for n than the duc d'Enghien, the future grand

Condé.¹ The work was not yet forgotten in the eighteenth century, and the "Bibliothèque universelle des Romans" ² describes it (April 1779) at a time when Madame de La Fayette, Le Sage, Marivaux, Voltaire, and Rousseau had published their masterpieces, as "a novel that is not ridiculous and which deserves to be better known." It became, however, more and more unknown.

Greene's tale was for the third time adapted into French, in 1722, under the title of "*Histoire de Pandolphe, roy de Bohême et de Cellaria sa femme, ensemble les amours de Doraste et de Faunia*." The anonymous author follows the original (to which no allusion is made, and none either to any previous French version) much less closely than Regnault and much more so than Du Bail. The story is "enrichie de tailles douces," in which the heroes are modernized up to date. In the engravings for Du Bail's text the influence of the Renaissance and of the heroical *genre* was felt, and the personages wore Roman costumes; they now have French ones, and we see a Pandolphe, a "reine Cellaria," and a little Garintes, going to that sea-shore, still the pride of Bohemia, and welcoming the king of Sicily: all of them in embroidered doublets or gowns, flowing wigs, feathered hats, and all the ornaments of contemporary court dress.

Twice before this, with the same story as their distant original, French dramatists had, like Shakespeare, drawn a play, a "winter's tale" of their own, from Greene's novel. One was the prolific predecessor of Corneille, Alexander Hardy; the other was the "historiographer of France,"

¹ A voracious reader of such literature. On the 15th of April, 1711, P. Rocolet, "libraire ordinaire du Roi," supplies the young prince with *les* "works, most of them romances, among which, besides the "*Histoire de Henri II de Bacon*," figure Scudéry's "*Illustre Bassa*," D'Urfé's "*Astrée*," and Du Bail's "*Roman d'Albanie*," published, as we know, by the same Rocolet. Cf. also, "*Le Grand Condé*," Lille, 1896, p. 103.

² "Ouvrage périodique dans lequel on donne l'analyse *ra* des romans anciens et modernes," by Voyer d'Argenson and le comte de *u*, 112 vols. Du Bail's romance had been reissued in 1628; but this was *a* new edition, and only the date was changed.

Puget de La Serre, the author of a "Thomas Morus" and several other plays admired by many, but derided by Boileau.¹ His "Pandoste ou la Princesse mal-heureuse, tragédie en prose, divisée en deux journées," was printed at Paris in 1631, and again at Lyons in 1632. All our friends are there. Pandoste and the "Royne Bellaire son espouse," Doraste and Faunie. The style of their speeches is not the same as in Greene, but it is as elaborate, as flowery and full of high sentiments. Pandoste is, if anything, a worse tyrant, and Bellaire a meeker wife. The king's "rant" at the beginning of the tragedy recalls the speeches of King Herod in mystery plays.² La Serre in his preface bitterly complains of envious critics and plagiarists, his works rest now where no one will trouble their peace.

Hardy's play is lost, but what has survived of it is of more value than, most probably, the text would have been, namely, the sketches made by the stage decorator Mahelot for the scenery used in the performance.³ As in La Serre's case, the play was divided into two "days" or "journées." The unity of place was not yet an acknowledged rule of the French stage, but the machinery was too rude (except, as in

And, at court) to allow of scene shiftings. Recourse keeping before to be had to simultaneous scenery, "décor retourné." The various localities where the events took in full were painted together on canvas, and the actors stood

enlevée
above the
their knee

Quand un des campagnards relevant sa moustache,
Et son feutre à grands poils ombragé d'un panache,
Impose à tous silence et d'un ton de docteur,
Morbieu ! dit-il, La Serre est un charmant auteur !

Satire III, Le Repas ridicule "

will. Du Es je pas heureux de ne sçavoir que souhaiter ? Il n'est point d'object
" très sçavants qui puisse tenter mon ambition, et les plus doux plaisirs qui se
pas, sont les mets ordinaires de ma table
du Roy." in two parts, is preserved at the National Library, Paris (MS. Fr
boldness, part by Mahelot is entitled *Mémoires pour la décoration des*
translated, et de Bourgogne. Hardy's play seems to have been performed
" Bohemian" wrote his Mahelot also gives notes or sketches or both for plays

deudéry, Rotrou, a Pirame et Thisbé of Théophile, La
Nash says Corneille, etc. See H. C. Lancaster, *Le Mémoire de Mahelot*,
has ever been *scènes décorateurs*, Paris, 1920, with facsimiles of the pictures

opposite the appropriate piece of painting to deliver their speeches. We thus have in Mahelot's sketches what he describes in the explanatory notes accompanying them, in which notes the few properties or pieces of furniture necessary for the performance are also enumerated. They read as follows :

" Pandoste, 1st day, a play by Mr. Hardy.

" In the centre of the theatre there must be a fine palace ; on one side a large prison where one can be entirely seen ; on the other side a temple ; below, the prow of a ship, a low sea, reeds, and steps ; a chafing dish, a ewer, a chaplet of flowers, a flask of wine, a cornet of incense, a thunder, some flames ; at the fourth act there must be provided a child ; also two candlesticks and some trumpets.

" Pandoste, 2d day. There must be two palaces, a peasant's house, and a wood."

Amid such plain scenery, not plainer surely than that in use at the Globe, was the French "*Winter's Tale*" performed "*par les Comédiens du Roy*," some fifteen years after Shakespeare had given his to the "*King's Servants*" in London.

IV

Florizel and Dorastus continued, meanwhile, to enjoy in England brilliant fortunes, Dorastus especially at first ; but Florizel's were longer lived. The interest elicited by Greene's novel was indeed wonderful ; edition succeeded edition, and all sorts of remodellings testified to its success. Drummond of Hawthornden mentioned it among the books read by him in 1606. It was still read and reprinted in the eighteenth century, as "*The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1703, Price 6d.," with a treble woodcut on the title-page ; it was abridged for readers in a hurry ; it was turned into a chap-book, to be hawked about by the Autolycuses of the period.¹ It was

¹ See, for example, "*The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus Prince of Sicily*," London, ab. 1750, 12°, with a "*Catalogue of chapmen's books*" prefixed to it.

paraphrased in verse by Francis Sable ("The Fisherman's Tale," 1595), and made again the subject of a poem by "S S Gent" under the title of "Fortune's Tennis ball, or the most excellent History of Dorastus and Fawnia, rendered in delightful English verse, and worthy the perusal of all sorts of people"¹ And any "sorts of people" who may happen to read the book nowadays are first offered this "delightful" invocation

Inspire me gentle love and jealousy,
Give me thy passion and thy extasie,
While to a pleasant ayre I strik the strings,
Singing the fates of lovers and of kings

The fate of Shakespeare's Florizel underwent also many changes. Shown on the public stage, as we have seen, in 1611, he was called to court, and his story was represented before the great of the land in 1613, 1623, 1633, we gather from the notes of Sir H. Herbert that, on this last occasion, it was certainly "likt" (liked)² But as classical tastes were on the ascendant, some very severe judgments were, shortly after, passed by the highest authorities on Shakespeare's drama. Dryden described "The Winter's Tale," "Love's Labour's Lost," and "Measure for Measure" as plays "so meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment"³ Pope named together "Love's Labour's Lost," "Winter's Tale," and "Titus Andronicus," and stated, obviously as an excuse for the author, that probably in each of the three only "some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages were of his hand"⁴ Walpole was glad that the play allowed him to show his perspicacity, for while "not one of [Shakespeare's] numerous criticks and commentators [had] discovered the drift" of

¹ Several editions, the earliest is of uncertain date; others in 1640 and (the one followed here) 1672

² *Centurie of Prayse*, New Shakspeare Soc., 1879, pp. 103, 157

³ *Defence of the Epilogue of the 2d part of the Conquest of Granada*, 1672, Essay, ed. Ker Oxford, 1900, vol. I, p. 167

⁴ Preface to *The Works of Mr William Shakespear*, 1725

the play, he alone had found it out. It is a drama to be "ranked among the historical plays of Shakespeare." Leontes offers a lifelike portrait of "Henry VIII, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions"; and the whole "was certainly intended, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn." But if it pleased her at all, it must have been in her grave, for she had been dead seven or eight years when Shakespeare wrote his supposed "compliment."

More sensible than most was the verdict of French Abbé Prévost, who, as early as 1738, classed "*The Winter's Tale*" among those plays the subject of which Shakespeare adopted such as he found it in any old book, but where "there is almost nothing in all that concerns the workings of passion and the expressions of sentiments that cannot be justified; and on all sides shine beauties beyond praise."¹

In Garrick's hands the play underwent great changes. Shakespeare was Garrick's god, but a god whom he took under his protection. He was too friendly a worshipper to allow his deity to appear before the public in his original uncouthness, and he gave improved versions of the dramatist's plays: one was called "*The Fairies*," and it was "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" in disguise; another was called "*Florizel and Perdita*," and it was "*The Winter's Tale*" shortened of two acts, the whole taking place in Bohemia, where a lucky shipwreck brought Leontes, all that had happened before Perdita was sixteen being made known to us by confidences imparted to a professional confidant. None the less does Garrick triumphantly vouch in his prologue that:

'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.

Bishop Warburton, the friend of Pope, and, in a way, as he thought, the friend of Shakespeare too, was rapturous

¹ "*Le Pour et Contre*," vol. XIV, pp. 32, 33.

over Garrick's kind deed. "Besides your giving an elegant form to a monstrous composition, you have, in your own additions, written up to the best scenes in this play done what we preachers are commonly thought unable to do—mend ourselves while we mend others." "Florizel," originally performed in 1756, says the "Companion to the Play-house," met "with very good success," as did also "a very compleat and entertaining farce," called "The Sheepshearing," drawn from the same original by M. Morgan.

But from America, as yet an English land, was to come the severest censor of "The Winter's Tale." If we compare, wrote in 1753, Mrs Lennox of New York (daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor), Shakespeare's play "with the paltry story on which it is founded, we shall find the original much less absurd and ridiculous." In other words, Greene's work was paltry, to be sure, but not so much by far as Shakespeare's.

Against Mrs Lennox's censure more than one protested, among them Johann Joachim Eschenburg, whose remonstrances were translated from German into French, and introduced into that complete version of Shakespeare's works by Le Tourneur, which proved the main vehicle, in those days, of Shakespeare's fame on the Continent.²

Critics might wrangle as much as they pleased, the reading public and the play-going public kept a fondness for "The Winter's Tale." The drama offered actors, on the other hand, many occasions to shine, and it was therefore popular with the best among them. After Garrick, those famous tragedians, Kemble, Kean, Macready, would appear in it. Kean had all the costumes copied from Greek vases, he tried, which was a bold attempt, to place before "the eyes of the spectator *tableaux vivants* of the private and

¹ June 12, 1758, Private Correspondence of David Garrick, 1831, vol. I, p. 88.

² In vol. XIX, 1783, of Shakespeare traduit de l'Anglois, dédié au Roi, Eschenburg pointed out the (very slight) resemblance between the fates of Pastorella in Spenser and Perdita in Shakespeare, but wisely discarded all idea of an imitation.

public life of the ancient Greeks," and dressed Antigonus as Priam, from a vase in the Vatican Museum. He had also a "Pyrrhic Dance" performed at the beginning of the play to cheer Leontes, his queen, and their guest from Bohemia.¹

Celebrated actresses, too, vied in their zeal to be seen as Hermione or Perdita. Mrs. Robinson, whose beauty was immortalized by Reynolds and Gainsborough, captured, as Perdita, the heart of the Prince of Wales, future George IV, who signed his letters to her, Florizel. Mrs. Siddons was famous as Hermione, a part which she first undertook in 1802, and which nearly cost her her life, as on one occasion the dress she wore as a statue took fire. Miss Helen Faucit, later Lady Martin, played the same part (Macready being Leontes) with so much effect that once, as she was descending from the pedestal, "the audience simultaneously rose from their seats, as if drawn out of them by surprise and reverential awe at the presence of one who bore more of heaven than of earth about her."²

In more recent days, to make fair (very fair) amends for Mrs. Lennox's strictures, America sent forth the California actress Mary Anderson, who succeeded in playing both the parts of Hermione and Perdita with so much art that one hundred and sixty-four nights at the London Lyceum in 1888 did not exhaust her success.³ Never, probably, had a more beautiful statue been seen on the stage, and rarely is one seen in museums.

The play had not been performed since then in London, when it was brought out again, with great applause, Charles

¹ "Winter's Tale," Furness's Variorum ed., p. 414.

² *Ibid.*, p. 391.

³ In almost each of the before-mentioned cases a differently remodelled text was used. See, e.g., "Shakespeare's Winter's Tale . . . with alterations by J. P. Kemble . . . published as it is acted," London, 1802; "Shakespeare's play of the Winter's Tale, arranged for representation . . . by C. Kean," London [1856]; "The Winter's Tale . . . as arranged by Miss M. Anderson," London [1888]. Besides appearing in complete translations, "The Winter's Tale" was translated apart in a number of languages: German by C. Abel, Berlin, 1854, French (by Le Chevalier de Châtelain, 1875), Danish (by Holst, "E. Vintereventyr," 1868), Polish (by Ehrenberg, Cracow, 1871).

Warner playing Leontes, Miss Violet Tree, Perdita, and a famous actress who had been seen fifty years before as Mamillius, in the days of Charles Kean, Miss Ellen Terry, as Hermione.¹

In France, an adaptation was given at the "Théâtre du Vieux Colombier," a renowned place for experiments, in 1920. If it was not a triumph, it was at least a success. "Conscientious actors showed how, with a minimum of accessories, they could make a Shakespearean drama understood. The greatest praise one can bestow upon them is to recall the observations of the spectators as they left the play-house. All exchanged remarks on the breath of life that animates 'Winter's Tale,' but they did not say as too often happens, 'Madam So-and-So played well.' The public was touched by the poetry itself of Shakespeare, so that, altogether, the goal was reached."²

As for America, better amends than even Miss Anderson's performance were made for the remark of that chance New Yorker, Mrs Lennox. The play appeared in 1898 as Vol. XI of Mr Furness's "New Variorum edition," the grandest monument raised by any single admirer to the glory of him who could tell a tale so softly that "yond crickets shall not hear it," so sweetly that posterity shall listen to it for ever.

¹ See an account of the performance in the *Athenæum*, of Sept 8, 1906. During recent years *The Winter's Tale* has sprung into consideration with Shakespeare worshippers. Deafening applause attended the whole, which may count among the most imaginative and poetical of Mr Tree's revivals.

² La représentation du *Conte d'Hiver* au Vieux Colombier, an article by Jeanne Seurre, in the *Revue de l'Enseignement des Langues vivantes*, May 1920.

VIII

*BEN JONSON'S VIEWS
ON SHAKESPEARE'S ART*

ON the summit of the Elizabethan Parnassus the man who stood nearest Shakespeare by his genius was Ben Jonson, and the man who stood furthest by his temper, his literary principles, his conception of life was Ben Jonson.

Jonson was a romantic in his actions, and a classic in his works. Personally he was ever ready to encounter dangers and quarrels, to risk adventures, and enjoy the unexpected. The tame life of a conservative bourgeois was repellent to him. But he proved a conservative in his plays, and a close observer of realities ; an "empyric," a "sponge," said his contemporaries ;² to admit there, by exception, the unexpected and the wonderful, he must have historical proofs and the unimpeachable authority of classical authors. He quoted them, referring the reader to chapter and page, in order to make it quite plain that Fancy had no part in his works : they were made up of conscientious observation and accurate knowledge ; they were the fruit of patient labour.

With him, the domain of Fancy is his own real life. She causes him to follow an erratic and changeful career, now a day labourer, now a soldier, now a poor actor, such as Dekker describes, "ambl[ing] by a play-waggon, in the highway,"³ now a stately author, and man, or

¹ From Bullen's "Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare," a revised text.

² "Returne from Pernassus," part 2, I, ii ("The Pilgrimage to 'arnassus, with the two parts of the Return," ed. Macray, Oxford, 1886) ; "octaster," IV, i.

³ "Satiro-Mastix," 1602, "Works," 1873, vol. I, p. 229.

rather king, of letters, sometime a protestant, then a catholic, then again a protestant. He fights well in Flanders. "True soldiers," he could write later,

. . . I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove,
And did not shame it with my actions then.¹

He challenges and kills Gabriel Spencer "cum quodam gladio de ferro et calibe vocat[o] a Rapiour," is sent, or goes, to prison a first time, then a second, then a third, in danger of having his thumb marked and his ears cropped, "almost at the gallowes"² on one occasion. He is in love with that "Castalian liquor," as he calls it, canary wine³, gets not "nobly wild," but "dead drunk" in the Paris streets, and apparently elsewhere also, comes to actual blows with Marston and takes "his pistoll from him," mixes in the dangerous politics of his day, follows the Court at times in its journeys, as familiarly admitted among the great as among the habitués of the tavern

I live and have lived twenty year
Where I may handle silk as free and near
As any mercer, or the whale-bone man
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span,
Have eaten with the beauties and the wits,
And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate.⁴

He alternately befriends, fights, befriends again, and sometimes fights again, Dekker, Marston, Overbury, Inigo

¹ Epigr. cviii

² Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, ed Laing, Shakespeare Soc., 1842, p. 19

³ "A good meal among players" was for him a peerless diversion; and when his belly is well ballasted and his brain rigged a little, he sails away withal, as though he would work wonders when he comes home — Every Man out of his Humour, Induction. The year before his death, when supposed to be very poor, we still find him offering his literary friends a "solemn supper," with good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcom, and all very pleasant until Be[n] began to engross all the discourse and to vapour extremely of himself — James Howell, April 5, 1636, Epistole Ho-clanz, Familiar Letters, London, 1645 ff, ed Jacobs, 1890.

⁴ Underwoods, lx.

Jones and others, associates with a company of actors, quarrels with it, makes up the quarrel, ever ready to resume the fray. Fights and disputes have for him an irresistible attraction, they give zest and interest to his life. As he has fixed opinions on everybody and everything, as they are usually severe, and as he expresses them ever in the loudest tones, occasions for quarrelling never fail him. To keep accounts, to save, to introduce order into his life, is for him an impossibility ; his plays will be as well-ordered as he can make them, not his life. He fears nothing, neither physical nor moral danger, nor poverty : " At last they upbraided my poverty. I confess she is my domestic ; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counsellor to me." ¹

His usual attitude is one of defiance ; he *can* be sweet, tender, elegiac, but is so on rare occasions only ; he is more especially known as an ever ready critic dipping into " gall " a " porcupins quill," ² " of an ingenious and free spirit," says he himself, " eager and constant in reproof, without fear, controlling the world's abuses, one whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion." ³ " I cannot escape," he writes elsewhere, not without visible satisfaction, " from some imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride or lust to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth." ⁴ Depending on the goodwill of the Court and of the public, he nevertheless speaks to both from on

¹ " Timber or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter, . . . by Ben : Jonson," 1641 ; ed. Gollancz, Temple Classics, c, p. 69, or ed. Schelling, Boston, 1892. Part of Jonson's " Discoveries " " flow'd out of his daily readings," part out of his own brains. The importance is the same in both cases as showing us the views and principles he adopted or rejected.

² Howell to Jonson, May 3, 1635, " Familiar Letters."

³ Character of Asper (Jonson) prefixed to " Every Man out of his Humour."

⁴ Dedication of " Volpone "—

Court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike,

Dekker had written of him (" Satiro-Mastix ; " " Works," 1873, I. p. 198).

high, dedicating "Cynthia's Revels" to the Court, he signs "Thy servant, not thy slave" As for "the beast, the multitude,"¹ before whom he has, after all, to produce his plays, for no Blackfriars can be so small as to be filled only with Crites, Horaces, Aspers, and other duplicates of Jonson himself, each appeal to it is a denunciation of its ignorance, dullness, and stupidity "Neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me,"² he declares Nor does he feel less scorn for the thoughts and views of the rabble of "poets, poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos"³ What pleasure could he derive from the laudations of any such? "It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature"⁴ As for letting pass unnoticed any occasion for quarrelling, it is for him an impossibility "I might have passed by, as granted to a nation of barkers yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies"⁵

In all these respects Shakespeare is the exact reverse and counterpart of Jonson He is a romantic in his plays, a conservative bourgeois in his life With him Fancy's domain is limited to his brain's creation the amplest, the most magnificent ever allotted to her, extending from Verona to Elsinore, from Prospero's Island and Titania's woods to Macbeth's castle and Lear's storm-ridden heath, from the world of man to the boundless world of philosophical thought Fancy gets all this, as much as this, nothing more "Great Will" is an impassioned thinker, creator and inventor, "Master Shakespeare" has clear, wise, reasonable notions of how life should be lived, he has known the pinch of poverty and does not want to know it again, he is a good accountant, a wise investor, he wishes to be able to retire to his native place, have the best house, and be among the most considered citizens there

Timber, cxxx
 Preface to 'Catiline, To the reader in ordinary
 Magnetic Lady, Induction
 Timber, xliii

Timber," c

Such a combination has been considered by some as prodigious and denoting therefore an improbable man, an impossible one : there can have lived no man of this sort. But the case is not more wonderful than that of Jonson about whom there is no quarrel.

Shakespeare's aversion to disputes is equal to Jonson's love for them. His "civill demeanor" had been early praised by Chettle.¹ "Gentle," "mellifluous," "honey-tongued," "honey-flowing," a "gentler muse," a "lighter sound,"² are the words by which contemporaries usually designate him ; "sugar," "sugred dainties" are associated with him and his works ; "gall" and "copperas," "wormwood and sulphur" with Jonson.³ To keep aloof as much as his profession allowed him, to avoid scandal and noisy adventures, to let incipient quarrels die out is with Shakespeare a constant rule. He observes it so well (an extraordinary feat, given his genius, his celebrity, and the *milieu* he had to move in) that his career is one of the most colourless of the period ; if we have the unjustified impression that we know so little of it, it is because there was so little to know. To find traces of him we have to look to public records : there we hear of his purchases and his lawsuits against tardy debtors ; more striking details have reached us about such secondary authors as a Daborne or a Marston than about Shakespeare, because their lives were less even. Given his "civill demeanor," few people were tempted to quarrel with him. When by chance any attack was made or any literary wrong inflicted on him he said and did nothing. To Greene's slanders and Jonson's sneers he answered not a word.

Such an account of Shakespeare's dispositions was unexpectedly confirmed, when Professor Wallace, of Nebraska, made in the Public Record Office, London,

¹ "Kind-Harts Dreame" (1592).

² Such views long survived. In his "Shakespeare restored," 1726, Theobald wrote : "There is scarce a poet that our English tongue boasts of who is more the subject of the ladies' reading."

³ Prologue to "Volpone ;" Epigr. ii.

his remarkable discovery of new documents relating to the poet. They show where and in whose company he was boarding at the time when he wrote some of his most famous masterpieces, and how he behaved in a family dispute in which he had to play, *volens nolens*, the part of chief witness. Drawn by the force of circumstances into a quarrel, "William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," did his very best to extricate himself without displeasing either party, he had good words for both, the judge having requested the witnesses to appear a second time and renew their depositions, all did so, except Shakespeare, who somehow managed to abstain.¹

Shakespeare's propensity to hold aloof was an "all round" one, and led him to keep apart even on occasions when more might have been expected from his "open and free nature."² At a time when all authors exchanged complimentary poems to preface each other's works, when burly Jonson wrote many, even in favour of men he liked little enough, not once did Shakespeare do the same. He never troubled anyone for such verses, nor ever wrote any. Most poets paid their tribute to Elizabeth, to Prince Henry, when they died, he wrote nothing. More or less silly, ridiculous, or insignificant works were published under his name, he never disclaimed them, garbled texts of his own dramas, of the masterpieces of his peerless genius, were issued, he never protested nor gave the real text. On a single occasion we find him, or rather his troupe, taking cognizance of an attempt to print "As You Like It," and one or two other plays of his. Their motives had nothing literary, all they wanted was to prevent the text being placed, by printing, at the disposal of other troupes.

There was in his day, it must be noted, a feeling that dramatic works were, to be sure, the most attractive of all

¹ 'New Shakespeare Discoveries,' in Harper's Magazine, March 1910

² Ben Jonson, 'Timber,' lxxv

for the public, but were literature of a rather low order. To be held a poet one should write poems, not plays. Whether Shakespeare agreed or not with these views he behaved as if he did. Composing the certainly grandest masterpieces the stage had ever seen, he did not show by any sign that he had any regard for them. The only works of his which he published were his "*Venus*" and his "*Lucrece*," and the occasion being in his opinion worthy of it, he chose for the former such a haughty epigraph as Jonson himself might have selected, thus showing that he intended there to act, and take rank, as a real poet : "*Vilia miretur vulgus ! . . .*" he wrote on his first page. — "*Neque, me ut miretur turba, laboro,*" was Jonson's epigraph for his "*Alchemist*." In his Stratford retreat, living in peace, comfort, and contentment, with plenty of time and nothing to do, Shakespeare never apparently prepared any edition of his plays.

The great man carried this indifference further than anyone, but it existed among playwrights in his time, and even later, to a degree which now astonishes us. The number of plays published then with no name, or with a wrong name, or supplying a garbled text without protest from the author is considerable. Some of Shakespeare's fellow dramatists, who printed their plays, seem to have felt they should apologize for such an evidence of self-conceit ; so did Chapman, who gave to the printer his "*All Fooles*," in 1605,

. . . Lest by others' stealth it be imprest
Without my passport, patch'd with others' wit.

The same with Marston, who even believed that it was unfair to plays to print them ; they should be allowed to engrave themselves in the memory as performed, not as read ; but pirates with their purloined texts make matters worse and leave no choice : "One thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcively published to be read, and that the least

hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy But I shall entreat . . . that the unhand-some shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you when it was presented with the soul of lively action

*Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus."*¹

At a later date, in France, something of the same shyness was noticeable among the greatest dramatists, Corneille, for example, or Molière When Corneille decided to print "*Mélite*," he doubted his own wisdom : "I know well that the printing of a play weakens its repute ; to print it is to debase it "²

Much nearer our day, Camillo Federici, who enjoyed in Italy a fame eclipsing for a time all his predecessors', author of romantic plays, written at full speed, with extraordinary facility in order to support the troupe of comedians with which he was connected (Shakespearean at least in that 3), printed nothing and was heart-broken when, toward the end of his career, a pirated edition of his plays

¹ The *Malcontent*," 1604, dedicated Beniamino Jonsonio, poetæ elegantissimo, gravissimo, amico suo, candido et cordato. 'Works, ed Bullen, 1887, I, 197

² Je sais bien que l'impression d'une pièce en affoiblit la réputation la publier, c'est l'avilir, et même il s'y rencontre un particulier désavantage pour moi, vu que ma façon d'écrire étant simple et familière, la lecture fera prendre mes naïvetés pour des bassesses Aussi beaucoup de mes amis m'ont toujours conseillé de ne rien mettre sous la presse et ont raison comme je crois Preface of

Mélite 1633 Molière wrote in the same strain C'est une chose étrange qu'on imprime les gens malgré eux Je ne vois rien de si injuste et je pardonnerois toute autre violence plutôt que celle-là Je suis tombé dans la disgrâce de voir une copie dérobée de ma pièce entre les mains des libraires, accompagnée d'un privilège obtenu par surprise If I had had time, j'aurais parlé aussi à mes amis, qui, pour la recommandation de ma pièce, ne m'auroient pas refusé ou des vers français, ou des vers latins. J'en ai même qui m'auroient loué en grec ; et l'on n'ignore pas qu'une louange en grec est d'une merveilleuse efficace à la tête d'un livre Preface of *Les Précieuses*, 1660.

³ Non ripolsi dimenticare che il Federici scrivera non per la gloria direttamente, ma per l'utile dei commedianti à quali sarà dedicato 'Biografia degli Italiani Illustri, by Emilio de Tinaldo, Venice, vol V, 1837 Born in 1749, Federici, of his true name, Vassolo, lived mostly in Padua, he died in 1802

appeared. He reluctantly began printing one himself, but died before one-fourth of the collection was out.

In this respect again, Jonson was the opposite of Shakespeare ; he boldly reacted against the contemporary bias ; his concern for his plays was as great as Shakespeare's neglect of his own ; he made an effort to collect the best of them, and published a first instalment, proudly entitling it his "Workes"—his usual defiant audacity, people thought ; mere plays to be called works !

. . . He told them plainly he deserved the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays.¹

And not only did he publish his dramas, but he annotated some of them, taking upon himself the task Muret had assumed before towards Ronsard, and E. K. towards Spenser. He revised the texts with the utmost care ; the 1616 folio edition of his "Workes" is "one of the best-printed books of the seventeenth century. . . . Jonson, following what was then the custom of a careful author, went to the printing-house and corrected the sheets of the edition while it was actually passing through the press."² To imagine anything further from Shakespeare's ways is scarcely possible.

No wonder that great Will's personality appears by comparison somewhat tame and dim ; the hues are pale ; to tone up their portrait of him, many have borrowed warmer colours from his plays, a temptation difficult to resist, but a temptation from the evil one. Jonson, on the contrary, stands out in bold relief, constantly described, praised, blamed, extolled, and caricatured by his friends, by his foes, by himself. His words, his works, his physical appearance, his "hundreds of gray hairs," "prodigious waist," "mountain belly," and "rocky face,"³ his tastes,

¹ Suckling, "A Session of the Poets."

² Percy Simpson, "Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour," Oxford, 1919, p. x.

³ "Underwoods," vii, lxx. "A huge overgrown Play-maker," he says of himself ("Staple of News," fourth Intermean) ; he has, of course, great contempt

opinions, dispositions, views and appetites, are constantly alluded to or minutely expatiated upon in his plays, poems, prefaces, epigrams, and in those of others. Wherever he went he drew attention, he spoke loud, expressed trenchant views, said memorable things, people listened, remembered and even took notes. When Shakespeare spoke people were delighted, we cannot doubt it, but no Drummond ever wrote down anything he said. No Howell, proud of his intimacy, collected any of the letters he had addressed to him. He himself did not attach importance enough to his plays to try and preserve them, much less to his words and opinions, and if these had for him no importance, neither did his hearers do anything to preserve them.

With Jonson anything he did, or simply said, was important. "Language most shows the man": He had his pupils, his sons, his followers, his "tribe," and was proud of them, though he would, at times, pretend he did not care. Shakespeare had no such court around him, but neither did he have, like Jonson, choruses of "barkers" at his heels, he could have truly said with the poet in one of his plays

Halts not My free drift
Infects one comma in Nevell'd malice
But flies an eagle flight the course I hold,
Leaving no tract behind it, bold and forth on,

In literary matters the views, or at all events the deeds, of the two great men differed as widely as they well might their practice more even than their theories. For, in some rare cases, more or less clear allusions in Shakespeare allow us to think that his own personal views came closer than his practice to the Jonsonian ideal. He knows that

for the foreman, who tries making the waist small, bundling up his face is like a rotten russet apple when it is bruised (Dekker, Saurb)

Trümpfer, 'crou' Oratio imago animi

• The Union, I, I

there are rules, though he does not follow them ; he praises, by the mouth of Hamlet, a regular tragedy of the sort which, as it is "caviare to the general," and he has to serve "the general," he will never write. For while Jonson wants to subdue, Shakespeare wants to delight, his public ; and when the public's tastes and his own differ, Shakespeare sacrifices his own without hesitation. He is as full of kind attentions to his audience as Jonson is ready with taunts, threats, and contumely. Thus it is that, while writing plays of this sort, Shakespeare jeers at plays where "a jig or a tale of bawdry" is introduced to keep the silly from sleeping ; where everybody dies at the end ; clowns interrupt by their follies the most serious speeches ; conceits, practical jokes, mystifyings, and surprising adventures are superabundant. He agrees with Jonson that "the censure of [the judicious] must . . . o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."¹ Such are—in theory—his theories. But,

La foi qui n'agit point, est-ce une foi sincère ?

He has no warm attachment for them ; he does not fight for them, he does not preach them ; he does not even try to follow them. By which he widely differs from Jonson, who certainly deserves the self-bestowed praise of being "priest to the Muses,"² in this at least that he considers literature as a religion, and literary rules as dogmas for which one must risk everything, including derision, failure, and poverty. Poetry, he says, is "the queen of arts, *Artium Regina*, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews."³

With these decided views of his, the paramount importance he attributed to literary matters, his peremp-

¹ "Hamlet," III. ii. Addressing "the learned critic," Jonson writes :

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name.

As guilty men do magistrates . . .

this is, as for himself, the "sole censure" he minds.—"Epigr." xvi.

² "Poetaster." Horace-Jonson, thus described, V, i.

³ "Timber," cxxx.

toriness, his sonorous ever-ready speech, it was impossible for Jonson, who judged everybody, not to pass sentence on Shakespeare. He did so on several occasions, his judgments are by far the most important ones that have come down to us from any of the great poet's contemporaries. They form moreover a complete ensemble, for we have Jonson's public and official views, coloured in the flattering hues which the death of his friend and the occasion (the posthumous publication of his collected dramas) commanded, we have some of the judgments Jonson expressed in those literary disputes at the tavern where he triumphed, while enjoying one of his favourite meals with players,¹ and we have also one of his *boutades*, never meant to be repeated nor printed, and none the less valuable for that the words noted down by Drummond, "Shakspeer wanted arte"

But we have even more, and perhaps the most curious of all, namely, the innumerable occasions when Jonson, without naming Shakespeare nor perhaps thinking of him, passes judgment on things Shakespeare had done, or if he had not done, might do or would do, and sometimes actually did, after Jonson had described and blamed them.

Great discussions have been held as to whether, on account of its date, some passage or other in Ben Jonson could contain an allusion to one in Shakespeare. The importance of the answer is not great, for more characteristic even than a direct and personal allusion, is a judgment passed in advance on a thing not yet accomplished, but which Shakespeare could scarcely fail to do, as it accorded with his system. What Jonson blamed was the Shakespearean system, not the man Shakespeare, for, as we know, and we cannot doubt his word, he "loved the man" on this side of idolatry as much as any.² He was withal too good a judge not to admire his genius,

¹ Reproduced by him and commented upon in *Timber*, lxxv De Shakespeare's *prostrat*

² "Timber", lxxv

and too strict a judge not to blame, from his own point of view, the use Shakespeare made of it.

Let us recall to mind Shakespeare's aim in writing, what were his necessities, and whom he wanted to propitiate; his indifference to his works and to posterity, his alertness and promptitude, the means of pleasing he never failed to resort to when he thought they could entertain "the beast, the multitude," his carelessness as to facts, dates, geography, and decorum; the stale plays or common-place story-books from which he derived most of his dramas; his complicated plots, the devices, strange signs, wonderful adventures he admitted in his plays: all this and more was sure to fall under the criticism of Jonson. The more so as the critic's literary religion was a strict one and tolerated no heresies; his laws were carefully numbered for fear of omission. "For a man to write well, there are required three necessities—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise his own style." The good writer, the good poet must read considerably: "That which we especially require in him is an exactness in study and multiplicity of reading, *lectio*, which maketh a full man." He must read much, but not at random: "Our poet . . . must read many, but ever the best and choicest."

What we know of Shakespeare's reading plainly shows that he followed no such rule. He seems never to have possessed any large collection of books: nothing to be compared to Jonson's own, so considerable that it enjoyed in his day a real celebrity; nor even to be compared to that of John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, for Hall could mention in his will what he calls his "study of bookes," while the great dramatist in his, mentions his sword, his "broad silver gilt boke," his famous "second best bed," but to books there is no allusion.

As for choice, if Shakespeare made any, it was in

: "Timber," *cit.*

: Hall and Phillips, "Orriner," 1893, II, p. 61.

Balladino (Munday ?) to write a play anyhow, and think "the plot shall carry it" To which Onion answers "Indeed that's right, you are already in print for the best plotter" ¹ Much better in any case an insignificant plot, thought Jonson, than a borrowed one Proud of everything that was his, of nothing was he prouder than his originality His muse

shuns the print of any beaten path,
And proves new ways to come to learned ears ²

Even his jests were not borrowed, an unfrequent scruple in his day

Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
But makes jests to fit his fable ³

The same with his poems .

My strange poems, which as yet
Had not their form touch'd by an English wit ⁴

No such scruple with Shakespeare, who felt no pride in any of his dramas, and showed nothing but indifference for them, who took as willingly as he gave, borrowing the more freely that he never printed nor called his any of his plays He adapted old dramas as often as the occasion offered, absolutely indifferent to Jonson's or anyone's censure of "play-dressers," ⁵ and of those who "buy the reversion of old plays," and "waylay all the stale apophthegms or old books they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scene withal" ⁶ In saying which Jonson did not point, we may assume (and let us assume it, were it only not to raise Gifford's ghost), individually at Shakespeare, but certainly condemned things which Shakespeare had done And it is no disparagement to the great dramatist's genius, and it is an

¹ 'The Case is Altered, I .

² Prologue to 'Volpone

³ "A play dresser and plagiarist" is the description of Demetrius (Dekker) in Poetaster, V, 1

⁴ Cynthia's Revels, Induction

⁵ Cynthia's Revels, Prologue

⁶ Forest, xii

actual fact, that in his "King John," for example, much remains of the "Troublesome Raigne of John King of England," the author of which cared even less than he, for his work, as, to this day, we do not know his name. Shakespeare even "waylaid" his predecessor's artillery, and it is a pity he did not allow it to escape.

Each play, according to Jonson, must have one single, and not a double, plot. No double plot as in the "Merchant of Venice," accepted by Shakespeare as he found it in an old play, will meet his approval. If the subject is drawn from antiquity, the manners of the ancients must be carefully observed and not modernized by anachronisms, either inadvertently through lack of knowledge or of care, or in hopes to make the multitude feel more at home. He will never have a Cleopatra play billiards, a Julius Cæsar wear a nightcap, Romans use pistols, and the French live in Gaul and go to battle under command of their marshal, "Monsieur Le Fer," twelve centuries before the Franks left Germany. All these ways Jonson caricatured in his puppet-play, where he fuses the stories of Hero and Leander and of Damon and Pythias, the whole being modernized, *Londonised*. The true story would have been unintelligible, says worthy Lanthorn: "That is too learned and poetical for our audience; what do they know what Hellespont is?"¹

In the eyes of Jonson, who left us, however, a fragment on the "Fall of Mortimer," antique subjects are the best. Only a Fitzdotrell can find pleasure in learning his country's history "from the Playbookes"—

And thinke they are more authentique;²

Only a puppet-show man, a Lanthorn, can, from good personal motives, praise the staging of modern events: "The gun-powder plot, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience

¹ "Bartholomew Fair," V, 3. Cf. below, p 305.

² "Devil is an Ass," II, 4.

nine times in an afternoon Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar, they put too much learning i' their things now o' days " ¹

When, after having read much and chosen a fit subject, the poet takes pen in hand, he must, according to Jonson, who on most points lovingly follows the precepts of the ancients, proceed very slowly, try, experiment, weigh his words, listen to their sound, a "laboured" style was in his opinion the best style, to please him a friend wrote to him "Thy labour'd works shall live" ² One who wants to become a good writer, says Jonson, "must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words and examine the weight of either . . . no matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate, seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us Repeat often what we have formerly written" ³ Be not "forward and bold," do "nothing rashly" ⁴ As for Jonson himself, the better to avoid rashness, "he wrott all his [verses] first in prose" ⁵

The choosing of words and metaphors is very important, the multitude likes exaggerations, we must fight its bad taste, let us avoid "swelling or ill-sounding words," as well as "vicious language," which is "vast and gaping, swelling and irregular" Virgil is to be commended, who "brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking" ⁶ Euripides is to be commended, who "had in three days brought forth but three verses" What shall survive is "things wrote with labour" ⁷

Shakespeare did not write with labour, on this we have positive contemporary testimony the testimony of his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, who in publishing his masterpieces, his "trifles" as they are pleased to

¹ Bartholomew Tan; V. 1

² T. Carew, in answer to Jonson's ode 'to himself

³ Timber, cxv

⁴ Timber, lxx, cxv

⁵ 'Conversations with Drummond

⁶ Timber, cxiv, cxvii

⁷ Timber, cxxx

name them, expressing an opinion not very different from that of the author himself, recall the fact, well known in their group, that "his mind and hand went together : and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."¹ An intimation confirmed by Jonson himself, whose words show that this was current knowledge in his day : "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been : Would he had blotted a thousand," and he quotes, perhaps from memory, perhaps inaccurately, we do not know, a passage from "Julius Cæsar."² Shakespeare, he says, wrote others of the same sort : "and such like, which were ridiculous," for the only reason that he did not follow the Jonsonian rule of care and slowness : "*Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius" (he had to be reined up)—an uncomplimentary comparison with that notorious rhetor, so unable to control himself that he kept a freedman by his side to stop him when he went too far astray in his improvisations.

Having chosen a proper plot, and having exercised his style so as to be the master of a "pure and neat language"—"a barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense"³—the conscientious writer will begin to build and decorate his work. Certain kinds of ornament are passionately relished by the multitude. They must all be discarded, shouts Jonson. They must all be admitted, thinks Shakespeare.

As we are moderns, we may, Jonson concedes, take some liberties with the rules of the ancients. "They opened the gates and made the way that went before us ;

¹ Preface to the First Folio.

² "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause" ("Timber," lxiv). Jonson must have been in the habit of ridiculing this passage (which, however, does not appear as he quotes it in Shakespeare's folio, the only text we have of his "Julius Cæsar"), for he alludes to it again in the "Staple of News," Induction.

³ "Timber," cxviii.

but as guides, not commanders " 1 We must, however, know their rules and always observe them when there is not an absolute necessity for doing otherwise, never forgetting that the spirit of the rule is more important than the letter, and that we have a right to use "our own experience I see not then, but we should enjoy the

same license or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did " 2 The main point, the spirit of the law, is to observe decorum . "The most of those your people call authors never dreamt of any decorum or what was proper in the scene " 3 What is "proper" is to remember that a comedy should be a plain and simple "imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis , " 4 in tragedy the main points are "Truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence " 5 Jonson flatters himself that he has followed the rules in all that is "needful " .

The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
From no needful rule he swerveth 6

Unruly, unbridled, lawless writers will leave no perfect ensemble His "servant Dick Brome" has succeeded on the stage , and how ?

By observation of those comic laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the age 7

A patient, a constant reader, Jonson has not, it must be noted, studied only the ancients , he knows the great writers of his own country better than most critics in his day ; but they are moderns, and their examples have not for him the sacred character of those given by Rome or Athens In his "English Grammar," he quotes Chaucer, Gower, Sir Thomas More, Lydgate, Fox, Lambard, Jewel, Ascham, Cheke, Lord Berners, etc He wants the 'prentice

1 *Timber*, xii 2 *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction

3 *Magnetic Lady*, Induction

4 *Every Man out of his Humour*, end of Scene 1, Act III

5 *Sejanus*, To the Readers

6 Prologue to *Volpone* 7 *Underwoods*, xxviii

writer to study the great Englishmen, beginning with the easiest: "Sidney before Donne."¹ He has a long enumeration of those among his compatriots whom he considers most eloquent.² But love in this case does not blind him; to these he gives their due, because he is just; to the ancients more than their due, because love impels him. When he describes the House of Fame in one of his plays, he recalls, as in duty bound, his predecessor and "that noble description by Chaucer," but he himself mentions only classic poets and heroes as having their statues there,³ less generous towards the moderns than Chaucer who gave room to "Englyssh Gaunfride," to Guido delle Colonne, to his man of mystery, "Lollius," and even to the writers of romances on classical subjects, "hem that writen old gestes."⁴ When Virgil appears in one of Jonson's plays he declaims a long passage from the *Æneid*;⁵ when Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate and Spenser are called forth by Jonson from the realm of shades, the main thing he gives them to say is "We come, we come,

Our best of fire
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.⁶

Some day, perhaps, the ancients will be surpassed, "if we can make farther discoveries of truth and fitness than they"; in the meantime, "let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish or deface."⁷

But those "jig-given times," as Jonson called his epoch, strongly differed from his tastes. The public wanted noise, amusement, and excitement; they were as fond of

¹ "Timber," cxvi.

² "Timber," lxxii.

³ "The Masque of Queens."

⁴ The most numerous of all, as they really were, being in fact as numerous

As ben on trees rokes nestes.

"Minor Poems," ed. Skeat, p. 165.

⁵ "Poetaster," V, ii.

⁶ "The Golden Age." Skelton and Scogan have, however, a better lot in "The Fortunate Isles."

⁷ "Timber," cxxiii.

the indecorous as he of decorum They never felt great enthusiasm for Jonson who grudged them the satisfaction of their tastes, but they flocked to Shakespeare's plays, not so much on account of the genius displayed in them as for the very faults condemned by the critic Nay, more, they went in as large and sometimes larger numbers to plays by third-rate poetasters, with no trace of genius in them, but with a complete array of those vulgar embellishments so dear to their heart

These embellishments are enumerated one by one in Jonson's vituperation, plays by Shakespeare, Kyd, or Marlowe, "*Pericles*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Tempest*," "*Hieronimo*," "*Tamburlaine*," being sometimes expressly quoted by him, sometimes not The system it was that Jonson blamed, and all that belonged to it was sure to fall under his strictures

He hates, we know, a profusion of adventures and surprising encounters "So if a child could be born in a play, and grow up to a man, in the first scene before he went off the stage, and then after to come forth a squire and be made a knight, and that knight to travel " ¹ All this is too far from truth "Stand for truth and 'tis enough " ² He ironically represents one of his hearers wishing, "that the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the waiting-maid some such cross-wooing, with a clown to their serving-man " ³

But the public loved such plays, they delighted in such cross-wooings, as when the orphan loved the count, who loved the widow's daughter, and the countess had a clown for her serving-man ("*All's Well*"), or when Olivia loved Julia who loved the Duke who loved Olivia ("*Twelfth Night*") The multitude was in ecstasies when there was cause to declare in their presence that

¹ *Magnetic Lady*, end of Act I

² *Timber*, xxxi

³ *Every Man out of his Humour*, end of Act I

"the oracle is fulfill'd, the king's daughter is found ; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it," as was the case in "Winter's Tale." The clown-servingman was a favourite, and constantly reappears on the Shakespearean stage, constantly entrusted with the most delicate and important messages, the messages miscarrying, as might have been foreseen, and causing endless catastrophes. The before-mentioned Dr. Forman, a spectator much above the average, went to see "Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "Macbeth," and, noting down what had struck and pleased him most, recorded only the events in the plays, the adventures, the surprising occurrences, and mystifyings.¹

Fools, drunkards, bawds, monsters, and ghosts offer also an easy means of pleasing the audience, easy and therefore detestable, thought Jonson : "I would faine see the foole," he causes one of his ridiculous characters to exclaim ; "the foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit."² In his play, the "New Inn," a drunkards' scene might have been excusable, but he would not offer his public this coarse amusement :

. . . He could have haled in
The drunkards and the noises of the Inn
In his last act ; if he had thought it fit
To vent you vapours in the place of wit.³

Neither the drunkards nor the servant-monster in the "Tempest" could please him any more than the clown-servingman in "All's Well." Speaking of Jonson himself, the Scrivener, in the Induction to "Bartholomew Fair," declares : "If there be never a servant-monster i' the fair, who can help it ? he," that is the author, "says, nor a nest of Antiques ? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries"—any plays in which can be seen the "scurvy monster," the "poor monster," the "abominable

¹ 1610-11. See above, p. 229.

² "Staple of News," *er d* of Act I.

³ "The New Inn," Epilogue.

monster," as Stephano calls him, Caliban, the dances of "several strange shapes" introduced in "Tempest," the "Burgomask dance" of Bottom's companions in "Midsummer," or the dance of "twelve rusticks habited like satyrs" in "Winter's Tale"

"Immodest and obscene writing" was hated by Jonson,¹ but *not* by the crowd. The poet, though his own plays are not always free from coarseness, was passionately attached, he declared, to "the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie. If my muses be true to me, I shall ruse the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty"² A very sweeping statement this, for if no one is named, everybody is included, in it. the state of the realm of literature is such, on "this 11th day of February 1607," that there is need, we see, for one to try and "raise the despised head of poetry," as the name of poet has "become the lowest scorn of the age" Jonson had besides denounced in 1601 those "mansions," those "Globes" (he had then quarrelled with Shakespeare's company, and was shortly to be "untrussed"³ by them) where there is "as much ribaldry in [the] plays as can be," where "all the sinners i' the suburbs come and applaud"⁴—all plays, past or future, by whomsoever they be or shall be, where "bawd," "pandar," and "whore" play their parts, be they "Pericles," which he will, later, mention by name,⁵

¹ Cynthia's Revels, Induction

² Volpone, Dedication

³ Soturno-Mastix, or the untrussing of the Humourous Poet. As it hath bin presented publickly by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants," by Dekker, 1602

⁴ Postaster, performed in 1601, at the Blackfriars, III, 17

⁵ No doubt some mouldy tale

Like Pericles, and stale

As the shrieve's crust, and nasty as his fish,

Scraps out of every dish

May keep up the Play-club

"Measure for Measure," or any other, the work of Shakespeare or anyone else.

In favour of the great dramatist it must however be said that, while presenting his "pandar," his "poor whore in a bawdy house," or similar characters, he wanted to raise the coarse laughter of a coarse audience ("rude and beastly claps," grumbled Jonson), to give them what amused them, but not to purposely corrupt their morals: superior in this also to more than one of his contemporaries.

Strange sights, tumults, and prodigies, spectacles appealing to the senses more than to the mind, should be refused to the public who loved them, almost as strictly as immodest ones. On this, from the beginning to the end of his career, Jonson never varied. In the prologue of his earliest play, performed at the Globe by Shakespeare and his company,¹ he loudly protested against the "ill customs of the age," those customs which Shakespeare had been following or was sure to follow, and actually did follow; against those men who, "with three rusty swords . . ."

Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.

(as in "Henry VI"), the plays where a "chorus wafts you over the seas" (as was to be the case in "Henry V"), where "a creaking throne comes down the boys to please" (as had been seen in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus"; as would be seen in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline"), where a "roll'd bullet" imitates thunder, and the "tempestuous drum" a storm (as in numberless plays written or to be written by Shakespeare and many others). To all of which Shakespeare never objected anything, never answered a word, nor ever paid, while constructing his own plays,² the slightest

¹ "Every Man in his Humour," 1598; there is no motive to suppose that the Prologue is of a different date.

² In a passage of the same Prologue Jonson sneered, as Sidney had done before him, at the plays in which "a child now swaddled" suddenly reappears a bearded man. Shakespeare had written no such play as yet, but he did when he composed "Winter's Tale," which Jonson seems to be describing here in advance.

attention To the end of his career, Jonson persevered in his views , he said to his audience in 1626 .

Would you were come to hear, not see a play

He remained all contempt for "nut-crackers that onely come for sight" ¹ He accepts the solemn solitary ghost of the Senecan type the ghost of Sylla will open his "Catiline", but he rejects the modern ghosts of the romantic stage, the ghosts which crowd certain plays "O," says Child 3 in the Induction to "Cynthia's Revels," "I had almost forgot it too, they say the *umbræ* of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since have been seen walking on your stage here , take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly" But the patrons of hobgoblins knew better In this again it cannot be pretended that Jonson had especially Shakespeare in view he had in view all those who acted thus, but one deduction from his words is certain, viz , that he could never approve of the eleven ghosts in "Richard III "

Above these various considerations, rises one which commands all the rest and is never far from Jonson's mind it has a supreme importance, and is the question of art "To nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added to make all these perfect *Ars coronat opus*" ² What is art ? It consists, according to Jonson's opinion, in diligent selection and arrangement

But, to be of any value, the selection must be made by a man whom nature and learning have provided with taste, a clear mind, and the power of discriminating. Nothing without natural gifts, nothing without art The excellent poet must have a just proportion of both

Nature's help is indispensable "Arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding" Better even, and this is a great concession, bad taste than

¹ *Staple of News*,¹ Prologue for the stage and Prologue for the Court
² *Timber*, cxxx

sterility : "That [vice] is worse which proceeds out of want than that which riots out of plenty."¹ To this, of course, Shakespeare agreed, but he went much further :

. . . Nature is made better by no mean,
 But Nature makes that mean : so over that Art
 (Which, you say, adds to Nature) is an Art
 That Nature makes . .
 The Art itself is Nature.²

A very perilous theory, thought Jonson ; one step more and we should reach those men who, under pretence that "art itself is nature," count solely on "their own naturals" ; they form the most dangerous category of all. "The wretched are the most obstinate contemners of all helps and arts ; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent), dare deride all diligence. . . . These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature." The danger is increased by the popularity of all such with the multitude "who think those things the stronger that have no art, as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose."³ And in the multitude, "the sordid multitude," must be included "the neater sort of our gallants : for all are the multitude, only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding." They disdain those poets who will "prate and swagger and keep a stir of art" ; they consider all such as "shallow, pitiful, barren fellows."⁴ The masses "commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers, who if they come in robustuously and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows : when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace."⁵ Among the truly gifted, the worst offender in this respect was one

¹ "Timber," cxvi.

² "Winter's Tale," IV, 3.

³ "Timber," lxx, nota 9.

⁴ Opinion of Bobadil, whose literary ideal is "Hieronimo."—"Every Man in his Humour," I, 4.

⁵ Preface to the 4to ed. of "Alchemist," 1612, part of the ideas there being reproduced, in the same terms, in "Timber," lxx.

who had on Shakespeare, in early days, a marked influence, the author of "the Tamerlanes" of the last age,"¹ Kit Marlowe

Art is choice, but choice made by the learned and gifted "The learned ever use election and a mean, they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportionate body" And, as the ancients would have it, the truest artist will so conceal his efforts that only his peers will be aware of them "He knows it is his only art so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it In the meantime he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer by those men who, without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense are received or preferred before him" But posterity will recognize the merit of his labours. "Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies," his attention to "composition," his care ever to find "what word is proper"³

Time and time again, Jonson recurs to this subject, for none, he considers, is of higher importance "I give thee this warning that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copy) utter all they can, however unfitly, and those that use election and a mean For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed"⁴ As for him, there is nothing he is more careful about

Let me be censured by the austerest brow
Where I want art

I pursue no favour⁵

No true idea can be formed of the grandeur and beauty of poetry unless she appears decked with "the majesty of art"—

¹ And Tamerchams, a different play in the same style, but not by Marlowe, alluded to by Dekker in his "Satiro-Mastix"

² *Timber*, lxxv

³ *Timber*, lxxv, nota 10

⁴ Preface to 'Alchemist,' 4to ed 1612

⁵ Ever, I fan out of his Humour, Induction

But view her in her glorious ornaments,
 Attired in the majestic of arte,
 Set high in spirite with the precious taste
 Of sweete philosophie, and, which is most,
 Crownd with the rich traditions of a soule,
 That hates to have her dignitie prophand
 With any relish of an earthly thought . .
 Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
 That such leane, ignorant and blasted wits,
 Such braincesse guls, should utter their stolne wares
 With such aplauses in our vulgar cares.¹

How could Shakespeare stand in the eyes of a poet so disposed and holding such a creed? Jonson, everybody is aware, did not neglect to let us know: "Shakspeer wanted arte." By which must not be understood that, for Jonson, the great dramatist had no art at all, but that he suffered from a want, that is from an insufficient amount or proportion of art. When we say that an army wants bread, we do not mean that it has none at all, but that it has not enough. Nature and art are both necessary to form the perfect poet, as Jonson conceived him; with Shakespeare the part of pure Nature was too great, that of art too small: he "had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." His natural "wit" surpassed all that had been seen before, but lacked "rule."² Nature had done for him more than she ever did for anyone else:

Nature herself was proud of his designs
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
 Which were so richly spun and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.³

¹ "Every Man in his Humour"; a passage in the edition of 1601 (V. 1) suppressed afterwards; p. 244 of the ed. by H. H. Carter, "Yale Studies in English," 1921; in which edition the texts of the quarto and of the first folio, 1616, are given side by side.

² Lines under his portrait, and the passage in "Timber," lxiv: "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too."

³ "To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare."

He had withal some art too Although writing then a panegyric, and bound therefore to praise as much as possible, Jonson was too sincere a friend of truth to gain-say what he really thought. He could not, of course, speak in the impulsive style he used when talking with Drummond, who, besides, noted especially what was pungent in his guest's sayings, but he obviously felt some embarrassment, the praise was not so whole-hearted as when he described Shakespeare's natural genius

Yet must I not give nature all, thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion

Nature and art combined, the poet "made as well as born," appear,

In his well torned, and true filed lines :

The praise remains vague, general, and somewhat perfunctory, Jonson was obviously hampered by his inward judgment, which it would have been ungracious to deliver then and there. It was a public occasion, he did what he could to veil, as he thought, his friend's nudity

So trenchant were Jonson's opinions, so aggressive was his temper, so scornful his disposition, that it was very difficult to escape being at least singed by his fiery criticisms. Anyone who came near and differed from him was sure to receive some burns from the furnace, and few differed more from him than Shakespeare. Without, therefore, being at all sure that he had actually Shakespeare in mind, we find him ridiculing not only Shakespearean dramas but Shakespearean ways of life, actions which were certainly his, ways of expressing one's love passions, which Shakespeare certainly employed

With his taste for respectability and his set purpose to attain and enjoy it in his native town, Shakespeare, as is well known, made repeated efforts to obtain from those

1 To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr William Shakespeare

heralds who, "in the charter of the same, doo of custome pretend antiquitie and service and manie gaie things,"¹ armorial bearings for his family. Jonson, who had arms of his own, never tires of deriding the man from the country, "so enamoured of the name of a gentleman that he will have it though he buys it": the very thing Shakespeare had done. In 1596, Garter King-of-Arms had, at the latter's request, taking into account the "valiant and faithfull service" of the poet's "antecessors," and adding, as usual, other "gaie things," granted the Shakespeares a coat-of-arms having for its crest a falcon, "his wings displayed argent," and as a motto the words *Non sanz droict*. One of Jonson's heroes obtains, in the same way, his patent, "for his money"; his shield showing, "on a chief argent, a boar's head proper"; and what will be the motto?

Puntaruolo.—Let the word be: "Not without mustard."²

The allusion seems so direct that the passage might be inserted in some future edition of Shakespeare's "Centurie of prayse," though praise it be not.³

The same with the love-poetry of Shakespeare: we can scarcely expect that "his sugred sonnets among his private friends," should have found in Jonson an indulgent critic. The most we can hope is that Jonson did not consider Shakespeare's efforts of this kind as the work of

¹ Harrison, "Description of Britaine," ed. Furnivall, I, p. 128.

² "Every Man out of his Humour," III, 1; performed 1599. Jonson said sneeringly later: "Every poet writes squire now" ("Magnetic Lady," Induction). Shakespeare however never "wrote" but "gentleman": "I, William Shackspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the countie of Warr. gent." (Beginning of his will). As for the "heraldet," who could be tempted into yielding to such demands, Jonson wrote:

He can give armes and markes, he cannot honour,
No more than money can make noble.

³ "Staple of News," 1626.

⁴ A document discovered some years ago shows that Shakespeare's negotiation with the heralds drew much attention and was criticized in more places than one. See Sidney Lee, "The Future of Shakespearean Research," *Nineteenth Century*, May 1906, p. 774.

what he called a woman's poet. "Your woman's poet must flow and stroke the ear,"¹ his lines are "as soft as cream"² There is too much of "loves foolish, lazy languishment," said, on the other hand, the author of the "Returne from Pernassus," alluding to Shakespeare's "Venus" and "Lucrece" But one thing is certain, namely, that one of the themes selected by Shakespeare as the subject of a sonnet is chosen by Jonson for the subject of his sneers

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet finger, when thou gently sway'st,
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips. . .

So Shakespeare, in his Sonnet cxxviii—"You see," says Fastidius Brisk, in "Every Man out of his Humour," "the subject of her sweet fingers there ? Oh, she tickles it so that she makes it laugh most divinely I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one. I have wisht myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven"³

Of all this Shakespeare took, of course, no notice. He did not feel in the least aggrieved The play in which was derided a fondness like his own for coats-of-arms, was performed by him and his companions at the Globe He laughed himself at his foible, and had his good-humoured jest at those "gentlemen born," who can certify that they "have been so any time these four hours"⁴ As for his Sonnets, in spite of all he says in them of their assured immortality, he attached no more importance to them than

¹ "News from the New World in the Moon, 1620

² "Timber, lrv

³ III, 3

⁴ "Winter's Tale," V, 2

to his plays ; he never printed them, and when a pirate issued them with an absurd dedication, the utmost he did, for aught we know, was to shrug his shoulders.

For all their varied and indeed opposed views, Shakespeare and Jonson never had any lasting differences. To prevent that there was, besides Shakespeare's aversion to a quarrel, a very important factor : the two men's genius of which both were fully aware, and the two men's geniality which both appreciated and enjoyed. That they had verbal fights at the tavern, we know on positive testimony ; but if they were eloquent, witty, and pungent, they were good-humoured. If those discussions had had any lasting effect, Jonson would not have failed to add this quarrel to the list he so complacently drew up before Drummond, and which Drummond no less complacently recorded. The only contemporary allusion pointing to any asperity between the two men, is the well-known passage in the "Returne from Pernassus," 1601 ; but besides being unsupported, it must be remarked that, firstly, it bears very well the interpretation given to it by Gifford ; secondly, its import is greatly diminished by the fact that the words are attributed to Kemp, there represented as an ass and a blockhead ;¹ thirdly, Jonson's "Sejanus" was performed shortly after at the Globe, and Shakespeare assumed one of the parts, 1603. But the best proof that there was no real quarrel is Jonson's testimony : "I loved the man."

That, with all his "gall" and "copperas," Jonson could be good-humoured, friendly, and genial, there is no doubt. In his very harsh summing up of his visitor's character, written only for himself, Drummond said of

¹ "Our fellow Shakespeare put them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too" ; he has given Jonson "a purge that made him beray his credit," IV, 3.—"He put him down," says Gifford, "as he put down every other dramatic writer."

It must be noted, however, that the play or rather the group of plays is strongly anti-Shakespearean (without being favourable to Jonson) and that the author praises ironically here the great dramatist by the mouth of that ignorant (Kemp), who takes "Metamorphoses" for an author.

him "He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep" Jonson has written with his usual sincerity, and with a modesty not frequent in him "If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence and judgment, I look up at and admire, let me not therefore presently hear of ingratitude and rashness . If I err, pardon me"¹ If he ever offended his friend, and some contemporaries surely thought that he was, to use his own word, "malevolent" towards him,² he was certainly at once and heartily pardoned The tradition of a visit of Jonson to Stratford with Drayton, a few days before the death of Shakespeare, seems very probable At all events we may be sure that Jonson, weighing together all that he admired and all that he objected to in his friend, scarcely felt that he exaggerated when, forestalling distant posterity's judgment he exclaimed

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe

That one was, to use his words, the image of "Apollo," the "star of poets," the "sweet swan of Avon," William Shakespeare

she makes
Timber, xxi

Timber, lxxv

IX

*WHAT TO EXPECT
OF SHAKESPEARE*

a war with France Hers was the first exception in eight centuries May a foreign visitor be permitted to express the wish that the new reign, lasting as long as any that has gone before, shall transform the exception into the rule

Addressing Queen Elizabeth's great minister, Cecil, in a year that is now famous, the year 1564, in which Shakespeare was born, Ronsard, speaking in the name of his then storm-ridden country, expressed that faith in its future which, at no period, has any French heart ever lost, adding that if it were possible to "once join in a firm amity,

Vostre Angleterre avecques nostre France,

the Golden Age would return" * If the Golden Age has not quite returned up to now, the cause is perhaps that the experiment has not yet been continued long enough May it be long continued !

The subject assigned me, the great poet of the nation, is one which not even the boldest minds, the best informed, the most accessible to poetical beauty, dare approach without awe Encouragement may, however, be taken from no less ardent a worshipper of the Shakespearean fame than Swinburne "For two hundred years at least," did he write, "have students of every kind put forth in

* And again, with more insistence, and some prophetic touches, addressing the Queen herself

Le Gaulois semble au saule verdissant,
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant,
Et rejette en branches d'avantage,
Prenant vigueur de son propre dommage

Quand vous serez ensemble bien unies
L'Amour, la Foy, deux belles compagnies,
Viendront ça bas le cœur vous eschauffer
Puis sans harnois, sans armes et sans fer,
Et sans le dos d'un corcelet vous ceindre,
Ferez vos noms par toute Europe craindre,
Et l'âge d'or verra, de toutes parts,
Fleurir, les lys entre les léopards

Both pieces printed in *Elégies, Mascarades et Bergerie*, 1565, about July, apparently written the year before

every sort of boat, on a longer or a shorter voyage of research across the waters of that unsounded sea (the works of Shakespeare). From the paltriest fishing craft to such majestic galleys as were steered by Coleridge and by Goethe, each division of the fleet has done or has essayed its turn of work."

For an occasion like the present no galley could be too great or too majestic. If it pleased the Academy to select the merest fishing craft, the reason must be that, to come here, it had to cross the ocean, and this doubtless humoured the fancy of a sporting nation. As soon, however, as the invitation reached me, I accepted it, thinking that the best courtesy was not to discuss but to obey, and considering that, for lack of better motives, my coming from lands further away than "vexed Bermoothes" was an homage I could offer which was not within the reach of many of my betters.

I

When Ronsard died at St. Côme, near Tours, in December 1585, Shakespeare being then twenty-one, all France went into mourning; besides the ceremonies at St. Côme, solemn obsequies were celebrated at Paris, orations were delivered in French and in Latin by Cardinal Du Perron and others; the crowd was such that princes and magnates had to be denied admission for lack of space, not one poet of note failed to express his sorrow for the national loss; these elegies were collected under the title of "Le Tombeau de Ronsard."

On April 25, 1616, the bell of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford tolled, as we read in the register, for "William Shakespeare, Gentleman," one of the chief men of the town, wealthy, good-humoured, benevolent, known to everybody in the capital, and to have written some of the best plays. A monument was raised to him with an inscription, such as is often granted to provincial celebrities.

nations of the world as those of Shakespeare to-day. In their continued and increasing existence what sort of life are they leading?

In the course of ages, while praise and admiration were becoming boundless, an anxious note has been sounded from time to time, the more striking that it came from admirers. Two examples will be enough to make the point clear. While stating that "the stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare," Dr Johnson, who wanted his very dictionary to be morally useful through the examples selected by him for each word,¹ stated that Shakespeare, in spite of his beginning "to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame," had for his "first defect that to which may be imputed most of the evils in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct that he seems to write without any moral purpose. It is always a writer's duty to make the world better."²

Nearer our time, another, no enemy like Tolstoi, who considers that Shakespeare "has the basest and most vulgar conception of the world,"³ but a passionate admirer, Emerson, for whom Shakespeare was not *a* poet, but *the* poet, the "representative" poet, wrote "And now, how stands the account of man with this bard and bene-

¹ When I first collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word. I therefore extorted from philosophers principles of science, from historians remarkable facts, from chymists complete processes, from divines striking exhortations, from poets beautiful descriptions. Preface to his 'Dictionary of the English Language, 1755.

² Preface to Shakespeare, 1765. John Dennis, a passionate admirer of the poet gave in Nov. 1719 under the title *The Invader of his Country*, a remodelled version of *Coriolanus*, with a new ending, so as to add a moral sadly lacking, he thought, in Shakespeare's play.

³ And according to whom his glory can be explained only as being one of those contagious mental diseases which now and then afflict mankind, like the crusades, the belief in sorcerers and the passion for tulips which, at a certain time, invaded the whole of Holland. Tolstoi's Shakespeare, translated into French by Bienstock.

factor, when in solitude, shutting our ears to the reverberations of his fame, we seek to strike the balance? Solitude has austere lessons. . . . He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments. He was master of the revels to mankind. . . . As long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does it profit me? What does it signify? It is but a *Twelfth Night*, or *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, or a *Winter Evening's Tale*: what signifies another picture more or less?"¹

So spoke Emerson in one of those Essays which Matthew Arnold went so far as to describe as "the most important work done in English prose" in the nineteenth century.

What is it then that we possess? What can we expect of Shakespeare? Is the treasure in this bewitching garden of Hesperides mere glitter, or is it real gold? Do we listen to the seer that can help solving our problems, answer our doubts, instruct our ignorance, soften the hardness of our hearts, brace our courage? Or does the great book whose fame fills the world offer us mere revels, vain dreams and tales, no moral purpose of value, virtue sacrificed to convenience, such evanescent food as was served on Prospero's table for the unworthy?

II

Shortly after he had reached his majority Shakespeare came to London, very poor, having received but a grammar school education, upheld by no protectors. The son of a tradesman, he reached the huge capital where one of his Stratford compatriots was established as a grocer, another as a printer. For some years he disappears, and when we hear of him again he is beginning to be known as an

¹ "Representative Men. Seven Lectures," Boston, 1850, pp. 213, 214.

author Having come to the city with no trade of his own, he had obviously soon discovered that he was better fitted to write plays than to sell groceries, and to compose books than to print them He was apparently still in Stratford in 1585-6, six years later London dramatists are feeling jealous of the new play-mender or maker, five years after that he is a wealthy man, and purchases New Place, the finest house in Stratford, built by its most famous citizen, a former Lord Mayor of London He was then thirty-three Promptitude is the salient trait of such a career When he died at fifty-two, Shakespeare left thirty-seven plays, when Racine died at sixty, only twelve

Literary invention has been the subject in our days of minute research on the part of philosophers Paulhan has shown¹ what different roads lead to that supreme result, a memorable book of lasting fame One road passes through the Elysian fields, another crosses the region made doleful by Tantalus, Ixion, and Sisyphus's ceaseless groans For that modern dramatist Dumas *fits* the labour of literary composition was accompanied, according to Binet and Passy, who went to ask him, by "a great feeling of pleasure While he writes he is in a better humour, he eats, drinks, and sleeps more, he feels a kind of physical enjoyment through the exercising of a physical function He does not seek isolation or silence, like those authors whose weakened inspiration vanishes at the slightest interference from external things" His manuscripts were almost without erasures "We have never seen," his visitors say, "such neat manuscripts," in spite of his often writing at full speed, such, for instance, was the case for the "*Dame aux Camélias*", he had "covered the paper with a firm and regular handwriting in which the eye looks in vain for the disorder of improvisation, page follows page without a single erasure Mr Dumas had moreover a horror of erasures, blots, interlineations and corrections"²

Others, like Rousseau, or Flaubert, had a different tale to tell : " My ideas," wrote Rousseau, " group themselves in my head with the most incredible difficulty : they move about obscurely, they ferment to the extent of upsetting me and giving me heart-beats, and in the midst of all that emotion I see nothing clearly ; I could not write a single word, I must wait." The same with Flaubert : " I am in a rage without knowing why : my novel, maybe, is the cause. It does not come, all goes wrong ; I am more tired than if I had mountains to bear ; at times I could weep. . . . I have spent four hours without being able to write a phrase. . . . Oh, Art, Art, what is that mad chimera that bites our heart, and why ?" ¹

To the latter group most decidedly belongs Shakespeare's great rival, Ben Jonson. One must " labour," said he sententiously ; one must be " laboured " ; facility is the most dangerous of the Will-o'-the-wisps ; it leads to bogs and marshes ; do not follow Jack-o'-lanterns, bright as may be the lanterns ; retrace your steps, " The safest is to return to our judgment and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected." ²

To the first class undoubtedly belonged Shakespeare. The number of his plays and the brief interval between the composition of each, two or three plays a year being his average production during the first eight years of his authorship, show that he must have written with the " fine frenzy " attributed by his duke Theseus to the gifted ones, and flying " an eagle flight, bold and forth on," like the poet in his own " Timon." " My manuscripts," said Rousseau, " are scratched, blotted, besmeared, illegible,

¹ Paulhan, *ut supra*, pp. 31, 32. He writes to his friend Maxime Ducamp, from Croisset, 1852 : " Que je crève comme un chien plutôt que de hâter ma phrase qui n'est pas mûre ! " And again : we follow different roads, " que Dieu nous conduise où chacun demande ! moi je ne cherche pas le port, mais la haute mer. Si j'y fais naufrage, je te dispense du deuil." Croisset, no date, but 1853.

² Cf. above, p. 274.

testifying to the trouble they have given me " Of Shakespeare, as stated before,¹ his fellow-players, who had seen him at work, said "What he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers " "He never blotted out a line ?" grumbled Jonson, "would he had blotted a thousand !" His manuscripts obviously looked like those of Dumas *filis*, not like those of Rousseau

He had his own ways, and rather followed, to quote him again, his own "free drift" Why take so much trouble, when what he himself expected of his plays could be reached without any of those Ixion-like agonies described by Rousseau and the others ? For what he expected was simple enough, plain enough, and near at hand What he expected he did actually attain, and his life was a successful life His eye was on Stratford, not on posterity His dream was to end his days a well-to-do respected citizen in his native town, and that dream was fulfilled The idea of his being held later the Merlin of unborn times, the revealer of the unknown, the leader of men of thought and feeling, the life-giver, the pride of his country, never occurred to him, and would probably have made him laugh His allusions to literary immortality in the "Sonnets" were only a way of speaking, which he had in common with the merest sonnet scribblers, as was well shown by Sir Sidney Lee, and since he never printed his, he cannot have cared much for an everlasting fame to be secured through them For his poems proper he took some trouble, he published them, they were works of art ; for his plays, a secondary *genre* in the common estimate and in his, he took none, they were things of no importance He never printed any, garbled copies of some of the best were issued, he did not care, he left no authentic text in view of a posterity which had never been in his thoughts, no books are mentioned in his will

¹ Above, p. 275

III

Literary fame as a dramatist troubled him not, but present necessities could not be forgotten ; chief among them the necessity of pleasing his public. His average public, the one he had chiefly in view, whose average heart and mind he had to touch and delight, was that of the Globe, a large, much-frequented house which drew popular audiences, and where accidentally some Ambassador might appear ;¹ the fate of the play would, however, depend not upon the Ambassador's applause or some learned critic's blame, but on the impression of the crowd : a boisterous crowd, warm-hearted, full-blooded, of unbounded patriotism, a lover of extremes, now relishing the sight of tortures, now moved at the death of a fly (" How if that fly had a father and a mother ? " ²), a lover of the improbable, of unexpected changes, of coarse buffooneries, quibbles, common witticisms easy to understand, of loud noises of any sort, bells, trumpets, cannon ; men, all of them, of an encyclopædic ignorance.

The part of such a public, as a contributor to Shakespeare's plays, can scarcely be over-estimated—a real contributor to whom it seems at times as if Shakespeare had passed on the pen to scribble as it pleased, or the chalk to draw sketches on the wall. What such people would like, and what they would tolerate, is what gave those plays, which he never thought of after the performance, the unique, the marvellous, the portentous shape in which we find them. Great is the *de facto* responsibility of such a public ; great that of Shakespeare too for having never denied it anything ; great that would that have been if he had not purposely yielded to

¹ " S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire où l'on joue les comédies, fut représenté l'histoire du More de Venise."—Journal of the Secretary of the German Ambassador, April 30, 1610, facsimiled in Halliwell-Phillips's *Life of Shakespeare*, 1893, II, p. 85.

² " Titus Andronicus," III, 2, a repulsive play, but one of the most successful of the period, the work of Shakespeare and others,

please only those living men, assembled in his theatre, on whom his own fortune depended, "For we," even Dr Johnson had to acknowledge,

For we that live to please, must please to live.

From the writing of his plays, however, Shakespeare expected not one thing but two, first, immediate success with his public, and all that depended on it, second, the pleasant, happy, delightful satisfaction of a function of his brain duly exercised. This for us is the chief thing, what saved him in spite of himself to the coarse food his groundlings wanted he added the ethereal food which has been for ages the relish of the greatest in mankind, while it had proved quite acceptable to his groundlings too. He added this as a supererogatory element because it was in him to do so, because it gave him no more trouble than to put in quibbles, jokes, or massacres, and because experience had shown him that, while it was not at all necessary to success, it did not hurt, and was received with a good grace. It was for him the exercise of a natural function, as it is for a good tree to produce good fruit.

Hence the strange nature of that work, touching all extremes, the model of all that should be aimed at, and of much that should be avoided, of actual use both ways. Prompt writing, as he had no choice (he had to live), the courting of a public whose acceptance of his work was indispensable, explain, with his prodigious, heaven-bestowed genius, how the best and the worst go together, hand in hand, in his plays, those flashes of a light that will never fade, and those concessions to the popular taste and tendencies, brutalities, mystifications, tortures, coarse jokes and ill-explained complications, or the advantage so often best seen by him of the fact that the public will not know, will not remember, will not mind. "He omits," says Dr Johnson, "opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him" the reason being that, in some cases, such oppor-

tunities did not occur to him at once and that he had little time for reconsidering ; given his public, that would do. Hence also his anachronisms, his faulty geography, his indifference to real facts, so complete that he would not have stretched out his hand to take a book and verify the place of a city or the date of an event, nor would he have asked his future son-in-law, the physician, whether a human being that has been smothered can still speak. He offers to his groundlings, and not to this learned age of which he never thought and which has no right to complain, a reign of King John without "Magna Charta," but with plenty of gunpowder and with a Duke of Austria who was dead before the play begins : Beware, says the king to the French Ambassador, "the thunder of my cannon." His Alençon, the companion in arms of Jeanne d'Arc, is prematurely described as a "notorious Machiavel." The presence of the Turks in Constantinople perturbs his Henry V, though they reached there only thirty-one years after this king's death. Shakespeare adopts, for convenience sake, two rules to which none of his hearers could be tempted to object ; one is, that all antique personages having lived in antiquity are, generally speaking, contemporaries and can quote one another, so his Hector quotes Aristotle centuries before he could have been enlightened by the sage's wisdom ; his Menenius has faith in Galen's prescriptions six hundred years before Galen could prescribe, and talks of Alexander a century and a half ahead of time ; his Titus Lartius compares Coriolanus to unborn Cato, and so on. The other rule is that, as we have seen, all distant towns are by the seaside. Rome, Florence, Milan, Mantua, Padua, Verona, Aleppo (to say nothing of Bohemia) are by the seaside. His personages go by sea from Padua to Pisa, from Verona to Milan. Why take trouble ? He wrote only for me," who neither knew nor cared, composing plays not meant to survive and which had two "begetters," Shakespeare and the motley crew at the Globe.

IV

They have survived, however, their hold on the world increases as years pass, they are famous in regions the very name of which was unknown to their author. In the calm of our study, in the corner of a railway carriage, on the deck of a ship, we open the book and read the first scene of any play. Prospero's magic works on us, we are his, ready to follow him anywhere, to feel and believe as he tells us. The sight once seen, the words once heard, so impress themselves on our mind that the mere name of the place, of the man, woman, or child cannot be pronounced henceforth without the grand or lovely landscape, the loving, hating, laughing, weeping personage from the plays, and with him all that pertains to him, his family, his enemy, his friend, his house, his dog, appearing to us in as vivid a light as if he were here alive again, and we were pacing with him the terraces at Elsinore, the moonlit garden of the Capulets, the storm-ridden, witch-haunted heath of "Lear" or "Macbeth," the woods near Athens, the forum at Rome, the enchanted park for an enchantress at Belmont, or the real battlefields where, in bloody conflict, France and England were shaping their destinies.

So much life, such an intensity of realization are in the plays, that it is difficult to visit, in actual life, any of those places which Shakespeare sometimes merely named and did not describe, without the Shakespearean hero first appearing to us, before even we think of the real men famous there in times past. Grand or sweet figures, lovers whom death will sweep away, or leaders of armies, anxious Hamlet, scornful Coriolanus, loving Romeo, pensive Brutus, irrepressible Falstaff, and those daffodils of man's eternal spring—Portia, Rosalind, Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona—rise bewitching, terrible, or laughable, at the mere sound of the words Elsinore, Eastcheap, Arden, Verona, Cyprus. So long as the mirage lasts our lives

seem merged into theirs. Between the true artist and the product of his brain the phenomenon is a frequent one, but between the product of his brain and the readers of the book it much more rarely happens: "A delightful thing it is," said Flaubert in one of his rare happy moods, "to write, to be no longer oneself, but to move through the whole creation one has called forth. To-day, for example, man and woman together, lover and mistress at the same time, I have ridden in a forest, during an autumnal afternoon, under yellow leaves; and I was the horses, the leaves, the wind, the words that were said, and the red sun that caused them to half close their eyelids bathed in love." This privilege of the author, Shakespeare, for better, for worse, imparts to his listener or reader.

For better or for worse? Some of his worshippers, thereby courting protest and inviting injustice of an opposite sort, have dogmatized on his perfections, his omniscience, his prescience, the safe guidance he offers in every possible trouble, and the unimpeachable solution he propounds for every difficulty.

Wiser it is perhaps to acknowledge at once, with due deference to the purest intentions, that it is not exactly so. More than one of the gravest questions that, from the beginning, have troubled mankind would be put in vain to the poet, for to them he has no answer. What he does is to place the problem before us with such force that he obliges us to think seriously of those serious questions; hence of use, though of a different use than is sometimes said.

Concerning religions he does not take sides, as is evidenced by the fact that discussions are still renewed *now* and then (though there is little room for doubt) as to what faith he belonged to. The lesson he gives us is, however, a great one; it was a rare one in his day, and it is summed up in the word "toleration."

No problem is put oftener and more vividly before his audience than that of death and of the hereafter. To this

spere no more hesitates to hold them up to the laughter and scorn of their brethren in the pit, than Molière hesitated to make the real court marquesses laugh at the marquesses in his comedies, or than to-day's playwrights hesitate to ask a middle-class audience to laugh at the faults and folly of middle-class characters. Shakespeare's lesson may be of use to statesmen, scarcely to the people themselves, since for a useful castigation of the many, the most efficacious factor is love.

On one more question of keen, though less general, interest, we would appeal in vain to Shakespeare the playwright, that is for information about himself. Few men (I know that contrary views have been eloquently defended) have allowed less of their personality to appear in works dealing so directly with the human passions. Shakespeare's personality was of the least obtrusive, except in Stratford where he wanted to be, and succeeded in being, a personage, his natural disposition was to *keep aloof*. This general tendency is revealed by all we know about him. In an age and a *milieu* of quarrels, fights, literary and other disputes, he avoids all chances of coming to the front. "His works," said Dr Johnson, "support no opinion with argument, nor supply any faction with invectives." The exceedingly curious discoveries of Professor Wallace show us, as we have seen, Shakespeare unwittingly thrown by events into a quarrel, his efforts to minimize his rôle and to withdraw and disappear are the most conspicuous trait in the new-found documents. The very reverse of his friend Ben Jonson, who courted trouble and proclaimed his opinion on all problems and all people, he carefully avoided every cause of dispute. As we know, he neither printed his dramas nor claimed or denied the authorship of any play, no writer of that day published his poems without laudatory lines from his friends, Shakespeare, keeping apart, never gave nor requested any.

On rare occasions his persistence in expressing again and again certain views or feelings, or the casual inappro-

priateness of his personages' saying what they say, leave us no doubt that he adored music, loved the land of his birth, did not trust the mob, knew what a classical play was, objected to child-players, etc. These are exceptional occasions. The change we notice in the tone of his plays, as years pass, rather follows the curve of human life, of a life that might be almost any man's, than reveals individual peculiarities in their author. One of his chief characteristics (and merits) is, on the contrary, the free play he allows to his heroes' personality, and his care not to encumber them with his own. They go forth, fill the stage, fill the drama with their explanations and apologies, so freely, so unimpeded by the author, who seems simply to listen, that the spectator will at times remain in doubt which of them to believe and which to love. They pay no heed to Shakespeare, and they expound or contradict their maker's opinion without even knowing which. They are created independent and alive ; they continue so to-day, the very reverse of so many characters in Hugo's dramas, mere spokesmen of the poet who wanted to imitate Shakespeare, but forgot to conceal, as his model had done, his own figure behind the scenes.

The "Sonnets" confirm these views ; there alone Shakespeare's personality is, in a large measure, bared to the eye. But there the personage whose turn had come to speak was William Shakespeare, who used the same freedom that he had allowed to Shylock, Hamlet, Henry V, or Richard III. For him it was a kind of safety-valve, giving vent to sentiments which would have been out of place anywhere else ; but it was enough for him to have put them down in writing ; he did not go the length of sending the sonnets to the press.

V

Far above any of those single questions rises the one of general import, propounded by Dr. Johnson, Emerson,

and others that of the permanent impression left by the plays on listeners or readers

During the whole period to which Shakespeare belongs, and before his day too and long after, in his country and out of it, most men agreed that plays must moralize and improve mankind they have other *raisons d'être*, but this is the chief one. Tragedy and comedy, said Ronsard, are above all, "*didascaliques et enseignantes*" Sir Philip Sidney was of the same opinion The true poet, said Ben Jonson, must be "able to inform young men to all good discipline, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state," and he deplored the debasement of that sacred rôle among his contemporaries, especially in dramatic poetry According to Corneille, the chief point is to paint virtue and vice just as they are, "and 'then,'" said he, with his austere optimism, "virtue is sure to win all hearts even in misery, and vice is sure to be hated even triumphant" "The stage," said Racine, "should be a school where virtue would be taught no less than in the schools of philosophy" Samuel Johnson deemed that a drama should cause "useful mirth and salutary woe," and he wrote his ill-fated "Irene" to show, but it turned out that no one wanted to be shown, "how heaven supports the virtuous mind

what anguish racks the guilty breasts," and "that peace from innocence must flow", while Voltaire, for reasons of his own it is true, placed, in his "Babouc," the moralizing influence of tragedies far above that of sermons

The only shackles Shakespeare was loaded with were the needs and tastes of his public They were heavy enough, but they were the only ones The absence of others is so complete and so unique that this characteristic is among the most singular offered to our wonder by his works Barring this single exception, no poet cast on the wide world a freer and clearer gaze He wrote unhampered by traditions, rules, religious systems He gave himself the pleasure of showing once that he knew

dramatic rules existed, but he left them alone because they were "caviare to the general," and he depended on "the general." They were probably, besides, not so very sweet to him either. The final result is that, strange as it may seem, he stands much nearer Aristotle than many of Aristotle's learned followers. The great philosopher did nothing but sum up the teachings of good sense and adapt them to Greek manners. The great poet did nothing but follow the teachings of good sense, as given him by his own sound nature, and adapt them to English wants. As both were men of genius and both were excellent observers, the one taught and the other acted in similar fashion.

On the question of morality, Aristotle makes it quite evident that his own ideal is a drama in which vice is punished or even has no place ; but he clearly states also that the rational end of dramatic poetry is not to moralize but to give pleasure (*πρὸς ἡδονήν*).

On this question, as on that of "rules"—mere suggestions, not "rules" in Aristotle's intentions—Shakespeare's attitude was the same. He would not go out of his way either to secure or to avoid an ethical conclusion or conformity to rules. His plays were truly written "without any moral purpose," that is, instruction was not their object. But to conclude that they do not therefore instruct at all is to wander from truth. First, in some plays the events represented are, as in real life, so full of meaning that the moral is no less obvious than in any classical tragedy with a confidant or a chorus to tell us what to think ; and even, at times, the hero tells us that. No one can escape the lesson to be drawn from the fate of Macbeth, of Coriolanus, of Antony, of poor Falstaff and his wild companions. Augustus in Corneille's "Cinna" does not moralize with greater effect on his past than does Macbeth :

. . . Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

In many cases, however, it seems as if the evil power so often at play in Greek tragedies, and in real life too, were leading the innocent to their destruction Othello, Desdemona, Hamlet, as worthy of pity as Oedipus, fatality imposing on them tasks for which nature has not armed them, or offering them temptations to which they would not have yielded had they been less generous Are those plays of no moral use, or is their use limited to those maxims and pregnant sayings which Corneille considered one of the chief causes of a tragedy's usefulness, and which abound in Shakespeare—

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Great men may jest with Saints, 'tis wit in them,
But in the less, foul profanation—

and others so well known that one scarcely dares to quote them?

One instinct, and only one, appears in man at his birth, that of conservation The child eats, sleeps, does what care for his growth commands, and can no more think of anything else than a tree can think of whether its roots absorb sap that ought to have gone to the next tree What happens later is of immense interest if too much of that native instinct persists and more than is strictly necessary for preservation survives, then the perverted being solidifies into a low, mean, dry-hearted egoist To call him with Stirner an "egotheist" (*Homo sibi Deus*),¹ to deify the monster, is only to make him more monstrous, and go back to the time when stones were deities Hearts must open "The aim," Lord Morley has written with truth, "both in public and private life, is to secure to the utmost possible extent the victory of the social feeling over self-love, or Altruism over Egoism" The chief influences will be inherited tendencies, family tuition, early examples

¹ "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum, Leipzig, 1832, 1st ed 1845, Bourdeau, "Les Maîtres de la Pensée contemporaine," 1904, p 110

Next to that will be what and whom the growing man sees, hears, reads, associates with.

For compelling hearts to expand, and making us feel for others than ourselves, for breaking the crust of inborn egoism, Shakespeare has, among playwrights, no equal. Here works that supreme power of his : to bestow life, full and real life, on whomsoever he pleases, to delineate character with so great a perfection that such people as he presents to us we know thoroughly, and what happens to them strikes us the more since they are of our acquaintance ; not a passing acquaintance, casually made, soon forgotten, but that of men who will accompany us through life, ever reappearing on the slightest occasion or merest allusion, in tears or smiles, moving us at the remembrance of a happiness and of disasters in which we take part though they be not ours. The action on the heart is the more telling that, with his wide sympathies, the poet discovers the sacred "touch of nature" not only in great heroes, but in the humblest ones ; not only in ideal heroines, but in a Shylock whom we pity, at times, to the point of not liking so very much the "learned Doctor from Padua ;" even in "the poor beetle that we tread upon," and we get thinking of its pangs "as great as when a giant dies."

The fate of a Hamlet, an Ophelia, a Desdemona, an Othello, carries, to be sure, no concrete moral with it ; the noblest, the purest, the most generous, sink into the dark abyss after agonizing tortures, and one can scarcely imagine what, being human, with human foibles, they could have avoided to escape their misery. Their story was undoubtedly written "without any moral purpose," but not without any moral effect. It obliges human hearts to melt, it teaches them pity.

VI

Five thousand two hundred and sixteen entries to-day in the British Museum under the word Shakespeare (more than double the amount for Homer), against three hundred

and seven in 1855, all the world reading Shakespeare. moral cannot be the only attraction, nor even the chief one. It is, in fact, as things of beauty that the works of the poet have reached their immense fame. That they are things of beauty is now admitted by all, with enthusiasm by most people, unwittingly by the rare others. Such a great writer as Tolstoi denies any merit, even of the lowest order, to Shakespeare, but having to define, in his book on art, the tests by which "real art" is to be distinguished from "vain imitations," those he selects fit the works of Shakespeare so perfectly that, if this poet had been the typical one he had in view, he could scarcely have written otherwise.

Shakespeare's plays are things of beauty, works of art; the product of an art, it is true, which cannot be learned in books—the higher for that. What is then the use of a thing of beauty, an "As You Like It," a "Midsummer Night's Dream," full of smiles and all that gaiety, and all that beauty, and all those passions, and that force, and that wit, and that eloquence, and that wisdom scattered through the immense field of the thirty-seven plays? "What does it signify?" What should we expect of a thing of beauty?

No problem has been, for over a hundred years, more passionately discussed. Can art be profitable at all? Should it be profitable? Should it profit the few or the many? Is real art of a supra-terrestrial nature or not, and must it be kept above the reach and even the gaze of the lowly?

On these questions most critics have known no doubts,

* Il y a un signe certain et infailible pour distinguer l'art véritable de ses contrefaçons, c'est ce que j'appellerai la contagion artistique. Si un homme, sans aucun effort de sa part, reçoit en présence de l'œuvre d'un autre homme, une émotion qui l'unit à cet autre homme et à d'autres encore recevant en même temps que lui la même impression, c'est que l'œuvre en présence de laquelle il se trouve est une œuvre d'art. Et une œuvre a beau être belle, poétique, riche d'effets, ce n'est pas une œuvre d'art si elle n'éveille pas en nous cette émotion toute particulière, la joie de nous sentir en communion d'art avec l'auteur et avec les autres hommes en compagnie de qui nous lisons, voyons, entendons l'œuvre en question. Le sens de l'Art, translated by T. de Wyzewa.

and they have answered without hesitation ; but some have answered, Certainly yes, and others, Certainly no. "Woe," wrote d'Alembert, "to the artistic productions whose beauty is only for artists." "Here," observed the Goncourt brothers, "is one of the silliest things that was ever said." The problem continues debated and debatable, and was, some years ago, the subject of a remarkable essay by one of the best Shakespearean critics : "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," by Professor Bradley.

In the course of the last century the quarrel was at its height, and it was a fierce one. For a time no vocabulary had words strong enough to express the contempt, the hatred, the indignation of artists towards those unspeakable *bourgeois* who could imagine that art might be enjoyed by any but a select few, and could be of any use : "Everything that is of any use is ugly," Théophile Gautier had decreed. The true artist must live apart, meditate, never teach, never act : action might spoil the fineness of his perceptions. He belongs to a world different from everybody else's, the world of art.

But while literary wars and revolutions were going on, other wars and other revolutions were taking place in the world and deeply influencing art theories. The revolution of 1848 made of that staunch champion of "art for art," Baudelaire, a convert to the opposite doctrine : "Art is henceforth inseparable from usefulness and morality," said he, burning what he had adored. The storm of 1870 thinned yet more the ranks of the erstwhile triumphant partisans of supra-terrestrial art. No doubt was possible, Browning was right,

The world and life's too big to pass for a dream.

Since the din and dust of the fight have abated one can get a clearer vision of the facts ; and as is often the case in human quarrels, one now discovers valuable truths, though in different proportions, in the doctrine of the contending parties.

The day of the pure dilettanti saying to the world, "I am too much above thee to care for thee,"¹ is decidedly on the wane. Boutroux, with his usual acumen and sanity, has shown that their views, attitude, and success had never been a sign of progress, but of decay. "In the epochs usually called epochs of decadence or dissolution, art scornfully dissociates itself from any other object but beauty, considering that the latter displays its full power only when free from all accessory ends such as utility, truth, honesty, and is placed alone in its supreme independence and dignity." Art is, in fact, an offspring of nature, it is of course in close alliance with beauty, but it must not be cut loose from the soil under pretence of mere beauty. "Each time art has risen again from decay or has been born to a new life, it has begun by casting off vain ornaments and assigning to itself a serious and real end, closely connected with the conditions of contemporary life."²

But there is something true also in the theory of "art for art." If it cannot be maintained with Hegel, that art purifies all it touches, and that any kind of art is morally beneficial to mankind, it must be acknowledged to-day that art, when not wilfully perverse, is useful simply because it produces things of beauty. "All that is great," Goethe said, "contributes to our education." A tragedy, a picture, a statue, "Othello," Rembrandt's philosopher, the Victory of Samothrace, raise us above ourselves. We cannot enjoy works of art, Paul Gaultier has observed, without "a preliminary forgetting of our habitual preoccupations, and of the interested views which form, so to say, the woof of our lives." They free us from the anxiety of interest. The emotion caused by works of art acts like a preface to moral activity. The same or adds with great truth. "The morality of a work to be measured by the morality of the things repre-

¹ Cassagne, *L'Art pour l'art*, p. 143.

² Preface to Paul Gaultier's *Le sens de l'Art*, 1908.

sented, but by that of the sentiment in which they have been represented."

The influence thus exerted will be powerful and beneficial, in proportion to the perfection of the work, the depth of the emotion, and the sincerity of the artist who takes his starting-point on our real earth, allowing himself to be prompted by our real lives and our real doubts and hopes. The influence will be broad in proportion to the accessibility of the beauty represented. Without those characteristics the kind of art that may grow will be short-lived, cold, and dry, the cult will not spread ; few will worship nowadays a wooden idol.

Of the former sort is Shakespeare's influence on mankind. The world is full of beauty, but with our eyes drawn to the daily task, most of it escapes us. We want the poet, the musician, the artist, to touch us with his wand and to say to us, Look. Then we see and admire what we had looked at a hundred times before, and never seen, owing to our "muddy vesture of decay."

A sunset may pass unobserved by the vulgar ; it will less easily pass unobserved when arrested in its evanescence and fixed on his canvas by Claude Lorrain. For to the landscape is superadded Claude Lorrain ; we have the landscape plus he ; the artist changes nothing in what he sees, but he is present there with us, just to say, Look. The same with Shakespeare.

No sensible man visits that temple devoted to artistic beauty, with its innumerable recesses and shrines, where all epochs and all countries are represented, the Louvre in Paris, without leaving it a better man. The added worth may be an infinitesimal worth, it may be a considerable one ; in all cases some worth will be acquired. Dormant springs of disinterested emotion will have been made to flow again, a fatigued brain will have been rested ; sleepy thoughts will have been aroused, brought back to life and made to engender others. The same after a visit to Shakespeare.

Private benefactors, or the State, offer to studious youths the means of making a stay in Rome or Athens, or of journeying around the world. The belief is that they will return stronger, better armed for life, having had unusual occasions to think and consider, to store their mind. Such journeys are offered us by Shakespeare, around that microcosm, so full of wonders, and which has no secret for him, man's soul and character.

His hold both on artists and on the masses will certainly continue, on artists on account of the example given by him of taking one's stand in realities, of looking at things straight, of observing nature rather than conforming blindfolded to accepted traditions. This he does in absolute simplicity, without any touch of the pedantry of either the learned writer who worships rules because they are accepted, or the rebel who rejects them altogether, and on all occasions, because they are rules.

In Claude Lorrain's canvases we have nature, plus Claude Lorrain, in Shakespeare's plays we have nature, plus Shakespeare, plus his public. Discarding what is not his but has been contributed by his public, we find that what he adds to nature does not consist in any undue intrusion of his personality, but, on the contrary, in artistically selecting from real life what is characteristic of the individual he represents. He selects by instinct, but that instinct is genius. One might follow, step by step, a Hamlet, a nurse, a Falstaff in real life, and note every word they say, every attitude they take, and the portrait would be less life-like than the one drawn by Shakespeare. There are moments when we do not look like ourselves. Such moments are often selected or occasioned by photographers, who want an image conforming to their own idea of a satisfactory picture, for which cause so many photographs made after us are not like us. The true artist is more discerning, he not only keeps his own personality apart from that of his personages, but in that of his personages he knows how to bring out what makes

of them distinct individuals. That is his way of saying, Look. Boswell's portrait of Dr. Johnson is immortal simply because it was drawn in that manner.

As a trammel-breaker, Shakespeare, who played a unique rôle in that French romantic movement of the nineteenth century, the chief result of which was the awakening of French lyricism, Shakespeare who was, said Emerson, "the father of German literature," will continue to help and inspire future generations of artists. Every successful new attempt usually degenerates into a school : to imitate the successful is ever held by the many as the shortest road to success. To noisily attack yesterday's successful ones is another road habitually followed later. Old rules are thus periodically scorned and discarded ; then, after a brief moment of independence and search for a different manner, the new attempt (invariably made in the name of nature) is systematized, and new rules, new shackles, replace the former ones ; barnacles retard the movement of the ship.

To look directly at nature ; to see how Shakespeare looks at nature, to understand the amplitude of his realism, which does not, under pretence that nettles are real, discard roses, no less real ; to read the parts of his plays which are truly his, and study, for example, some of his wonderful first scenes (" Romeo," " Othello," " Hamlet," " Tempest," etc.), will be, on such occasions, the best of cures. Human nature will have to change before the great trammel-breaker ceases to fulfil his mission.

With the masses an increase of Shakespeare's influence is to be foreseen. His plays, in their *ensemble*, were ever accessible to the many, since it was for them especially that he wrote, but the higher beauties in his works, those which he put in simply because he could not help it, because they were commanded by his nature and not because they were required by that of his hearers, will be more and more understood and enjoyed. Men's minds progress and improve.

The change in our own days has been striking, it will be greater hereafter, when owing to discoveries, to the perfecting of machinery, to a change in the conditions of life, the many will at last enjoy that chief one among the great causes of content in life, which the few now possess and the masses do not—leisure hours. For the many, as for the privileged of previous times, life will be less encumbered with matter, there will be, in their day's twenty-four hours, time for rest, for study, for a friendly book, for thoughts. Instruction and education, given in a kindly spirit as it will be (else of little advantage), will prepare them for the best use to be made of the new treasure with highest enjoyment and profit. Many, of course, as is often the case with the possessors of treasure, will squander theirs, but some will not, and their number will probably go on increasing. One of those highest enjoyments will be a better understanding of beauty, whether natural or artistic, a real sunset or a painted one.

Signs are not lacking that the influence for good of things of beauty, as such, will grow, and be more and more generally taken into account. A recent incident in far-off Colorado may be quoted as symptomatic. A commercial company there wanted, in the year 1910, to divert to its uses a stream which formed a cascade further down, it pleaded that it had, according to the Constitution, "the right to divert waters of any natural stream unappropriated to beneficial uses." Just as if it had taken its cue from *Portia*, the United States Circuit Court decided that "The world delights in scenic beauty." It is therefore held that the maintenance of the vegetation in Cascade Canyon by the flow and seepage and mist and spray of the stream and its falls, as it passes through the canyon, is a beneficial use of such waters within the meaning of the Constitution. Thus, with the full support of public opinion, the stream was saved as being a thing of beauty, an honest one, and therefore beneficial.

The Palace at Versailles has been transformed, as is well known, into a Museum dedicated "A toutes les gloires de la France." A visit there is for us French what a reading of "Henry V" is for the English. On Sundays the crowd is such that it is difficult to move, a crowd of the same sort that filled Shakespeare's theatre : artisans, shopkeepers, soldiers, sailors, servants, peasants come to town, and there too, now and then, a stray Ambassador. Such people are the best public, the most sincere, the one that does not look for occasions to blame and sneer, but occasions to admire, and few things are more beneficial than disinterested admiration for great deeds and noble sights. Leaving the palace once, at the hour of closure, I stood near a couple of obviously very poor and very tired country people. They had been looking for hours, and they were gazing still. "Now you must go," repeated the keeper for the second time. I wish I could render the tone and expression with which they answered : "Must we now ? What a pity. It was all so beautiful." Like every man leaving with regret Shakespeare's works after having admired what is highest and truest in them, those two surely went home better people.

Let us not expect from Shakespeare what he cannot give ; what he can is enough, and is of peerless value. Having come young to town, hard pressed by necessity, writing with very practical ends in view, never thinking of posterity, bound to please his public, the means of success he employed were in a way forced upon him by circumstances. He knew what ingredients his public liked, and never felt it his duty to grudge them their pleasure ; he could write, and had to write, with extreme rapidity, without any preparatory study or verifying ; and he did so without scruple.

But no less fully did he allow free play to that unparalleled genius of his, the extent of which was unsuspected by his contemporaries and by himself.

Untrammelled, he stands, for men of letters, the model of trammel-breakers

By the problems he obliges us to consider, the concrete moral of some of his plays, their general healthy tone, the sympathies he awakens in our hearts, the amount of beauty he offers to our gaze, as varied as the world itself, by all this he renders us the one great service of drawing us out of our paltry selves, of busying us, not superficially, but intensely, with something other than our own interests. He raises us above the plane of everyday thoughts, he improves us by fighting in us the ever-recurring danger of our original egoism.

"How does it profit me?" Emerson had said, "what does it signify? It is but a *Twelfth Night*, or *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, or a *Winter Evening's Tale*?" Let Emerson answer Emerson, for the same thinker had said elsewhere "All high beauty has a moral element in it."

APPENDIX

*ON THE POSSIBLE MEETING
OF CHAUCER AND PETRARCH*

APPENDIX

ON THE POSSIBLE MEETING OF CHAUCER AND PETRARCH

(Above, p. 101.)

THE possibility of a meeting between Chaucer and Petrarch has been the cause of endless discussions. None of the disputants can be quite sure that it occurred or that it did not, because none of them was there, and the records have to be interpreted.

I confess continuing to be, as I was when I first wrote about it,¹ and Professor Frank J. Mather, jr., and some others disputed my conclusions,² of those who believe that, in all likelihood, it took place.

We have, concerning this problem, one single contemporary testimony, but it is not without weight, being that of Chaucer himself. In well-known passages of the Clerk's Prologue and the Clerk's story in the "Canterbury Tales," Petrarch is mentioned in a way so peculiar, so different from any allusion to anyone else in the whole

¹ "Nineteenth Century," June 1896.

² "Modern Language Notes," January 1897. The most recent editor of the Clerk's tale, Mr. Kenneth Sisam, Clarendon Press, 1923, adopting Tatlock's point of view ("Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works," 1907, p. 158), decides against the probability of the meeting: if it had taken place, Petrarch, he thinks, "who tells Boccaccio how [the Grisild story] affected a Paduan friend and another from Verona," would have told him of Chaucer's visit. But there is no reason why Petrarch, who does not give the name of the Paduan, nor of the Veronese, nor of "a person of much distinction" who accompanied the Paduan, nor of any other friend to whom he spoke of the story, and who was, moreover, in his latter life the most visited man in existence, should have acted otherwise concerning the English squire, of modest rank and whose incipient literary fame had certainly not reached him.

cycle of Chaucer's works, that it can scarcely be doubted the English poet wanted to record a fact remaining apart in his heart and memory

Mediaeval writers, as is well known, had not our ideas about authorship and sources. They were satisfied with vague, and occasionally, but less frequently, misleading, references to works which they were copying or sometimes translating, it was not rare among them, so as to ennoble their own writings, to quote ancient originals, when following modern translations or adaptations

Chaucer is no exception, and goes so far at times as to cause one to wonder whether he is not making fun of his readers, just as when he jocosely describes himself as slender of waist or clumsy at rhyming, ready doubtless, in such cases, with the excuse of his Wife of Bath "Myn entente his but for to pleye"

Setting aside occasions on which, as was frequent in his days, he gives for his authority "myn auctor," or "olde bookes," or "the geste," without more details, we see him refer us to what Trophée "seith," the which Trophée did not say that, nor anything else, for he never existed,¹ to Titus Livius, when he copies the "Roman

At bothe the worldes endes, seith Trophée,
In stede of boundes, he a piler sette

Monk's tale, Hercules. Professor Kittredge has shown (*The Pillars of Hercules and Chaucer's Trophée*, in Putnam Anniversary volume, New York, 1904, pp 545 ff) that the common place word trophy, with its usual meaning, is to be found in connection with the Hercules monuments, in the famous apocryphal letter of Alexander to Aristotle, and in a quotation thereof by Vincent de Beauvais in his *Speculum Historiale*, an author and book well known to Chaucer who mentions both in his *Legend of Good Women* (*Vincent, in his Storial Mirrour*, l 307) Vincent had written *Pervenit autem [Alexander] ad Herculis Liberique trophæa in ultimis finibus orientis posita*. From the presence of that word may have grown, says Kittredge, —by a series of corruptions, mistranslations and mnemonic lapses—the notion that there was an author called Trophæus or Trophée

There is, in any case, no doubt that if, in this passage, Chaucer is not joking, he must have had but a wonderfully confused remembrance of the above passage, for he was not the man to so grossly misinterpret so simple a Latin text, differing considerably as he did from his shipman who confessed

Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe

de la Rose";¹ to a Latin text, when he chiefly follows an Italian one;² to "Corinne," and critics have never ceased to wonder whether he meant Corinnus—not a word of whom has come down to us, and whose very existence is doubtful—or Corinna, one of the mistresses of Ovid, notwithstanding that Chaucer does not take here his inspiration from any Ovidian poem in which Corinna appears;³ to an imaginary "Lollius," when he freely adapts from such an admired poem as the "Filostrato" of Boccaccio. He twice

1 Ther was, as telleth Titus Livius . . .

Physician's tale. "Although," says Skeat, "Works," III, 435, "he appeals to Livy as his authority, he really follows the account in the 'Roman de la Rose' . . . which contains all the particulars which he introduces, except such as are of his own invention."

2 This olde storie, in Latin which I finde.

"The Complaynt of feire Anelida and fals Arcyte." But Chaucer does not find his story in a Latin or in any other book, since he, for once, invents it. The chief passages not original in it are from Boccaccio.

3 First folow I Stace, and after him Corinne.

Same "Complaynt of feire Anelida." The supposition of Mr. E. F. Shannon ("Publications of the Modern Language Association of America," Dec. 1912) that, by Corinne, Chaucer meant Ovid, seems scarcely tenable, and, if admitted, would again show Chaucer's wilful or not, jocose or not, indifference as to the sources he refers us to. Mr. Shannon's plea is that the manuscripts of Ovid's "Amores" often went, during the Middle Ages, without that title. They were sometimes called *Sine titulo*, a book with no title; and sometimes *Corinna*, from the name of one of the poet's mistresses, mentioned in Book I. We possess, he acknowledges, no manuscript with the name of Corinna, but Ermolao Barbaro, of Venice, second half of the fifteenth century, says that such existed, the work being however attributed, not mistakenly, to Corinna, but correctly to Ovid, "sub titulo Corinnæ Ovidii."

Let us admit, however, that Chaucer may have been careless or misinformed enough not to know what everybody knew; it would still remain that, in "Anelida," he does not follow the "Amores" at all, but is, as Mr. Shannon himself has been at pains to show, under the influence of Ovid's "Heroides." Now Chaucer knew full well that the "Heroides," *Epistolæ Heroidum*, were not the work of Corinne, for he quotes them with the name of Ovid. Says his Man of Laws, speaking of Chaucer himself:

For he hath told of loveres up and down,
Mo than Ovyde made of mencion
In his Epistelles, that ben ful olde.

When, therefore, Chaucer said that, in his "Complaynt of feire Anelida," he was following Corinne, he was careless, ignorant or jocose. With due deference to any other opinion, I incline toward the latter. Any of the three interpretations fits however my thesis.

quotes Lollius as his authority for his "Troilus and Criseyde," but, the first time, the name does duty for Petrarch,¹ the second, for Boccaccio.² In his "History of Zenobia" (Monk's Tale) he suggests that any reader who wants more details should "un-to [his] maister Petrark go", but he would go in vain, for the "maister" he follows is not Petrarch, but again Boccaccio, the Italian author from whom he borrowed most and whose name does not appear once in all his works.

On some occasions he gives the true name, with a word of appreciation, but of the briefest. Granson "flour of hem that make in France" ("Compleynt of Venus"), or Dante, "the grete poete of Itaile" (Monk's Tale).

Nowhere, in the whole range of his many works, do we find the precision, the feeling of admiration, the tinge of sadness betokening a personal remembrance, noticeable in the opening lines of the Clerk who, invited by mine host to tell "som merie tale" "some merie thing of adventures," answers

I wol yow telle a tale which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk.
He is now deed and nayled in his cheste,
I prey to God so yewe his soule reste!

¹ He insists with, we may again suppose, a sly wink, that he gives the very words of the worthy Lollius, except that he gives them in a translation

And of his song nought only the sentence,
As writ myn autour called Lollius,
But pleynly, save our tonges difference,
I dar wel sayn, in al that Troilus
Seyde in his song, lo! every word right thus
As I shal seyn

Troilus, I, 393. The song is, however, translated, "every word, from Petrarch's 88th sonnet" (Works, Skeat, II, 464).

² As telleth Lollius," Troilus, V, 1653. The one, however who telleth the incident thus reported is Boccaccio in his "Filostrato." Of the same imaginary Lollius, Chaucer makes, in the House of Fame, l. 1468, one of the writers on the Trojan war. The clever supposition of Latham (Works, Skeat, II, 464) would explain the mistake, but leave it a mistake, implying that Chaucer had less Latin than Shakespeare had Greek.

Fraunceys Petrak ¹ the laureat poete.
 Highte this clerk, whos rethoryke sweete
 Enlumined al Itaille of poetrye,
 As Linian dide of philosophye
 Or lawe, or other art particuler ;
 But deeth, that wol nat suffre us dwellen heer,
 But as it were a twinkling of an yē,
 Hem both hath slayn, and alle shul we dyē.

But forth to tellen of this worthy man,
 That taughte me this tale . . .

It is not alien to our subject to recall that the Linian mentioned here, in the same breath as Petrarch, was Giovanni di Lignano,² at the time of Chaucer's visit to Italy, a lecturer at the University of Bologna, which city the English traveller would have had to cross on his way from Florence to Padua. The road Florence to Bologna (and thence to Padua) was kept open at that moment by Chaucer's famous compatriot, Sir John Hawkwood, "a man very wise in war matters," says contemporary Griffoni, speaking of this very fact: "Dominus Johannes Agud, Anglicus, valde doctus in guerris." Hawkwood had just abandoned the cause of the Viscontis, great enemies of Bologna and of the Pope; his victory on the Panaro, near Modena, north-west of Bologna, in January 1373, had caused the latter city to be entirely free from any possible incursions by the Milanese.³

¹ Mr. Tatlock ("Development . . . of Chaucer's Works," p. 158) sees an argument against the probability of the meeting in the fact that Chaucer (or is it his scribes?) wrote here Petrak without the second *r*, a form which reappears at various places in the majority though not all of the Chaucerian manuscripts, and "if Chaucer knew Petrarch, he certainly must have known his name" (p. 160). But mistakes in proper names are of all times, including our own, with greater frequency in the past. The name of Sir Walter Raleigh has been spelt in seventy different ways (Stebbing), several varieties being due to himself. It would be very bold to suggest that Eustache Des Champs never met Chaucer because, when sending him his own works, he calls him Chaucier.

² Often, especially in more recent times, called Legnano; but the form *Li* is the one on his tomb, as well as in Chaucer's lines.

³ "Mathæi de Griffonibus Memoriale historicum de rebus Bononiensium," in Muratori, "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores," vol. xviii, col. 183. Griffoni was born in Bologna, 1351.

Lignano, who later fulfilled several diplomatic missions,¹ was, just as Chaucer records, famous then throughout his own country (but much less abroad) as a jurist, a philosopher and a practitioner of several "other arts particuler," those arts being astronomy, medicine, etc. He died very old at Bologna, in 1383 (the Clerk's Prologue was written therefore after that date), the whole city went into mourning, on the day of his funeral, the shops were closed, a handsome tomb, a part of which is still preserved in the Museo Civico at Bologna, was erected to him in the church of San Domenico, the usual resting-place for famous professors of law, and a high-flown epitaph was engraved on it

Frigida mirifici tenet hic lapis ossa Joannis,
Ivit in astriferas mens generosa domos,
Gloria Lignani titulo decoratus utroque,
Legibus et sacro canone dives erat,
Alter Aristotiles Hypocras erat et Tholomei
Signifer²

In his conclusion, the Clerk refers again to Petrarch, who wanted to show us, by Grisild's example, that we

Sholde be constant in adversitee,
As was Grisilde, therfor this Petrark wryteth
This storie, which with heigh style he endyteth

¹ His first mission was in 1376, when sent by Bologna to Pope Gregory XI (Pierre Roger de Beaufort), then residing in Avignon. There is no mention in any of his biographies of his having left Bologna before that date. Ghirardacci includes him in his list of the lecturers at the University in 1365, his branch being canon law. When Pope Gregory XI bought the Palazzo Pepoli, Bologna, in 1371, to transform it into a college, the deed was drawn up says the same Ghirardacci, per il sapiente et eloquentissimo Giovanni da Lignano, dottore famosissimo. *Historia di Bologna*, 1667, fol., vol II, pp 289, 303 (1st ed. 1596). Ghirardacci testifies to his having, as Chaucer says, enlumined al Itaille, being, he writes, reputato il primo in tutta Italia. *Ibid.*, p. 397.

² The part of the monument preserved in the museum gives the inscription, and shows, as usual with such tombs, a group of the master's pupils listening, some taking notes. Biographies of Lignano are e.g. in G. Fantuzzi, *Notizie degli scrittori Bolognesi*, Bologna, 1786, vol V, and Tiraboschi, *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, Venice, 1795, V, 319.

To speak thus of one of his models is, for Chaucer, most unusual, and the probability seems great that he wanted to record something unusual too, such as would be (and what else could it be?—to have known and read the story would have had nothing abnormal) a personal recollection.

An essay has been written, it is true, in order to show that, on the contrary, there is nothing out of the common in this statement. It is, according to Mr. G. L. Hendrickson,¹ commanded, so to say, by the necessities and "psychology" of the kind of poetry that Chaucer was writing, namely dialogues. He considers that, "the dialogue, as a dramatic reproduction of conversations, seeks to maintain the fiction that oral communication is the normal method for the exchange of ideas between contemporaries, and that therefore, so far as possible, it avoids allusion to books even in acknowledgment of literary obligation." Mr. Hendrickson insists, saying: "The principle of dialogue composition thus set forth is a natural one: it rests upon the universal psychology (so to speak) of the situation, rather than upon any recognized rule or tradition of art."

Admitting that the tales, or rather the prologues to the tales, be nothing but dialogues, one would expect this generalization to be made good by examples drawn from Chaucer, or from his contemporaries. But Mr. Hendrickson ventures no such attempt and selects, as evidently the best he could find, two examples only: one being Cicero, whose dialogues have not the slightest appearance of having been known to Chaucer, and Bishop Hurd, who could still less influence him, since he died in 1808.

As for the "psychology" of the genre which, irrespective of any other writer's example, would have made its influence felt throughout the tales or dialogues of the English poet, we find that Chaucer, persistently acting the

¹ "Chaucer and Petrarch," in "Modern Philology," July 1906 (IV, 179).

Wife of Bath had also motives of her own, in conformity with her temper, for going as a pilgrim to a variety of distant shrines, such as those at Cologne, Rome and Compostella. It would have seemed natural that the clerk be mentioned as having gone to Padua *to learn*, but to that there is no allusion, he is pre-eminently a "clerk of Oxenford," with no word implying that he may ever have gone abroad, rather the contrary, his portrait giving the impression of a home-keeping, shy,¹ pious, learned, hard-working, sober, young man, in great poverty. It seems as though Chaucer considered it sufficient that he himself should have been to Padua.

That this whole instalment in the "Canterbury Tales" has something especially personal is shown not only by the way it begins, but also the way it ends. Pushing aside the clerk, Chaucer, at the conclusion of the story, personally interferes as if he himself had told it, and we have "L'envoy of Chaucer," not of the clerk. The story is thus encased, as it were, between two remarkable statements, one in a grave mood, the other in a humorous one, both quite Chaucerian.

The reverence with which Chaucer treats his text is also worthy of note, and though there are traces of his having made some use of such a French translation of the story as found place in the "*Ménagier de Paris*,"² he never followed so closely any other of his models.

But more striking than all is the fact that every word in the statement attributed to the clerk tallies with circumstances historically certain and demonstrable by documentary evidence, in the lives of Petrarch and of Chaucer.

At a certain period of his life, Petrarch was entirely engrossed by that same story of Grisild which the clerk was to tell, he had recently noticed it at the end of the huge "*Decameron*," written long before by his friend Boccaccio, but never seen by him up to then, his admira-

¹ Lat be youre schamefastnesse says *mine host*, addressing him, when the lots are being drawn to find out who shall speak first.

² A. S. Cook, *Romanic Review*, VIII, No. 2 (April-June, 1917)

tion for this tale was unbounded ; he could talk of nothing else, he learnt it by heart, translated it into Latin, gave it to read to his visitors. We have all this on his own testimony.

It so happens that at this very moment Chaucer was in northern Italy. The clerk states that he had learned the tale at Padua ; and Petrarch, whose permanent place of abode was not Padua but Arquà, happened just then to be in Padua. Some have pretended that this does not mean much, and that Arquà and Padua are practically the same thing ; but they are not, being about twelve miles apart. No one would think of saying that the hermit of Knaresborough lived at York. The clerk says also : " This worthy man . . . taughte me this tale," which seems to imply an imparting of the story by word of mouth ; and further that the story had been, " with heigh style," *written* by Petrarch. This again agrees with facts, for we know by Petrarch's letters to Boccaccio on the subject of Grisild (the true order and dates of which I tried to establish in my afore-mentioned article), that the Italian poet did both : he was fond of rehearsing the tale by word of mouth to his visitors, having learnt it himself by heart, and he had also written it out and gave it to them to read.

As indicated above (p. 98), the war between Venice and Padua, other states taking part, had obliged Petrarch to temporarily reside in Padua, which was never invested and where he remained from November 15, 1372, to the autumn of 1373 ; this was the period when Grisild occupied such a place in his thought. Now Chaucer, who had already been employed abroad by Edward III, was sent by his king to Genoa, and as it turned out, to Florence also (his original instructions, of November 12, 1372, mention only Genoa¹) ; he left London on the

¹ In Rymer's "*Fœdera*," 3rd ed. III, 209. The object of the mission to Florence may well have been, as suggested by Professor A. S. Cook, some money matters, Edward III being pre-eminently then a borrowing prince, and Florence a lending city. "*Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences*," Nov. 1919.

1st of December, 1372, and was back there on the 23rd of May, 1373¹

In the force of his age, being about thirty-two, fearless, having fought as a soldier in France, fond of "adventure that is the moder of tydinges," and of enjoying intercourse with people of every degree, having already managed to become acquainted with the chief French poet of the day, Eustache Des Champs, who, in a well-known ballad, had praised him as translator of the "*Roman de la Rose*,"² a visit to Petrarch, the greatest of all the poets then alive, like him a writer of love songs, like him a worshipper of antiquity, like him a devotee of the "*Roman de la Rose*," like him a lover of books, like him, on several occasions, a diplomatic envoy, must have been extremely tempting for the young English squire, and in the face of his words in the "*Canterbury Tales*," there is not much room, as it seems to me, for doubting that it actually took place

Prof Mather, to whom all Chaucerian students are beholden for definitively pointing out the true date of Chaucer's return to London after this mission (May 23rd, instead of Nov 22nd, as formerly believed) alleges that the reduced duration of his absence, if it did not render a visit to Petrarch absolutely impossible, makes it, at least, quite improbable. He calculates that Chaucer must have travelled at the rate of twenty miles a day, resting every seventh day, thus consuming forty-seven days to reach only Genoa. But as it was winter time, Mr Mather supposes that resting days must have been even more numerous, he adds therefore nine of them, so that eight weeks if not two months would have been "a reasonable

¹ See the text of his accounts, giving these dates and other particulars, published by Professor Mather, *Modern Language Notes*, Nov 1896. Chaucer states, in his *Comptus*, that he had travelled, *in servicio Regis versus partes Jannue et Florence pro quibusdam secretis negocijs Regis*

² A passage in Chaucer's *Book of the Duchesse* was later imitated by Froissart; such compliments for an English poet were unique at that date, and remained so for a very long time

minimum " ¹ for the journey to Genoa ; as much would have been needed for the return, leaving only two months for transacting the business of the king there and at Florence, and for the travel to Florence, and eventually to Padua.

But such a rate of speed (an average, all told, of thirteen miles and a half a day) is absolutely inadmissible.² Chaucer was following the most frequented road from north to south (Boulogne, Paris, Nevers, Lyons, Mont Cenis, Turin, Genoa), kept in comparative good order even in winter ; he travelled on horseback, having even taken horses with him from England. When their horses were worn out, travellers would, in those days, sell them and hire or buy others ; there was no lack of them on such a track, and sometimes the rider had the luck to find return horses, going back to the place he was bound for. Well paid, with a salary of thirteen shillings and four pence a day, besides some extras (Edward II's ordinary messengers, being no envoys, received but three pence a day, and that when they were on the road), he would have had no trouble in providing himself with good mounts. As for the state of the roads, it has ever counted very much for carriages but less for foot travellers, and much less for riders. Of the two journeys to go and return, the first, though it took place in winter, was sure to have been performed without loss of time. It stands to reason, and it continues to be true to-day, that an envoy sent on a mission, goes with speed to his destination, with more chance of a leisurely return, especially if he has been able to inform his Government of the results he has secured, either by telegraph as to-day, or by messengers as in the time of Chaucer, whom

¹ " Additional note," in his article of January 1897, " Modern Language Notes."

² I made in my younger days, if I may be permitted to recall a personal example, journeys of some length, on foot, carrying my knapsack, and my average, with no day's rest, was about the double of that number, sometimes more, even in bad weather : Portree to Kyle Rhea ferry, for example, island of Skye, in one day, mid-October, on my way from Inverness and Poolewe to Tyn-drum. Anyone addicted to walking would tell the same tale.

we know to have sent three to Edward III during that particular mission

"The usual day's ride," says d'Avenel, speaking of this same period, "varies between 40 and 60 kilometres (25 to 37 miles), from Montauban to Rome, in the fourteenth century, passing by Avignon, Embrun, Susa, Pisa, Viterbo, a merchant in a hurry covers the distance in twenty-three days, at the rate of 56 kilometres (nearly 35 miles) a day"¹

But even travellers in no particular hurry, whose speed is exactly known to us through their diaries, moved much faster than the Chaucer of Professor Mather's calculations. Going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the Lord of Anglure, a contemporary, leaves Anglure in Champagne (north of Troyes, south of Epernay), on July 16, 1395, and, by way of Chalons-sur-Saone, Bourgen-Bresse, St Jean de Maurienne, Susa, Pavia (where he and his companions sell their horses and take a boat on the river Po), Ferrara, reaches Venice on August 9th, that is in twenty-four days

They followed, on their return, a different itinerary, and leaving, on the 29th of May, 1396, Venice, where they bought horses ("Et y sejourناسmes vj jours entiers, et y achetاسmes des chevaulx"), they travelled by way of Milan, crossed Lago Maggiore with their horses on a boat, slept at Lausanne, and, by Dijon and Troyes, reached Anglure at dinner time, i.e. noon, on June 22nd, that is, just as before, in twenty-four days²

In the next century, the means of communication remaining the same, William Wey, an elderly man, going also as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, leaves England on the 13th of March, 1462, travels by way of Belgium and Germany, has to make a detour, owing to the untoward, but frequent, circumstance of two bishops being at war with each other

¹ L'Évolution des Moyens de Transport, Paris 1919, p. 52

² Le Saint Voyage de Jérusalem, du Seigneur d'Anglure, ed. Bonnardot and Lorgnon, Société des Anciens Textes, 1878

in the valley of the Rhine, and another detour on account of a war between the Pope and the Duke of Austria, and reaches Venice, forty days later, on April 22nd.¹

Examples of this sort could be multiplied at will. In the sixteenth century, the means of transport continuing as before, Fynes Moryson goes in winter (December 1594), from Genoa to Padua, and to save expense, walks almost all the way from Genoa to Milan, but, though in no hurry, he covers more than twenty miles daily : twenty-two on his second day, "ascending all the way high mountains," twenty-three the next day, the total journey filling less than twelve days.²

Coryat, a confirmed loiterer, who travels with no particular object, stops where he pleases to see curiosities and sometimes uses cheap bad horses or local wagons, takes fewer days (May 14th to June 24th, 1608) to go from Dover to Venice, than Professor Mather allows Chaucer to do the shorter distance, London to Genoa. Coryat mentions, in the course of his journey, the following stops : one day and a half at Calais, one and a half at Amiens, six days at Paris, one at Fontainebleau, one at Briare, two, almost three, at Lyons, half a day at Turin, one at Milan, three at Padua, reaching Venice at two in the evening on the 24th of June.³ An envoy with a mission, well paid by his sovereign, travels at a different pace. Yet Mr. Mather wants us to believe that Chaucer's was slower than Coryat's, the first being fifty-six to fifty-eight days, at least, on the way ; the second, going much further, forty-one.

The crossing of the Apennines in February or March is described by Professor Mather as a serious cause of delay, being no "easy jaunt." We find, however, that Montaigne, following the same road, on November 21,

¹ "The Itineraries of William Wey, fellow of Eton, to Jerusalem," Roxburghe Club, 1857.

² "Itinerary," Glasgow 1907, 4 vols., I, p. 361.

³ "Crudities," Glasgow 1905, 2 vols., vol. I.

1580 (Padua, Bologna, Florence), though suffering cruelly from stone and gravel, does not make so much of it, for, on one day only, he states having followed, "until evening, a road which, in truth, is the first in our journey that may be called grim and difficult, and among more trying mountains than anywhere else in our journey" The distance he covers on that day is not, however, twenty miles, but twenty-four, sick man though he be¹

The possible time for Chaucer's visit to Petrarch is also shortened by Professor Mather, on account of a passage in the before-mentioned document published by him, and according to which one of the companions of the English poet, Jakes de Provan, advanced him a certain sum, on the 23rd of March, "probably," says Professor Mather, "at Genoa," certainly at Genoa does he imply further, underlining the word² Chaucer must, therefore, have made, on his way home, a detour to go to Genoa and he must have been there not later than the 23rd of March

There is, however, nothing in the text to show that the payment took place at Genoa at all It may have been at any town, Turin in particular, which would have been on the homeward way of both, and which would have saved Chaucer about one hundred miles, increasing by several days the time available for his Padua journey

It is lastly alleged that the earlier the supposed visit may have taken place, the more improbable it is that Petrarch was busy at all with the story of Grisild But we have no statement as to the precise week or month when he first read it and became enamoured of it We know, only from Petrarch's own testimony (his letters to Boccaccio), that this happened during his last stay in Padua, which began, as said before, on November 15, 1372, and lasted until the autumn of 1373, while war was raging, "*fluctuante Republica*," and that he did not begin by writing his translation of the story into

¹ *Journal de Voyage*, ed P. Lautrey 2nd ed Paris, 1909 p. 184

² *Modern Language Notes*, Jan 1897, Additional Note

Latin, a copy of which he made for Boccaccio, but by committing the tale to memory, "and rehearsing it," he says, "with friends when I had an opportunity of talking with them." Before he decided to send his translation to Boccaccio, he had made sure of the effect, and many had already been able, he tells us, "to praise those pages and had asked to have them." There is, therefore, no ground for suggesting that, if Chaucer came early in the year, as must have been the case if he came at all, he would probably have found a Petrarch unaware of the existence of the Grisild story.

My conclusion, not over-bold, I think, is that, given Chaucer's dispositions as evidenced by his previous life, a visit to such a man as Petrarch was sure to strongly attract him, that the accomplishment of it was an easy matter for him when in Italy at the beginning of 1373, and that the words he uses in the Clerk's Prologue about such a meeting are so unique in his works as to betoken a unique circumstance, words, moreover, concurring with every circumstance in both Chaucer's and Petrarch's lives at that time. That the visit took place is therefore very probable, and I am, I confess, one of those who continue to believe that it did.

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